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THE
BRITISH ESSAYISTS;

WITH
PREFACES,

HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL,

BY

A. CHALMERS, F.S.A.

VOL. XXI.

LONDON:



PRINTED FOR C. AND J. RIVINGTON; G. AND W. NICOL; T. EGER-
TON; A. STRAHAN; J. SCATCHERD; J. CUTHELL; J. NUNN;
LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME AND CO.; T. CADELL; J. AND
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CO.; S. HIGHLEY; J. LOWE; G. MACKIE; J. BUMPUS; C. AR-
NOULD; SMITH AND ELDER; AND C. TAYLOR: WILSON AND
SONS, YORK: A. CONSTABLE AND CO.; A. BLACK; J. FAIRBAIRN;
OLIVER AND BOYD; AND STIRLING AND SLADE, EDINBURGH:
AND BRODIE AND DOWDING, SALISBURY.

1823.

**G. Woodfall, Printer,
Angel Court, Skinner Street, London.**

ADVENTURER.

—*Tentanda via est; quā me quoque possim
Tollere humo, victorque virūm volitare per ora.*

VIRG. GEORG. iii. 9.

On vent'rous wing in quest of praise I go,
And leave the gazing multitude below.

No. 92—140.

CONTENTS.

VOL. XXI.

- No.
92. CRITICISM on the Pastorals of Virgil. JOHNSON
93. Observations on the Tempest of Shakespeare WARTON
94. Idleness, however fortunate, incapable of Felicity—Story of Ned Froth.....HAWKESWORTH
95. Apology for apparent Plagiarism—Sources of literary variety JOHNSON
96. The Necessity of reducing Imagination under the Dominion of Reason, exemplified HAWKES.
97. Observations on the Tempest concluded WARTON
98. Account of Tim Wildgoose by himself, ANON—Project to prevent the disappointment of modern ambition HAWKES.
99. Protectors injudiciously censured and applauded JOHNSON
100. Gradation from a Greenhorn to a Blood—the life of Nomentanus ... HAWKES.
101. Blemishes in the Paradise Lost WARTON
102. Infelicities of Retirement to Men of Business JOHNSON
103. Natural and adventitious Excellence

No.

- less desirable than Virtue—Alme-
rine and Shelimah ; a fairy tale... **HAWKES.**
104. The Fairy Tale concluded ———
105. On the Fragments of Menander..... **WARTON**
106. Insensibility of Danger, when mis-
taken for Courage **HAWKES.**
107. Different Opinions equally plausible. **JOHNSON**
108. The Uncertainty of human Things . ———
109. A Visit to Bedlam with Dean Swift ;
a Vision **WARTON**
110. Pity not an expression of strong Be-
nevolence **HAWKES.**
111. The Pleasures and Advantages of In-
dustry **JOHNSON**
112. Ill Effects of general Familiarity and
wanton Rudeness **HAWKES.**
113. Observations on Shakspeare's King
Lear..... **WARTON**
114. The Value of Life fixed by Hope and
Fear, and therefore dependent
upon the Will—an Eastern Story. **HAWKES.**
115. The Itch of Writing universal **JOHNSON**
116. Observations on King Lear continued **WARTON**
117. Danger of assuming the Appearance
of Evil—the Story of Desdemona **HAWKES.**
118. The Story of Desdemona concluded . ———
119. The Folly of creating artificial Wants **JOHNSON**
120. The Miseries of Life ———
121. The Adventures of a Louse..... **HAWKES.**
122. Observations on King Lear concluded **WARTON**
123. Fatal Effects of fashionable Levities
—the Story of Flavilla **HAWKES.**
124. The Story continued ———
125. The Story concluded ———
126. Solitude not eligible **JOHNSON**
127. In what Arts the Ancients excel the
Moderns **WARTON**

No.		
128.	Men differently employed unjustly censured by each other	JOHNSON
129.	Characters at Bath	WARTON
130.	Danger of Relapse after Purposes of Amendment	HAWKES.
131.	Singularity censured	JOHNSON
132.	Benevolence urged from the Misery of Solitude; an Eastern Story	HAWKES.
133.	In what Arts the Moderns excel the Ancients	WARTON
134.	The Cruelty of deserting Natural Children, and the Danger of slight Breaches of Duty—Agamus's ac- count of his daughter	HAWKES.
135.	Agamus's Account of his Daughter, continued.....	———
136.	Ditto concluded	———
137.	Writers not a useless Generation	JOHNSON
138.	Their Happiness and Infelicity	———
139.	The Design of the critical Papers in the Adventurer	WARTON
140.	Account of the general Plan, and Conclusion of the Work	HAWKES.

THE
ADVENTURER.



No. 92. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1753.

Cum tabulis animum censoris sumet honesti.

HOR. EPIST. ii, 2. 110.

Bold be the critic, zealous to his trust,
Like the firm judge inexorably just.

“ TO THE ADVENTURER.

“ SIR,

“ IN the papers of criticism which you have given to the public, I have remarked a spirit of candour and love of truth, equally remote from bigotry and captiousness ; a just distribution of praise amongst the ancients and the moderns ; a sober deference to reputation long established, without a blind adoration of antiquity ; and a willingness to favour later performances, without a light or puerile fondness for novelty.

“ I shall, therefore, venture to lay before you, such observations as have risen to my mind in the consideration of Virgil's Pastorals, without any inquiry how far my sentiments deviate from established rules or common opinions.

“ If we survey the ten pastorals in a general view,

VOL. XXI.

B

it will be found that Virgil can derive from them very little claim to the praise of an inventor. To search into the antiquity of this kind of poetry, is not my present purpose; that it has long subsisted in the East, the Sacred Writings sufficiently inform us; and we may conjecture, with great probability, that it was sometimes the devotion, and sometimes the entertainment of the first generations of mankind. Theocritus united elegance with simplicity; and taught his shepherds to sing with so much ease and harmony, that his countrymen, despairing to excel, forbore to imitate him; and the Greeks, however vain or ambitious, left him in quiet possession of the garlands which the wood-nymphs had bestowed upon him.

“ Virgil, however, taking advantage of another language, ventured to copy or to rival the Sicilian bard: he has written with greater splendour of diction and elevation of sentiment: but as the magnificence of his performances was more, the simplicity was less: and, perhaps, where he excels Theocritus, he sometimes obtains his superiority by deviating from the pastoral character, and performing what Theocritus never attempted.

“ Yet, though I would willingly pay to Theocritus the honour which is always due to an original author, I am far from intending to depreciate Virgil; of whom Horace justly declares, that the rural muses have appropriated to him their elegance and sweetness, and who, as he copied Theocritus in his design, has resembled him likewise in his success; for, if we except Calphurnius, an obscure author of the lower ages, I know not that a single pastoral was written after him by any poet, till the revival of literature.

“ But though his general merit has been univer-

sally acknowledged, I am far from thinking all the productions of his rural Thalia equally excellent: there is, indeed, in all his pastorals, a strain of versification which it is vain to seek in any other poet; but if we except the first and the tenth, they seem liable either wholly or in part to considerable objections.

“ The second, though we should forget the great charge against it, which I am afraid can never be refuted, might, I think, have perished, without any diminution of the praise of its author; for I know not that it contains one affecting sentiment or pleasing description, or one passage that strikes the imagination or awakens the passions.

“ The third contains a contest between two shepherds, begun with a quarrel of which some particulars might well be spared, carried on with sprightliness and elegance, and terminated at last in a reconciliation: but surely, whether the invectives with which they attack each other be true or false, they are too much degraded from the dignity of pastoral innocence: and, instead of rejoicing that they are both victorious, I should not have grieved could they have been both defeated.

“ The poem to Pollio is, indeed, of another kind: it is filled with images at once splendid and pleasing, and is elevated with grandeur of language worthy of the first of Roman poets; but I am not able to reconcile myself to the disproportion between the performance and the occasion that produced it: that the golden age should return because Pollio had a son, appears so wild a fiction, that I am ready to suspect the poet of having written, for some other purpose, what he took this opportunity of producing to the public.

“ The fifth contains a celebration of Daphnis, which has stood to all succeeding ages as the model

of pastoral elegies. To deny praise to a performance which so many thousands have laboured to imitate, would be to judge with too little deference for the opinion of mankind : yet whoever shall read it with impartiality, will find that most of the images are of the mythological kind, and, therefore, easily invented ; and that there are few sentiments of rational praise or natural lamentation.

“ In the Silenus he again rises to the dignity of philosophic sentiment and heroic poetry. The address to Varus is eminently beautiful : but since the compliment paid to Gallus fixes the transaction to his own time, the fiction of Silenus seems injudicious ; nor has any sufficient reason yet been found to justify his choice of those fables that make the subject of the song.

“ The seventh exhibits another contest of the tune-ful shepherds : and, surely, it is not without some reproach to his inventive power, that of ten pastorals Virgil has written two upon the same plan. One of the shepherds now gains an acknowledged victory, but without any apparent superiority ; and the reader, when he sees the prize adjudged, is not able to discover how it was deserved.

“ Of the eighth pastoral, so little is properly the work of Virgil, that he has no claim to other praise or blame than that of a translator.

“ Of the ninth it is scarce possible to discover the design or tendency : it is said, I know not upon what authority, to have been composed from fragments of other poems ; and except a few lines in which the author touches upon his own misfortunes, there is nothing that seems appropriated to any time or place, or of which any other use can be discovered than to fill up the poem.

“ The first and the tenth pastorals, whatever be determined of the rest, are sufficient to place their

author above the reach of rivalry. The complaint of Gallus, disappointed in his love, is full of such sentiments as disappointed love naturally produces; his wishes are wild, his resentment is tender, and his purposes are inconstant. In the genuine language of despair, he soothes himself awhile with the pity that shall be paid him after his death:

— *Tamen cantabitis, Arcades, inquit,
Montibus hæc vestris: soli cantare periti
Arcades. O mihi tum quàm molliter ossa quiescant,
Vestra meos olim si fistula dicat amores!*

ECL. X. 31.

— Yet, O Arcadian swains,
Ye best artificers of soothing strains!
Tune your soft reeds, and teach your rocks my woes,
So shall my shade in sweeter rest repose.
O that your birth and business had been mine;
To feed the flock and prune the spreading vine!

WARTON.

“Discontented with his present condition, and desirous to be any thing but what he is, he wishes himself one of the shepherds. He then catches the idea of rural tranquillity; but soon discovers how much happier he should be in these happy regions, with Lycoris at his side.

*Hic gelidi fontes, hic mollia prata, Lycori:
Hic nemus, hic ipso tecum consumerer ævo.
Nunc insanus amor duri me Martis in armis;
Tela inter media atque adversos detinet hostes.
Tu procul à patriâ, nec sit mihi credere, tantùm
Alpinas, ah dura, nives, et frigora Rhæni
Me sine sola vides. Ah te ne frigora lædant!
Ah tibi ne teneras glacies seceat aspera plantas!*

ib. 42.

Here cooling fountains roll through flowery meads,
Here woods, Lycoris, lift their verdant heads;
Here could I wear my careless life away,
And in thy arms insensibly decay.
Instead of that, me frantic love detains
Mid foes, and dreadful darts, and bloody plains:

While you—and can my soul the tale believe,—
 Far from your country lonely wandering leave
 Me, me your lover, barbarous fugitive !
 Seek the rough Alps where snows eternal shine,
 And joyless borders of the frozen Rhine.
 Ah ! may no cold e'er blast my dearest maid,
 Nor pointed ice thy tender feet invade !

WARTON.

“ He then turns his thoughts on every side, in quest of something that may solace or amuse him ; he proposes happiness to himself, first in one scheme and then in another ; and at last finds that nothing will satisfy.

*Jam neque Hamadryades rursum, nec carmina nobis
 Ipsa placent : ipsæ rursum concedite sylvæ.
 Non illum nostri possunt mutare labores ;
 Nec si frigoris mediis Hebrumque bibamus,
 Sithoniasque nives hyemis subeamus aquosæ ;
 Nec si, cum moriens alta liber aret in ulmo,
 Æthiopum versemus oves sub sidere Cancræ.
 Omnia vincit amor ; et nos cedamus amori.*

ECL. X. 62.

But now again no more the woodland maids,
 Nor pastoral songs delight—Farewell, ye shades—
 No toils of ours the cruel god can change
 Though lost in frozen deserts we should range ;
 Though we should drink where chilling Hebrus flows,
 Endure bleak winter's blasts and Thracian snows ;
 Or on hot India's plains our flocks should feed,
 Where the parched elm declines his sickening head ;
 Beneath fierce-glowing Cancer's fiery beams,
 Far from cool breezes and refreshing streams.
 Love over all maintains resistless sway,
 And let us love's all-conquering power obey.

WARTON.

“ But notwithstanding the excellence of the tenth pastoral, I cannot forbear to give the preference to the first, which is equally natural and more diversified. The complaint of the shepherd, who saw his old companion at ease in the shade, while himself was driving his little flock he knew not whither, is such

as, with variation of circumstances, misery always utters at the sight of prosperity :

*Nos patriæ fines, et dulcia linguimus arva :
Nos patriam fugimus : tu, Tityre, lentus in umbrâ,
Formosam resonare doces Amaryllida sylvas.*

ECL. i. 3.

We leave our country's bounds, our much loved plains ;
We from our country fly, unhappy swains !
You, Tityrus, in the groves at leisure laid,
Teach Amaryllis' name to every shade.

WARTON.

“ His account of the difficulties of his journey gives a very tender image of pastoral distress :

— *En ipse capellas*

*Protenus æger ago : hanc etiam vix, Tityre, duco :
Hic inter densas corylos modò namque gemellos,
Spem gregis, ah ! silice in nudâ connixa reliquit.*

ib. 12.

And lo ! sad partner of the general care,
Weary and faint, I drive my goats afar !
While scarcely this my leading hand sustains,
Tired with the way, and recent from her pains ;
For 'mid yon tangled hazels as we pass'd,
On the bare flints her hapless twins she cast,
The hopes and promise of my ruin'd fold !

WARTON.

“ The description of Virgil's happiness in his little farm, combines almost all the images of rural pleasure ; and he, therefore, that can read it with indifference, has no sense of pastoral poetry :

*Fortunate senex ! ergo tua rura manebunt,
Et tibi magna satis ; quamvis lapis omnia nudus,
Limosoque palus obducat pascua junco :
Non insueta graves tentabunt pabula fœtas,
Nec mala vicini pecoris contagia lædent.
Fortunate senex ! hinc inter flumina nota,
Et fontes sacros, frigus capitabis opacum.
Hinc tibi, quæ semper vicino ab limite sepes,
Hyblæis apibus florem depasta salicti,*

*Sæpe levi somnum suadebit tñire susurro.
Hinc altâ sub rupe canet frondator ad auras;
Nec tamen intereâ raucæ, tua cura, palumbes,
Nec gemere aëriâ cessabit turtur ab ulmo.*

ECL. i. 47.

Happy old man ; then still thy farms restored,
Enough for thee shall bless thy frugal board.
What though rough stones the naked soil o'erspread,
Or marshy bulrush rear its watery head ;
No foreign food thy teeming ewes shall fear,
No touch contagious spread its influence here.
Happy old man ! here 'mid th'accustom'd streams
And sacred springs, you'll shun the scorching beams ;
While from yon willow-fence, thy pasture's bound,
The bees that suck their flowery stores around,
Shall sweetly mingle with the whispering boughs,
Their lulling murmurs, and invite repose :
While from steep rocks the pruner's song is heard ;
Nor the soft-cooing dove, thy fav'rite bird,
Meanwhile shall cease to breathe her melting strain,
Nor turtles from th'aerial elm to plain.

WARTON.

“ It may be observed, that these two poems were produced by events that really happened ; and may, therefore, be of use to prove that we can always feel more than we can imagine, and that the most artful fiction must give way to truth.

“ I am, SIR,

“ Your humble servant,

T

“ DUBIUS.”

No. 93. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1753.

*Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,
Ut magus ; et modò me Thebis, modò ponit Athenis.*
HOR. EPIST. ii. l. 212.

'Tis he who gives my breast a thousand pains
Can make me feel each passion that he feigns;
Enrage, compose, with more than magic art;
With pity and with terror tear my heart:
And snatch me, o'er the earth, or through the air,
To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.

POPE.

WRITERS of a mixed character, that abound in transcendent beauties and in gross imperfections, are the most proper and most pregnant subjects for criticism. The regularity and correctness of a Virgil or Horace, almost confine their commentators to perpetual panegyric, and afford them few opportunities of diversifying their remarks by the detection of latent blemishes. For this reason, I am inclined to think, that a few observations on the writings of Shakspeare will not be deemed useless or unentertaining, because he exhibits more numerous examples of excellences and faults, of every kind, than are, perhaps, to be discovered in any other author. I shall, therefore, from time to time, examine his merit as a poet, without blind admiration, or wanton invective.

As Shakspeare is sometimes blameable for the conduct of his fables, which have no unity; and sometimes for his diction, which is obscure and turgid; so his characteristical excellences may possibly be reduced to these three general heads: 'his lively creative imagination; his strokes of nature and passion; and his preservation of the consistency of his characters.' These excellences, particularly the last, are of so much importance in the drama, that they amply compensate for his transgressions against the rules of time and place, which being of a more mechanical nature, are often strictly observed by a genius of the lowest order; but to portray characters naturally, and to preserve them uniformly, requires such an intimate knowledge of the heart of man, and is so

rare a portion of felicity, as to have been enjoyed, perhaps, only by two writers, Homer and Shakspeare.

Of all the plays of Shakspeare, the *Tempest* is the most striking instance of his creative power. He has there given the reins to his boundless imagination, and has carried the romantic, the wonderful, and the wild, to the most pleasing extravagance. The scene is a desolate island, and the characters the most new and singular that can well be conceived: a prince who practises magic, an attendant spirit, a monster the son of a witch, and a young lady who had been brought to this solitude in her infancy, and had never beheld a man except her father.

As I have affirmed that Shakspeare's chief excellence is the consistency of his characters, I will exemplify the truth of this remark, by pointing out some master-strokes of this nature in the drama before us.

The poet artfully acquaints us that Prospero is a magician, by the very first words which his daughter Miranda speaks to him:

If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them:

which intimate, that the tempest described in the preceding scene, was the effect of Prospero's power. The manner in which he was driven from his dukedom of Milan, and landed afterwards on this solitary island, accompanied only by his daughter, is immediately introduced in a short and natural narration.

The offices of his attendant spirit, Ariel, are enumerated with amazing wildness of fancy, and yet with equal propriety: his employment is said to be,

— To tread the ooze
Of the salt deep;
To run upon the sharp wind of the north:

To do—business in the veins o'th'earth,
When it is baked with frost;
— to dive into the fire; to ride
On the curl'd clouds.

In describing the place in which he has concealed the Neapolitan ship, Ariel expresses the secrecy of its situation by the following circumstance, which artfully glances at another of his services :

— In the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight, to fetch dew
From the still-vex'd Bermudas.

Ariel, being one of those elves or spirits, ' whose pastime is to make midnight mushrooms, and who rejoice to listen to the solemn curfew ;' by whose assistance Prospero has bedimmed the sun at noontide,

And 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault,
Set roaring war ;

has a set of ideas and images peculiar to his station and office : a beauty of the same kind with that which is so justly admired in the Adam of Milton, whose manners and sentiments are all Paraisaical. How delightfully and how suitably to his character, are the habitations and pastimes of this invisible being pointed out in the following exquisite song :

Where the bee sucks, there suck I :
In a cowslip's bell I lie ;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly.
After sun-set merrily.
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Mr. Pope, whose imagination has been thought by some the least of his excellences, has, doubtless, conceived and carried on the machinery in his ' Rape of the Lock' with vast exuberance of fancy. The

images, customs, and employments of his Sylphs are exactly adapted to their natures, are peculiar and appropriated, are all, if I may be allowed the expression, Sylphish. The enumeration of the punishments they were to undergo, if they neglected their charge, would, on account of its poetry and propriety, and especially the mixture of oblique satire, be superior to any circumstances in Shakspeare's Ariel, if we could suppose Pope to have been unacquainted with the Tempest, when he wrote this part of his accomplished poem.

— She did confine thee —

Into a cloven pine ; within which rift
Imprison'd thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years : within which space she died,
And left thee there ; where thou didst vent thy groans,
As fast as mill-wheels strike.—

If thou more murmurest, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, 'till
Thou'st howl'd away twelve winters.

For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up : urchins
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee ; thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honey-combs, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made 'em.

If thou neglect'st or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps ;
Fill all thy bones with aches : make thee roar,
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

SHAKSPEARE.

Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,
Forsakes his post or leaves the fair at large,
Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his sins,
Be stopp'd in vials, or transfix'd with pins ;
Or plunged in lakes of bitter washes lie,
Or wedged whole ages in a bodkin's eye :
Gums and pomatums shall his flight restrain,
While clogg'd he beats his silken wings in vain ;

Or alum styptics with contracting power,
 Shrink his thin essence like a rivell'd flower:
 Or as Ixion fix'd, the wretch shall feel
 The giddy motion of the whirling wheel;
 In fumes of burning chocolate shall glow,
 And tremble at the sea that froths below!

POPE.

The method which is taken to induce Ferdinand to believe that his father was drowned in the late tempest, is exceeding solemn and striking. He is sitting upon a solitary rock, and weeping over-against the place where he imagined his father was wrecked, when he suddenly hears with astonishment aërial music creep by him upon the waters, and the spirit gives him the following information in words not proper for any but a spirit to utter:

Full fathom five thy father lies:
 Of his bones are coral made:
 Those are pearls that were his eyes:
 Nothing of him that doth fade,
 But doth suffer a sea-change,
 Into something rich and strange.

And then follows a most lively circumstance:

Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell.
 Hark! now I hear them—Ding-dong bell!

This is so truly poetical, that one can scarce forbear exclaiming with Ferdinand,

This is no mortal business, nor no sound
 That the earth owns!—

The happy versatility of Shakspeare's genius enables him to excel in lyric as well as in dramatic poesy.

But the poet rises still higher in his management of this character of Ariel, by making a moral use of it that is, I think, incomparable, and the greatest

effort of his art. Ariel informs Prospero, that he has fulfilled his orders, and punished his brother and companions so severely, that if he himself was now to behold their sufferings, he would greatly compassionate them. To which Prospero answers,

— Dost thou think so, Spirit?

Ariel. Mine would, Sir, were I human.

Prospero. And mine shall.

He then takes occasion, with wonderful dexterity and humanity, to draw an argument from the incorporeality of Ariel, for the justice and necessity of pity and forgiveness: .

Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions ; and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion'd as they, be kindlier moved than thou art ?

The poet is a more powerful magician than his own Prospero: we are transported into fairy land ; we are wrapped in a delicious dream, from which it is misery to be disturbed ; all around is enchantment !

— The isle is full of noises,
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears ; and sometimes voices,
That, if I then had waked after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,
The clouds, methought, would open, and show riches
Ready to drop upon me:—when I waked,
I cried to dream again !

Z

No. 94. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1753.

Monstro quod ipse tibi possis dare. —

JUV. SAT. X. 363.

— What I show,
Thyself may freely on thyself bestow.

DRYDEN.

“ TO THE ADVENTURER.

“ SIR,

“ You have somewhere discouraged the hope of idleness by showing, that whoever compares the number of those who have possessed fortuitous advantages, and of those who have been disappointed in their expectations, will have little reason to register himself in the lucky catalogue.

“ But as we have seen thousands subscribe to a raffle, of which only one could obtain the prize ; so idleness will still presume to hope, if the advantages, however improbable, are admitted to lie within the bounds of possibility. Let the drone, therefore, be told, that if, by the error of fortune, he obtains the stores of the bee, he cannot enjoy the felicity ; that the honey which is not gathered by industry, will be eaten without relish, if it is not wasted in riot ; and that all who become possessed of the immediate object of their hope, without any efforts of their own, will be disappointed of enjoyment.

“ No life can be happy, but that which is spent in the prosecution of some purpose to which our powers are equal, and which we, therefore, prosecute with

success: for this reason, it is absurd to dread business, upon pretence that it will leave few intervals to pleasure. Business is that by which industry pursues its purpose, and the purpose of industry is seldom disappointed; he who endeavours to arrive at a certain point, which he perceives himself perpetually to approach, enjoys all the happiness which nature has allotted to those hours that are not spent in the immediate gratification of appetites by which our own wants are indicated, or of affections by which we were prompted to supply the wants of others. The end proposed by the busy, is various as their temper, constitution, habits, and circumstances: but in the labour itself is the enjoyment, whether it be pursued to supply the necessities or the conveniences of life, whether to cultivate a farm or decorate a palace; for when the palace is decorated, and the barn filled, the pleasure is at an end, till the object of desire is again placed at a distance, and our powers are again employed to obtain it with apparent success. Nor is the value of life less, than if our enjoyment did not thus consist in anticipation; for by anticipation, the pleasure which would otherwise be contracted within an hour, is diffused through a week; and if the dread which exaggerates future evil is confessed to be an increase of misery, the hope which magnifies future good cannot be denied to be an accession of happiness.

“ The most numerous class of those who presume to hope for miraculous advantages, is that of gamblers. But by gamblers, I do not mean the gentlemen who stake an estate, against the cunning of those who have none; for I leave the cure of lunatics to the professors of physic: I mean the dissolute and indigent; who in the common phrase put themselves in Fortune’s way, and expect from her

bounty that which they eagerly desire and yet believe to be too dearly purchased by diligence and industry ; tradesmen who neglect their business, to squander in fashionable follies more than it can produce ; and swaggerers who rank themselves with gentlemen, merely because they have no business to pursue.

“ The gamester of this class will appear to be equally wretched, whether his hope be fulfilled or disappointed ; the object of it depends upon a contingency, over which he has no influence ; he pursues no purpose with gradual and perceptible success, and, therefore, cannot enjoy the pleasure which arises from the anticipation of its accomplishment ; his mind is perpetually on the rack ; he is anxious in proportion to the eagerness of his desire, and his inability to effect it ; to the pangs of suspense succeed those of disappointment ; and a momentary gain only imbitters the loss that follows. Such is the life of him who shuns business because he would secure leisure for enjoyment ; except it happens, against the odds of a million to one, that a run of success puts him into the possession of a sum sufficient to subsist him in idleness the remainder of his life : and in this case, the idleness which made him wretched while he waited for the bounty of fortune, will necessarily keep him wretched after it is bestowed : he will find, that in the gratification of his appetites he can fill but a small portion of his time, and that these appetites themselves are weakened by every attempt to increase the enjoyment which they were intended to supply ; he will, therefore, either doze away life in a kind of listless indolence, which he despairs to exalt into felicity, or he will imagine that the good he wants is to be obtained by an increase of his wealth, by a larger house, a more splendid equipage, and a more numerous re-

tinue. If with this notion he has again recourse to the altar of fortune, he will either be undeceived by a new series of success, or he will be reduced to his original indigence by the loss of that which he knew not how to enjoy: if this happens, of which there is the highest degree of probability, he will instantly become more wretched in proportion as he was rich; though, while he was rich, he was not more happy in proportion as he had been poor. Whatever is won, is reduced by experiment to its intrinsic value; whatever is lost, is heightened by imagination to more. Wealth is no sooner dissipated, than its inanity is forgotten, and it is regretted as the means of happiness which it was not found to afford. The gamester, therefore, of whatever class, plays against manifest odds; since that which he wins he discovers to be brass, and that which he loses he values as gold. And it should also be remarked, that in this estimate of his life, I have not supposed him to lose a single stake which he had not first won.

“ But though gaming in general is wisely prohibited by the legislature, as productive not only of private but of public evil; yet there is one species to which all are sometimes invited, which equally encourages the hope of idleness, and relaxes the vigour of industry.

“ Ned Froth, who had been several years butler in a family of distinction, having saved about four hundred pounds, took a little house in the suburbs, and laid in a stock of liquors, for which he paid ready money, and which were, therefore, the best of the kind. Ned perceived his trade increase; he pursued it with fresh alacrity, he exulted in his success, and the joy of his heart sparkled in his countenance; but it happened that Ned, in the midst of his happiness and prosperity, was prevailed upon to buy a lottery

ticket. The moment his hope was fixed upon an object which industry could not obtain, he determined to be industrious no longer : to draw drink for a dirty and boisterous rabble, was a slavery to which he now submitted with reluctance, and he longed for the moment in which he should be free : instead of telling his story, and cracking his joke for the entertainment of his customers, he received them with indifference, was observed to be silent and sullen, and amused himself by going three or four times a day to search the register of fortune for the success of his ticket.

“ In this disposition Ned was sitting one morning in the corner of a bench by his fire-side, wholly abstracted in the contemplation of his future fortune ; indulging this moment the hope of a mere possibility, and the next shuddering with the dread of losing the felicity which his fancy had combined with the possession of ten thousand pounds. A man well dressed, entered hastily, and inquired for him of his guests, who many times called him aloud by his name, and cursed him for his deafness and stupidity, before Ned started up as from a dream, and asked, with a fretful impatience, what they wanted. An affected confidence of being well received, and an air of forced jocularity in the stranger, gave Ned some offence ; but the next moment he caught him in his arms in a transport of joy, upon receiving his congratulation as proprietor of the fortunate ticket, which had that morning been drawn a prize of the first class.

“ It was not, however, long before Ned discovered that ten thousand pounds did not bring the felicity which he expected ; a discovery which generally produces the dissipation of sudden affluence by prodigality. Ned drank, and whored, and hired fiddlers, and bought fine clothes ; he bred riots at Vauxhall, treated flatterers, and damned plays. But something

was still wanting ; and he resolved to strike a bold stroke, and attempt to double the remainder of his prize at play, that he might live in a palace and keep an equipage : but in the execution of this project, he lost the whole produce of his lottery ticket, except five hundred pounds in bank notes, which, when he would have staked he could not find. This sum was more than that which had established him in the trade he had left ; and yet, with the power of returning to a station that was once the utmost of his ambition, and of renewing that pursuit which alone had made him happy, such was the pungency of his regret, that in the despair of recovering the money which he knew had produced nothing but riot, disease, and vexation, he threw himself from the bridge into the Thames.

“ I am, SIR,

“ Your humble servant,

“ CAUTUS.”

No. 95. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1753.

—*Dulcique animos novitate tenebo.*

OVID. MET. IV. 284.

And with sweet novelty your soul detain.

It is often charged upon writers, that, with all their pretensions to genius and discoveries, they do little more than copy one another ; and that compositions obtruded upon the world with the pomp of novelty, contain only tedious repetitions of common sentiments, or, at best, exhibit a transposition of known images, and give a new appearance to truth only by some slight difference of dress and decoration.

The allegation of resemblance between authors, is indisputably true; but the charge of plagiarism, which is raised upon it, is not to be allowed with equal readiness. A coincidence of sentiment may easily happen without any communication, since there are many occasions in which all reasonable men will nearly think alike. Writers of all ages have had the same sentiments, because they have, in all ages, had the same objects of speculation: the interests and passions, the virtues and vices of mankind, have been diversified in different times, only by unessential and casual varieties; and we must, therefore, expect in the works of all those who attempt to describe them, such a likeness as we find in the pictures of the same person drawn in different periods of his life.

It is necessary, therefore, that before an author be charged with plagiarism, one of the most reproachful, though, perhaps, not the most atrocious of literary crimes, the subject on which he treats should be carefully considered. We do not wonder, that historians, relating the same facts, agree in their narration; or that authors, delivering the elements of science, advance the same theorems, and lay down the same definitions; yet it is not wholly without use to mankind, that books are multiplied, and that different authors lay out their labours on the same subject; for there will always be some reason why one should, on particular occasions, or to particular persons, be preferable to another; some will be clear where others are obscure, some will please by their style, and others by their method, some by their embellishments, and others by their simplicity, some by closeness and others by diffusion.

The same indulgence is to be shown to the writers of morality: right and wrong are immutable; and those, therefore, who teach us to distinguish them,

if they all teach us right, must agree with one another. The relations of social life, and the duties resulting from them, must be the same at all times and in all nations : some petty differences may be indeed produced, by forms of government or arbitrary customs ; but the general doctrine can receive no alteration.

Yet it is not to be desired, that morality should be considered as interdicted to all future writers : men will always be tempted to deviate from their duty, and will, therefore, always want a monitor to recall them ; and a new book often seizes the attention of the public, without any other claim than that it is new. There is, likewise, in composition, as in other things, a perpetual vicissitude of fashion ; and truth is recommended at one time to regard, by appearances which, at another, would expose it to neglect : the author, therefore, who has judgement to discern the taste of his contemporaries, and skill to gratify it, will have always an opportunity to deserve well of mankind, by conveying instruction to them in a grateful vehicle.

There are, likewise, many modes of composition, by which a moralist may deserve the name of an original writer : he may familiarize his system by dialogues after the manner of the ancients, or subtilize it into a series of syllogistic arguments ; he may enforce his doctrine by seriousness and solemnity, or enliven it by sprightliness and gaiety ; he may deliver his sentiments in naked precepts, or illustrate them in historical examples ; he may detain the studious by the artful concatenation of a continued discourse, or relieve the busy by short strictures and unconnected essays.

To excel in any of these forms of writing, will require a particular cultivation of the genius : whoever can attain to excellence, will be certain to engage a

set of readers, whom no other method would have equally allured; and he that communicates truth with success, must be numbered among the first benefactors to mankind.

The same observation may be extended likewise to the passions: their influence is uniform, and their effects nearly the same in every human breast: a man loves and hates, desires and avoids, exactly like his neighbour; resentment and ambition, avarice and indolence, discover themselves by the same symptoms, in minds distant a thousand years from one another.

Nothing, therefore, can be more unjust, than to charge an author with plagiarism, merely because he assigns to every cause its natural effect; and makes his personages act, as others in like circumstances have always done. There are conceptions in which all men will agree, though each derives them from his own observation: whoever has been in love, will represent a lover impatient of every idea that interrupts his meditations on his mistress, retiring to shades and solitude, that he may muse, without disturbance, on his approaching happiness, or associating himself with some friend that flatters his passion, and talking away the hours of absence upon his darling subject. Whoever has been so unhappy as to have felt the miseries of long-continued hatred, will, without any assistance from ancient volumes, be able to relate how the passions are kept in perpetual agitation, by the recollection of injury and meditations of revenge; how the blood boils at the name of the enemy, and life is worn away in contrivances of mischief.

Every other passion is alike simple and limited, if it be considered only with regard to the breast which it inhabits; the anatomy of the mind, as that of the

body, must perpetually exhibit the same appearances ; and though, by the continued industry of successive inquirers, new movements will be from time to time discovered, they can affect only the minuter parts, and are commonly of more curiosity than importance.

It will now be natural to inquire by what arts are the writers of the present and future ages to attract the notice and favour of mankind. They are to observe the alterations which time is always making in the modes of life, that they may gratify every generation with a picture of themselves. Thus love is uniform, but courtship is perpetually varying : the different arts of gallantry, which beauty has inspired, would of themselves be sufficient to fill a volume ; sometimes balls and serenades, sometimes tournaments and adventures, have been employed to melt the hearts of ladies, who, in another century, have been sensible of scarce any other merit than that of riches, and listened only to jointures and pin-money. Thus the ambitious man has, at all times, been eager of wealth and power ; but these hopes have been gratified in some countries by supplicating the people, and in others by flattering the prince : honour in some states has been only the reward of military achievements, in others it has been gained by noisy turbulence and popular clamours. Avarice has worn a different form as she actuated the usurer of Rome, and the stock-jobber of England ; and idleness itself, how little soever inclined to the trouble of invention, has been forced, from time to time, to change its amusements, and contrive different methods of wearing out the day.

Here then is the fund, from which those who study mankind may fill their compositions with an inexhaustible variety of images and allusions : and he must be confessed to look with little attention upon

scenes thus perpetually changing, who cannot catch some of the figures before they are made vulgar by reiterated descriptions.

It has been discovered by Sir Isaac Newton, that the distinct and primogenial colours are only seven ; but every eye can witness, that from various mixtures, in various proportions, infinite diversifications of tints may be produced. In like manner, the passions of the mind, which put the world in motion, and produce all the bustle and eagerness of the busy crowds that swarm upon the earth ; the passions, from whence arise all the pleasures and pains that we see and hear of, if we analyse the mind of man, are very few ; but those few, agitated and combined as external cause shall happen to operate, and modified by prevailing opinions and accidental caprices, make such frequent alterations on the surface of life, that the show, while we are busied in delineating it, vanishes from the view, and a new set of objects succeeds, doomed to the same shortness of duration with the former : thus curiosity may always find employment, and the busy part of mankind will furnish the contemplative with the materials of speculation to the end of time.

The complaint, therefore, that all topics are pre-occupied, is nothing more than the murmur of ignorance or idleness, by which some discourage others and some themselves: the mutability of mankind will always furnish writers with new images, and the luxuriance of fancy may always embellish them with new decorations.

T

No. 96. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1753.

— *Fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint.*

VIRG. GEORG. II. 458.

O happy, if ye knew your happy state !

DRYDEN.

IN proportion as the enjoyment and infelicity of life depend upon imagination, it is of importance that this power of the mind should be directed in its operations by reason ; and, perhaps, imagination is more frequently busy, when it can only imbitter disappointment and heighten calamity ; and more frequently slumbers when it might increase the triumph of success, or animate insensibility to happiness, than is generally perceived.

An ecclesiastical living of considerable value became vacant, and Evander obtained a recommendation to the patron. His friend had too much modesty to speak with confidence of the success of an application supported chiefly by his interest, and Evander knew that others had solicited before him ; as he was not, therefore, much elevated by hope, he believed he should not be greatly depressed by a disappointment. The gentleman to whom he was recommended, received him with great courtesy ; but upon reading the letter, he changed countenance, and discovered indubitable tokens of vexation and regret ; then taking Evander by the hand, ‘ Sir,’ said he, ‘ I think it scarce less a misfortune to myself than you, that you was not five minutes sooner in your application. The gentleman whose recommendation you bring, I wish

more than any other to oblige ; but I have just presented the living to the person whom you saw take his leave when you entered the room.'

This declaration was a stroke, which Evander had neither skill to elude, nor force to resist. The strength of his interest, though it was not known time enough to increase his hope, and his being too late only a few minutes, though he had reason to believe his application had been precluded by as many days, were circumstances which imagination immediately improved to aggravate his disappointment : over these he mused perpetually with inexpressible anguish, he related them to every friend, and lamented them with the most passionate exclamations. And yet, what happened to Evander more than he expected ? Nothing that he possessed was diminished, nor was any possibility of advantage cut off ; with respect to these and every other reality he was in the same state, as if he had never heard of the vacancy, which he had some chance to fill : but Evander groaned under the tyranny of imagination, and, in a fit of causeless fretfulness, cast away peace, because time was not stopped in its career, and a miracle did not interpose to secure him a living.

Agenor, on whom the living which Evander solicited was bestowed, never conceived a single doubt that he should fail in his attempt : his character was unexceptionable, and his recommendation such as it was believed no other could counterbalance ; he, therefore, received the bounty of his patron without much emotion ; he regarded his success as an event produced, like rain and sun-shine, by the common and regular operation of natural causes ; and took possession of his rectory with the same temper, that he would have reaped a field he had sown, or received the interest of a sum which he had placed in the funds. But having, by accident, heard the report

which had been circulated by the friends of Evander, he was at once struck with a sense of his good fortune ; and was so affected by a retrospect of his danger, that he could scarce believe it to be past. ‘ How providential,’ said he, ‘ was it, that I did not stay to drink another dish of tea at breakfast, that I found a hackney-coach at the end of the street, and that I met with no stop by the way !’ What an alteration was produced in Agenor’s conception of the advantage of his situation, and the means by which it was obtained ! And yet at last he had gained nothing more than he expected ; his danger was not known time enough to alarm his fear ; the value of his acquisition was not increased ; nor had Providence interposed further than to exclude chance from the government of the world. But Agenor did not before reflect that any gratitude was due to Providence but for a miracle ; he did not enjoy his preferment as a gift, nor estimate his gain but by the probability of loss.

As success and disappointment are under the influence of imagination, so are ease and health ; each of which may be considered as a kind of negative good, that may either degenerate into wearisomeness and discontent, or be improved into complacency and enjoyment.

About three weeks ago I paid an afternoon visit to Curio. Curio is the proprietor of an estate which produces three thousand pounds a year, and the husband of a lady remarkable for her beauty and her wit ; his age is that in which manhood is said to be complete, his constitution is vigorous, his person graceful, and his understanding strong. I found him in full health, lolling in an easy chair ; his countenance was florid, he was gaily dressed, and surrounded with all the means of happiness which wealth well used could bestow. After the first ceremonies had passed, he threw himself again back in his chair upon

my having refused it, looked wistfully at his fingers' ends, crossed his legs, inquired the news of the day, and, in the midst of all possible advantages, seemed to possess life with a listless indifference, which, if he could have preserved in contrary circumstances, would have invested him with the dignity of a Stoic.

It happened that yesterday I paid Curio another visit. I found him in his chamber; his head was swathed in flannel, and his countenance was pale. I was alarmed at these appearances of disease; and inquired with an honest solicitude how he did. The moment he heard my question, he started from his seat, sprang towards me, caught me by the hand, and told me, in an ecstasy, that he was in heaven.

What difference in Curio's circumstances produced this difference in his sensations and behaviour? What prodigious advantage had now accrued to the man, who before had ease and health, youth, affluence, and beauty? Curio, during the ten days that preceded my last visit, had been tormented with the tooth-ache; and had, within the last hour, been restored to ease, by having the tooth drawn.

And is human reason so impotent, and imagination so perverse, that ease cannot be enjoyed till it has been taken away? Is it not possible to improve negative into positive happiness, by reflection? Can he, who possesses ease and health, whose food is tasteful, and whose sleep is sweet, remember, without exultation and delight, the seasons in which he has pined in the languor of inappetence, and counted the watches of the night with restless anxiety?

Is an acquiescence in the dispensations of Unerring Wisdom, by which some advantage appears to be denied, without recalling trivial and accidental circumstances that can only aggravate disappointment, impossible to reasonable beings? And is a sense of the divine bounty necessarily languid, in proportion

as that bounty appears to be less doubtful and interrupted?

Every man, surely, would blush to admit these suppositions; let every man, therefore, deny them by his life. He, who brings imagination under the dominion of reason, will be able to diminish the evil of life, and to increase the good; he will learn to resign with complacency, to receive with gratitude, and possess with cheerfulness: and as in this conduct there is not only wisdom but virtue, he will under every calamity be able to rejoice in hope, and to anticipate the felicity of that state, in which ‘the spirits of the just shall be made perfect.’

No. 97. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1753.

Χρὴ δὲ καὶ ἐν τοῖς ἥθεσιν ἄσπις καὶ ἐν τῇ τῶν πραγμάτων συστάσει,
ἀλλὴ ζῆταιν ἢ τὸ ἀναγκαῖον, ἢ τὸ εἰκός. ARIST. POET. ΚΕΦ. II’.

As well in the conduct of the manners as in the constitution of the fable, we must always endeavour to produce either what is necessary or what is probable.

‘WHOEVER ventures,’ says Horace, ‘to form a character totally original, let him endeavour to preserve it with uniformity and consistency; but the formation of an original character is a work of great difficulty and hazard.’ In this arduous and uncommon task, however, Shakspeare has wonderfully succeeded in his *Tempest*: the monster Caliban is the creature of his own imagination, in the formation of which he could derive no assistance from observation or experience.

Caliban is the son of a witch, begotten by a demon: the sorceries of his mother were so terrible, that her countrymen banished her into this desert island as unfit for human society: in conformity, therefore, to this diabolical propagation, he is represented as a prodigy of cruelty, malice, pride, ignorance, idleness, gluttony, and lust. He is introduced, with great propriety, cursing Prospero, and Miranda, whom he had endeavoured to defile; and his execrations are artfully contrived to have reference to the occupation of his mother:

As wicked dew, as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen,
Drop on you both!——
——All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!

His kindness is afterwards expressed as much in character as his hatred, by an enumeration of offices that could be of value only in a desolate island, and in the estimation of a savage:

I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;
Show thee a jay's nest; and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmozet. I'll bring thee
To clustering filberds; and sometimes I'll get thee
Young sea-mells from the rock——
I'll show thee the best springs: I'll pluck thee berries;
I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.

Which last is, indeed, a circumstance of great use in a place, where to be defended from the cold was neither easy nor usual; and it has a further peculiar beauty, because the gathering wood was the occupation to which Caliban was subjected by Prospero, who, therefore, deemed it a service of high importance.

The gross ignorance of this monster is represented with delicate judgement; he knew not the names of

the sun and moon, which he calls the bigger light and the less ; and he believes that Stephano was the man in the moon, whom his mistress had often shown him : and when Prospero reminds him that he first taught him to pronounce articulately, his answer is full of malevolence and rage :

You taught me language ; and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse ;—

the properest return for such a fiend to make for such a favour. The spirits whom he supposes to be employed by Prospero perpetually to torment him, and the many forms and different methods they take for this purpose, are described with the utmost liveliness and force of fancy :

Sometimes like apes, that moe and chatter at me,
And after bite me ; then like hedgehogs, which
Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount
Their pricks at my foot-ball : sometimes am I
All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues
Do hiss me into madness.—

It is scarcely possible for any speech to be more expressive of the manners and sentiments, than that in which our poet has painted the brutal barbarity and unfeeling savageness of this son of Sycorax, by making him enumerate, with a kind of horrible delight, the various ways in which it was possible for the drunken sailors to surprise and kill his master :

—There thou mayst brain him,
Having first seized his books ; or with a log
Batter his skull ; or paunch him with a stake ;
Or cut his wezand with thy knife.—

He adds, in allusion to his own abominable attempt, ' Above all, be sure to secure the daughter ; whose beauty,' he tells them, ' is incomparable.' The charms of Miranda could not be more exalted, than

by extorting this testimony from so insensible a monster.

Shakspeare seems to be the only poet who possesses the power of uniting poetry with propriety of character ; of which I know not an instance more striking, than the image Caliban makes use of to express silence, which is at once highly poetical, and exactly suited to the wildness of the speaker :

Pray you tread softly, that the blind mole may not
Hear a foot-fall.—

I always lament that our author has not preserved this fierce and implacable spirit in Caliban, to the end of the play ; instead of which, he has, I think, injudiciously put into his mouth words that imply repentance and understanding.

—I'll be wise hereafter
And seek for grace. What a thrice double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,
And worship this dull fool !

It must not be forgotten, that Shakspeare has artfully taken occasion from this extraordinary character, which is finely contrasted to the mildness and obedience of Ariel, obliquely to satirize the prevailing passion for new and wonderful sights, which has rendered the English so ridiculous. ‘ Were I in England now,’ says Trinculo, on first discovering Caliban, ‘ and had but this fish painted, not an holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver.— When they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian.’

Such is the inexhaustible plenty of our poet’s invention, that he has exhibited another character in this play, entirely his own ; that of the lovely and innocent Miranda.

When Prospero first gives her a sight of prince Ferdinand, she eagerly exclaims,

—What is't? a spirit?

Lord! how it looks about! Believe me, sir,

It carries a brave form. But 'tis a spirit.

Her imagining that as he was so beautiful, he must necessarily be one of her father's ærial agents, is a stroke of nature worthy admiration; as are likewise her entreaties to her father not to use him harshly, by the power of his art:

Why speaks my father so ungently? This

Is the third man that e'er I saw; the first

That e'er I sigh'd for!—

Here we perceive the beginning of that passion, which Prospero was desirous she should feel for the prince, and which she afterwards more fully expresses upon an occasion which displays at once the tenderness, the innocence, and the simplicity of her character. She discovers her lover employed in the laborious task of carrying wood, which Prospero had enjoined him to perform. 'Would,' says she, 'the lightning had burnt up those logs, that you are enjoined to pile!'

—If you'll sit down,

I'll bear your logs the while. Pray give me that,

I'll carry't to the pile.—

—You look wearily.

It is by selecting such little and almost imperceptible circumstances, that Shakspeare has more truly painted the passions than any other writer: affection is more powerfully expressed by this simple wish and offer of assistance, than by the unnatural eloquence and witticisms of Dryden, or the amorous declamations of Rowe.

The resentment of Prospero for the matchless cruelty and wicked usurpation of his brother ; his parental affection and solicitude for the welfare of his daughter, the heiress of his dukedom ; and the awful solemnity of his character, as a skilful magician, are all along preserved with equal consistency, dignity, and decorum. One part of his behaviour deserves to be particularly pointed out : during the exhibition of a mask with which he had ordered Ariel to entertain Ferdinand and Miranda, he starts suddenly, from the recollection of the conspiracy of Caliban and his confederates against his life, and dismisses his attendant spirits, who instantly vanish to a hollow and confused noise. He appears to be greatly moved ; and, suitably to this agitation of mind, which his danger has excited, he takes occasion, from the sudden disappearance of the visionary scene, to moralize on the dissolution of all things :

—These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits ; and
Are melted into air, into thin air.
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this unsubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind.—

To these noble images he adds a short but comprehensive observation on human life, not excelled by any passage of the moral and sententious Euripides :

—We are such stuff
As dreams are made of ; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep !—

Thus admirably is an uniformity of character, that leading beauty in dramatic poesy, preserved throughout the *Tempest*. And it may be further

remarked, that the unities of action, of place, and of time, are in this play, though almost constantly violated by Shakspeare, exactly observed. The action is one, great, and entire, the restoration of Prospero to his dukedom: this business is transacted in the compass of a small island, and in or near the cave of Prospero; though, indeed, it had been more artful and regular to have confined it to this single spot: and the time which the action takes up, is only equal to that of the representation; an excellence which ought always to be aimed at in every well-conducted fable, and for the want of which a variety of the most entertaining incidents can scarcely atone.

Z

No. 98. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1753.

*Aude aliquid brevibus Gyaris, et carcere dignum,
Si vis esse aliquis. —*

JUV. SAT. i. 73.

Would'st thou to honours and preferments climb?
Be bold in mischief, dare some mighty crime,
Which dungeons, death, or banishment deserves.

DRYDEN.

“ TO THE ADVENTURER.

“ DEAR BROTHER,

“ THE thirst of glory is, I think, allowed, even by the dull dogs who can sit still long enough to write books, to be a noble appetite.

“ My ambition is to be thought a man of life and spirit, who could conquer the world if he was to set about it, but who has too much vivacity to give the necessary attention to any scheme of length.

“ I am, in short, one of those heroic Adventurers, who have thought proper to distinguish themselves by the titles of Buck, Blood, and Nerve. When I am in the country, I am always on horse-back, and I leap or break every hedge and gate that stands in my way : when I am in town, I am constantly to be seen at some of the public places, at the proper times for making my appearance ; as at Vauxhall, or Marybone, about ten, very drunk ; for though I don't love wine, I am obliged to be consumedly drunk five or six nights in the week : nay, sometimes five or six days together, for the sake of my character. Wherever I come, I am sure to make all the confusion, and do all the mischief I can ; not for the sake of doing mischief, but only out of frolic, you know, to show my vivacity. If there are women near me, I swear like a devil to show my courage, and talk bawdy to show my wit. Under the rose I am a cursed favourite amongst them ; and have had *bonne fortune*, let me tell you. I do love the little rogues hellishly : but faith I make love for the good of the public ; and the town is obliged to me for a dozen or two of the finest wenches that were ever brought into its seraglios. One, indeed, I lost : and, poor fond soul ! I pitied her ! but it could not be helped—self preservation obliged me to leave her—I could not tell her what was the matter with her, rot me if I could ; and so it got such a head, that the devil himself could not have saved her.

“ There's one thing vexes me ; I have much ado to avoid having that insignificant character, a good-natured fellow, fixed upon me ; so that I am obliged, in my own defence, to break the boy's head, and kick my whore down stairs every time I enter a night-house : I pick quarrels when I am not offended, break the windows of men I never saw, demolish lamps, bilk hackney coachmen, overturn wheel-bar-

rows, and storm night-cellars : I beat the watchman, though he bids me good-morrow, abuse the constable, and insult the justice : for these feats I am frequently kicked, beaten, pumped, prosecuted, and imprisoned ; but Tim is no flincher : and if he does not get fame, blood ! he will deserve it.

“ I am now writing at a coffee-house, where I am just arrived, after a journey of fifty miles, which I have rode in four hours. I knocked up my block-head’s horse two hours ago. The dog whipped and spurred at such a rate, that I dare say you may track him half the way by the blood ; but all would not do. The devil take the hindmost, is always my way of travelling. The moment I dismounted, down dropped Dido, by Jove : and here am I all alive and merry, my old boy !

“ I’ll tell thee what ; I was a hellish ass t’other day. I shot a damn’d clean mare through the head, for jumping out of the road to avoid running over an old woman. But the bitch threw me, and I got a cursed slice on the cheek against a flint, which put me in a passion ; who could help it, you know ? Rot me, I would not have lost her for five hundred old women, with all their brats, and the brats of their brats to the third generation. She was a sweet creature ! I would have run her five-and-twenty miles within an hour, for five hundred pounds. But she’s gone !—Poor jade ! I did love thee, that I did.

“ Now what you shall do for me, old boy, is this. Help to raise my name a little, d’y’e mind : write something in praise of us sprightly pretty fellows. I assure you we take a great deal of pains for fame, and it is hard we should be bilked. I would not trouble you, my dear ; but only I fear I have not much time before me to do my own business ; for between you and I, both my constitution and estate are damnably out at elbows. I intend to make them spin out to-

gether as evenly as possible ; but if my purse should happen to leak fastest, I propose to go with my last half-crown to Ranelagh gardens, and there, if you approve the scheme, I'll mount one of the upper alcoves, and repeat, with an heroic air,

I'll boldly venture on the world unknown ;
It cannot use me worse than this has done.

I'll then shoot myself through the head ; and so good by't'ye.

“ Yours, as you serve me,
“ TIM WILDGOOSE.”

I should little deserve the notice of a person so illustrious as the hero who honours me with the name of brother, if I should cavil at his principles, or refuse his request. According to the moral philosophy which is now in fashion, and adopted by many of ‘ the dull dogs who write books,’ the gratification of appetite is virtue ; and appetite, therefore, I shall allow to be noble, notwithstanding the objections of those who pretend, that whatever be its object, it can be good or ill in no other sense than stature or complexion ; and that the voluntary effort only is moral by which appetite is directed or restrained, by which it is brought under the government of reason, and rendered subservient to moral purposes.

But with whatever efforts of heroic virtue my correspondent may have laboured to gratify his ‘ thirst of glory,’ I am afraid he will be disappointed. It is, indeed, true, that like the heroes of antiquity, whom successive generations have honoured with statues and panegyric, he has spent his life in doing mischief to others, without procuring any real good to himself : but he has not done mischief enough : he has not sacked a city or fired a temple ; he acts only against individuals in a contracted sphere, and is lost

among a crowd of competitors, whose merit can only contribute to their mutual obscurity, as the feats which are perpetually performed by innumerable adventurers, must soon become too common to confer distinction.

In behalf of some among these candidates for fame, the legislature has, indeed, thought fit to interpose ; and their achievements are with great solemnity rehearsed and recorded in a temple, of which I know not the celestial appellation, but on earth it is called Justice Hall, in the Old Bailey.

As the rest are utterly neglected, I cannot think of any expedient to gratify the noble thirst of my correspondent and his compeers, but that of procuring them admission into this class ; an attempt in which I do not despair of success, for I think I can demonstrate their right, and I will not suppose it possible that when this is done they will be excluded.

Upon the most diligent examination of ancient history and modern panegyric, I find that no action has ever been held honourable in so high a degree, as killing men : this, indeed, is one of the feats which our legislature has thought fit to rescue from oblivion, and reward in Justice Hall : it has also removed an absurd distinction, and, contrary to the practice of pagan antiquity, has comprehended the killers of women, among those who deserve the rewards that have been decreed to homicide. Now he may fairly be considered as a killer, who seduces a young beauty from the fondness of a parent, with whom she enjoys health and peace, the protection of the laws, and the smile of society, to the tyranny of a bawd, and the excesses of a brothel, to disease and distraction, stripes, infamy, and imprisonment ; calamities which cannot fail to render her days not only evil but few. It may, perhaps, be alleged, that the woman was not only passive, but that in some sense she may be con-

sidered as *felo de se*. This, however, is mere cavil ; for the same may be said of him who fights when he can run away ; and yet it has always been deemed more honourable to kill the combatant than the fugitive.

If this claim then of the Blood be admitted, and I do not see how it can be set aside, I propose that after his remains shall have been rescued from dust and worms, and consecrated in the temple of Hygeia, called Surgeons' Hall, his bones shall be purified by proper lustrations, and erected into a statue : that this statue shall be placed in a niche, with the name of the hero of which it is at once the remains and the monument written over it, among many others of the same rank, in the gallery of a spacious building, to be erected by lottery for that purpose ; I propose that this gallery be called the Bloods' Gallery ; and, to prevent the labour and expense of emblazoning the achievements of every individual, which would be little more than repeating the same words, that an inscription be placed over the door to this effect : ' This gallery is sacred to the memory and the remains of the Bloods ; heroes who lived in perpetual hostility against themselves and others ; who contracted diseases by excess that precluded enjoyment, and who continually perpetrated mischief not in anger but sport ; who purchased this distinction at the expense of life ; and whose glory would have been equal to Alexander's, if their power had not been less.'

NO. 99. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1753.

—*Magnis tamen excidit ausis.*

OVID.

But in the glorious enterprise he died.

ADDISON.

It has always been the practice of mankind to judge of actions by the event. The same attempts, conducted in the same manner, but terminated by different success, produce different judgements: they who attain their wishes never want celebrators of their wisdom and their virtue; and they that miscarry are quickly discovered to have been defective not only in mental but in moral qualities. The world will never be long without some good reason to hate the unhappy; their real faults are immediately detected; and if those are not sufficient to sink them into infamy, an additional weight of calumny will be superadded: he that fails in his endeavours after wealth or power, will not long retain either honesty or courage.

This species of injustice has so long prevailed in universal practice, that it seems likewise to have infected speculation: so few minds are able to separate the ideas of greatness and prosperity, that even Sir William Temple has determined, 'that he who can deserve the name of a hero, must not only be virtuous but fortunate.'

By this unreasonable distribution of praise and blame, none have suffered oftener than projectors, whose rapidity of imagination and vastness of design raise such envy in their fellow-mortals, that every eye watches for their fall, and every heart exults at their distresses: yet even a projector may gain favour by success; and the tongue that was prepared to hiss, then endeavours to excel others in loudness of applause.

When Coriolanus, in Shakspeare, deserted to Aufidius, the Volscian servants at first insulted him, even while he stood under the protection of the household gods; but when they saw that the project took effect, and the stranger was seated at the head of the table, one of them very judiciously observes, 'that he al-

ways thought there was more in him than he could think.'

Machiavel has justly animadverted on the different notice taken, by all succeeding times, of the two great projectors, Catiline and Cæsar. Both formed the same project, and intended to raise themselves to power, by subverting the commonwealth: they pursued their design, perhaps, with equal abilities, and with equal virtue; but Catiline perished in the field, and Cæsar returned from Pharsalia with unlimited authority: and from that time, every monarch of the earth has thought himself honoured by a comparison with Cæsar: and Catiline has been never mentioned, but that his name might be applied to traitors and incendiaries.

In an age more remote, Xerxes projected the conquest of Greece, and brought down the power of Asia against it: but after the world had been filled with expectation and terror, his army was beaten, his fleet was destroyed, and Xerxes has been never mentioned without contempt.

A few years afterwards, Greece likewise had her turn of giving birth to a projector: who, invading Asia with a small army, went forward in search of adventures, and by his escape from one danger, gained only more rashness to rush into another: he stormed city after city, overran kingdom after kingdom, fought battles only for barren victory, and invaded nations only that he might make his way through them to new invasions; but, having been fortunate in the execution of his projects, he died with the name of Alexander the Great.

These are, indeed, events of ancient times; but human nature is always the same, and every age will afford us instances of public censures influenced by events. The great business of the middle centuries was the holy war; which undoubtedly was a

noble project, and was for a long time prosecuted with a spirit equal to that with which it had been contrived : but the ardour of the European heroes only hurried them to destruction ; for a long time, they could not gain the territories for which they fought ; and when at last gained, they could not keep them : their expeditions, therefore, have been the scoff of idleness and ignorance, their understanding and their virtue have been equally vilified, their conduct has been ridiculed, and their cause has been defamed.

When Columbus had engaged king Ferdinand in the discovery of the other hemisphere, the sailors, with whom he embarked in the expedition, had so little confidence in their commander, that after having been long at sea looking for coasts which they expected never to find, they raised a general mutiny, and demanded to return. He found means to soothe them into a permission to continue the same course three days longer, and on the evening of the third day descried land. Had the impatience of his crew denied him a few hours of the time requested, what had been his fate but to have come back with the infamy of a vain projector, who had betrayed the king's credulity to useless expenses, and risked his life in seeking countries that had no existence ? how would those that had rejected his proposals have triumphed in their acuteness ? and when would his name have been mentioned, but with the makers of potable gold and malleable glass ?

The last royal projectors with whom the world has been troubled, were Charles of Sweden and the Czar of Muscovy. Charles, if any judgement may be formed of his designs by his measures and his inquiries, had purposed first to dethrone the Czar, then to lead his army through pathless deserts into China, thence to make his way by the sword through the

whole circuit of Asia, and by the conquest of Turkey to unite Sweden with his new dominions: but this mighty project was crushed at Pultowa; and Charles has since been considered as a madman by those powers, who sent their ambassadors to solicit his friendship, and their generals 'to learn under him the art of war.'

The Czar found employment sufficient in his own dominions, and amused himself in digging canals, and building cities; murdering his subjects with insufferable fatigues, and transplanting nations from one corner of his dominions to another, without regretting the thousands that perished on the way; but he attained his end, he made his people formidable, and is numbered by fame among the demi-gods.

I am far from intending to vindicate the sanguinary projects of heroes and conquerors, and would wish rather to diminish the reputation of their success, than the infamy of their miscarriages; for I cannot conceive, why he that has burnt cities, wasted nations, and filled the world with horror and desolation, should be more kindly regarded by mankind, than he that died in the rudiments of wickedness; why he that accomplished mischief should be glorious, and he that only endeavoured it should be criminal. I would wish Cæsar and Catiline, Xerxes and Alexander, Charles and Peter, huddled together in obscurity or detestation.

But there is another species of projectors, to whom I would willingly conciliate mankind; whose ends are generally laudable, and whose labours are innocent; who are searching out new powers of nature, or contriving new works of art; but who are yet persecuted with incessant obloquy, and whom the universal contempt with which they are treated, often debars from that success which their industry

would obtain, if it were permitted to act without opposition.

They who find themselves inclined to censure new undertakings, only because they are new, should consider that the folly of projection is very seldom the folly of a fool; it is commonly the ebullition of a capacious mind, crowded with variety of knowledge, and heated with intenseness of thought; it proceeds often from the consciousness of uncommon powers, from the confidence of those who, having already done much, are easily persuaded that they can do more. When Rowley had completed the Orrery, he attempted the perpetual motion; when Boyle had exhausted the secrets of vulgar chemistry, he turned his thoughts to the work of transmutation.

A projector generally unites those qualities which have the fairest claim to veneration, extent of knowledge, and greatness of design: it was said of Catiline, *immoderata, incredibilia, nimis alta semper cupiebat*. Projectors of all kinds agree in their intellects, though they differ in their morals; they all fail by attempting things beyond their power, by despising vulgar attainments, and aspiring to performances, to which, perhaps, nature has not proportioned the force of man: when they fail, therefore, they fail not by idleness or timidity, but by rash adventure and fruitless diligence.

That the attempts of such men will often miscarry we may reasonably expect; yet from such men, and such only, are we to hope for the cultivation of those parts of nature which lie yet waste, and the invention of those arts which are yet wanting to the felicity of life. If they are, therefore, universally discouraged, art and discovery can make no advances. Whatever is attempted without previous certainty of success, may be considered as a project, and amongst narrow

minds may, therefore, expose its author to censure and contempt ; and if the liberty of laughing be once indulged, every man will laugh at what he does not understand, every project will be considered as madness, and every great or new design will be censured as a project. Men, unaccustomed to reason and researches, think every enterprise impracticable which is extended beyond common effects, or comprises many intermediate operations. Many that presume to laugh at projectors would consider a flight through the air in a winged chariot, and the movement of a mighty engine by the steam of water, as equally the dreams of mechanic lunacy ; and would hear with equal negligence, of the union of the Thames and Severn by a canal, and the scheme of Albuquerque, the viceroy of the Indies, who, in the rage of hostility, had contrived to make Egypt a barren desert, by turning the Nile into the Red Sea..

Those who have attempted much, have seldom failed to perform more than those who never deviate from the common roads of action : many valuable preparations of chemistry are supposed to have arisen from unsuccessful inquiries after the grand elixir : it is, therefore, just to encourage those who endeavour to enlarge the power of art, since they often succeed beyond expectation ; and when they fail, may sometimes benefit the world, even by their miscarriages.

T

No. 100. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1753.

Nemo repente fuit turpissimus.—

JUV. SAT. ii. 83.

No man e'er reach'd the heights of vice at first.

TATE.

“ TO THE ADVENTURER.

“ SIR,

“ THOUGH the characters of men have, perhaps, been essentially the same in all ages, yet their external appearance has changed with other peculiarities of time and place, and they have been distinguished by different names, as new modes of expression have prevailed : a periodical writer, therefore, who catches the picture of evanescent life, and shows the deformity of follies which in a few years will be so changed as not to be known, should be careful to express the character when he describes the appearance, and to connect it with the name by which it then happens to be called. You have frequently used the terms Buck and Blood, and have given some account of the characters which are thus denominated ; but you have not considered them as the last stages of a regular progression, nor taken any notice of those which precede them. Their dependence upon each other is, indeed, so little known, that many suppose them to be distinct and collateral classes, formed by persons of opposite interests, tastes, capacities, and dispositions : the scale, however, consists of eight degrees ; Greenhorn, Jemmy, Jessamy, Smart, Honest Fellow, Joyous Spirit, Buck, and Blood. As I have myself passed through the whole series, I shall explain each station by a short account of my life, remarking the periods when my character changed its denomination, and the particular incidents by which the change was produced.

“ My father was a wealthy farmer in Yorkshire ; and when I was near eighteen years of age, he brought me up to London, and put me apprentice to

a considerable shopkeeper in the city. There was an awkward modest simplicity in my manner, and a reverence of religion and virtue in my conversation. The novelty of the scene that was now placed before me, in which there were innumerable objects that I never conceived to exist, rendered me attentive and credulous; peculiarities, which, without a provincial accent, a slouch in my gait, a long lank head of hair, and an unfashionable suit of drab-coloured cloth, would have denominated me a Greenhorn, or, in other words, a country put very green.

“Green, then, I continued even in externals, near two years: and in this state I was the object of universal contempt and derision; but being at length wearied with merriment and insult, I was very sedulous to assume the manners and appearance of those, who in the same station were better treated. I had already improved greatly in my speech; and my father having allowed me thirty pounds a year for apparel and pocket-money, the greater part of which I had saved, I bespoke a suit of clothes of an eminent city tailor, with several waistcoats and breeches, and two frocks for a change: I cut off my hair, and procured a brown bob periwig of Wilding, of the same colour, with a single row of curls just round the bottom, which I wore very nicely combed, and without powder: my hat, which had been cocked with great exactness in an equilateral triangle, I discarded, and purchased one of a more fashionable size, the fore corner of which projected near two inches further than those on each side, and was moulded into the shape of a spout: I also furnished myself with a change of white thread stockings, took care that my pumps were varnished every morning with a new German blacking-ball; and when I went out, carried in my hand a little switch,

which, as it has been long appendant to the character that I had just assumed, has taken the same name, and is called a Jemmy.

“ I soon perceived the advantage of this transformation. My manner had not, indeed, kept pace with my dress; I was still modest and diffident, temperate, and sober, and consequently still subject to ridicule: but I was now admitted into company, from which I had before been excluded by the rusticity of my appearance; I was rallied and encouraged by turns; and I was instructed both by precept and example. Some offers were made of carrying me to a house of private entertainment, which then I absolutely refused; but I soon found the way into the playhouse, to see the two last acts, and the farce: here I learned that by breaches of chastity no man was thought to incur either guilt or shame; but that, on the contrary, they were essentially necessary to the character of a fine gentleman. I soon copied the original, which I found to be universally admired, in my morals, and made some further approaches to it in my dress: I suffered my hair to grow long enough to comb back over the fore-top of my wig, which when I sallied forth to my evening amusement, I changed to a queue; I tied the collar of my shirt with half an ell of black riband, which appeared under my neck-cloth; the fore corner of my hat was considerably elevated and shortened, so that it no longer resembled a spout, but the corner of a minced pie; my waistcoat was edged with a narrow lace, my stockings were silk, and I never appeared without a pair of clean gloves. My address, from its native masculine plainness, was converted to an excess of softness and civility, especially when I spoke to the ladies. I had before made some progress in learning to swear; I had pro-

ceeded by fegs, faith, pox, plague, 'pon my life, 'pon my soul, rat it, and zookers, to zauns and the divill, I now advanced to by Jove, 'fore ged, geds curse it, and demme : but I still uttered these interjections in a tremulous tone, and my pronunciation was feminine and vicious. I was sensible of my defects, and, therefore, applied with great diligence to remove them. I frequently practised alone, but it was a long time before I could swear so much to my own satisfaction in company, as by myself. My labour, however, was not without its reward ; it recommended me to the notice of the ladies, and procured me the gentle appellation of Jessamy.

“ I now learned among other grown gentlemen to dance, which greatly enlarged my acquaintance ; I entered into a subscription for country dances once a week at a tavern, where each gentleman engaged to bring a partner : at the same time, I made considerable advances in swearing ; I could pronounce damme with a tolerable air and accent, give the vowel its full sound, and look with confidence in the face of the person to whom I spoke. About this time my father's elder brother died, and left me an estate of near five hundred pounds per annum. I now bought out the remainder of my time ; and this sudden accession of wealth and independence gave me immediately an air of greater confidence and freedom. I laid out near one hundred and fifty pounds in clothes, though I was obliged to go into mourning : I employed a court tailor to make them up ; I exchanged my queue for a bag ; I put on a sword, which, in appearance at least, was a Toledo ; and, in proportion as I knew my dress to be elegant, I was less solicitous to be neat. My acquaintance now increased every hour ; I was attended, flattered, and caressed ; was often invited to entertain-

ments, supped every night at a tavern, and went home in a chair; was taken notice of in public places, and was universally confessed to be improved into a Smart.

“ There were some intervals in which I found it necessary to abstain from wenching; and in these, at whatever risk, I applied myself to the bottle: a habit of drinking came insensibly upon me, and I was soon able to walk home with a bottle and a pint. I had learned a sufficient number of fashionable toasts, and got by heart several toping and several bawdy songs, some of which I ventured to roar out with a friend hanging on my arm as we scoured the street after our nocturnal revel. I now laboured with indefatigable industry to increase these acquisitions: I enlarged my stock of healths; made great progress in singing, joking, and story-telling; swore well; could make a company of staunch toppers drunk; always collected the reckoning, and was the last man that departed. My face began to be covered with red pimples, and my eyes to be weak; I became daily more negligent of my dress, and more blunt in my manner; I professed myself a foe to starters and milksops, declared that there was no enjoyment equal to that of a bottle and a friend, and soon gained the appellation of an Honest Fellow.

“ By this distinction I was animated to attempt yet greater excellence; I learned several feats of mimicry of the under players, could take off known characters, tell a staring story, and humbug with so much skill as sometimes to take in a knowing one. I was so successful in the practice of these arts, to which, indeed, I applied myself with unwearied diligence and assiduity, that I kept my company roaring with applause, till their voices sunk by degrees,

and they were no longer able to laugh, because they were no longer able either to hear or to see. I had now ascended another scale in the climax ; and was acknowledged by all who knew me, to be a Joyous Spirit.

“ After all these topics of merriment were exhausted, and I had repeated my tricks, my stories, my jokes, and my songs, till they grew insipid, I became mischievous ; and was continually devising and executing frolics, to the unspeakable delight of my companions, and the injury of others. For many of them I was prosecuted, and frequently obliged to pay large damages ; but I bore all these losses with an air of jovial indifference, I pushed on in my career, I was more desperate in proportion as I had less to lose ; and, being deterred from no mischief by the dread of its consequences, I was said to run at all, and complimented with the name of Buck.

“ My estate was at length mortgaged for more than it was worth ; my creditors were importunate ; I became negligent of myself and of others ; I made a desperate effort at the gaming-table, and lost the last sum that I could raise ; my estate was seized by the mortgagee ; I learned to pack cards and to cog a die ; became a bully to whores ; passed my nights in a brothel, the street, or the watch-house ; was utterly insensible of shame, and lived upon the town as a beast of prey in a forest. Thus I reached the summit of modern glory, and had just acquired the distinction of a Blood, when I was arrested for an old debt of three hundred pounds, and thrown into the King’s Bench prison.

“ These characters, Sir, though they are distinct, yet do not at all differ, otherwise than as shades of the same colour. And though they are stages of a regular progression, yet the whole progress is not

made by every individual : some are so soon initiated in the mysteries of the town, that they are never publicly known in their Greenhorn state ; others fix long in their Jemmyhood, others are Jessamies at fourscore, and some stagnate in each of the higher stages for life. But I request that they may never hereafter be confounded either by you or your correspondents. Of the Blood, your brother Adventurer, Mr. Wildgoose, though he assumes the character, does not seem to have a just and precise idea as distinct from the Buck, in which class he should be placed, and will probably die, for he seems determined to shoot himself, just at the time when his circumstances will enable him to assume the higher distinction.

“ But the retrospect upon life, which this letter has made necessary, covers me with confusion, and aggravates despair. I cannot but reflect, that among all these characters, I have never assumed that of a Man. Man is a reasonable being, which he ceases to be who disguises his body with ridiculous fopperies, or degrades his mind by detestable brutality. These thoughts would have been of great use to me, if they had occurred seven years ago. If they are of use to you, I hope you will send me a small gratuity for my labour, to alleviate the misery of hunger and nakedness ; but, dear Sir, let your bounty be speedy, lest I perish before it arrives.

“ I am your humble servant,

“ NOMENTANUS.”

“ Common side, King's Bench,
Oct. 18, 1753.”

No. 101. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1753.

— *Est ubi peccat.*

HOR. EPIST. ii. l. 63.

— Yet sometimes he mistakes.

“ TO THE ADVENTURER.

“ SIR,

“ IF we consider the high rank which Milton has deservedly obtained among our few English classics, we cannot wonder at the multitude of commentaries and criticisms of which he has been the subject. To these I have added some miscellaneous remarks ; and if you should at first be inclined to reject them as trifling, you may perhaps determine to admit them, when you reflect that they are new.

“ The description of Eden in the fourth book of the Paradise Lost, and the battle of the angels in the sixth, are usually selected as the most striking examples of a florid and vigorous imagination ; but it requires much greater strength of mind to form an assemblage of natural objects, and range them with propriety and beauty, than to bring together the greatest variety of the most splendid images, without any regard to their use or congruity ; as in painting, he who, by the force of his imagination, can delineate a landscape, is deemed a greater master than he who, by heaping rocks of coral upon tessellated pavements, can only make absurdity splendid, and dispose gaudy colours so as best to set off each other.

“ ‘ Sapphire fountains that, rolling over orient pearl run nectar, roses without thorns, trees that bear fruit

of vegetable gold, and that weep odorous gums and balms,' are easily feigned, but having no relative beauty as pictures of nature, nor any absolute excellence as derived from truth, they can only please those who, when they read, exercise no faculty but fancy, and admire because they do not think.

"If I shall not be thought to digress wholly from my subject, I would illustrate this remark, by comparing two passages, written by Milton and Fletcher, on nearly the same subject. The spirit in Comus thus pays his address of thanks to the water-nymph Sabrina :

May thy brimmed waves for this,
Their full tribute never miss,
From a thousand petty rills,
That tumble down the snowy hills :
Summer drought, or singed air,
Never scorch thy tresses fair ;
Nor wet October's torrent flood
Thy molten crystal fill with mud.

line 924.

Thus far the wishes are most proper for the welfare of a river goddess : the circumstance of summer not scorching her tresses, is highly poetical and elegant ; but what follows, though it is pompous and majestic, is unnatural and far-fetched :

May thy billows roll ashore
The beryl and the golden ore :
May thy lofty head be crown'd
With many a tower and terras round ;
And here and there, thy banks upon,
With groves of myrrh and cinnamon !

ib. 932.

The circumstance in the third and fourth lines is happily fancied ; but what idea can the reader have of an English river rolling gold and the beryl ashore, or of groves of cinnamon growing on its banks ? The images in the following passage of Fletcher are all simple and real, all appropriated and strictly natural :

For thy kindness to me shown,
Never from thy banks be blown
Any tree with windy force,
Cross thy stream to stop thy course;
May no beast that comes to drink,
With his horns cast down thy brink;
May none that for thy fish do look,
Cut thy banks to dam thy brook;
Barefoot may no neighbour wade
In thy cool streams, wife or maid,
When the spawn on stones do lie,
To wash their hemp, and spoil the fry.

“The glaring picture of Paradise is not, in my opinion, so strong an evidence of Milton’s force of imagination, as his representation of Adam and Eve when they left it, and of the passions with which they were agitated on that event.

“Against his battle of the angels, I have the same objections as against his garden of Eden. He has endeavoured to elevate his combatants, by giving them the enormous stature of giants in romances, books of which he was known to be fond; and the prowess and behaviour of Michael as much resemble the feats of Ariosto’s knight, as his two-handed sword does the weapons of chivalry: I think the sublimity of his genius much more visible in the first appearance of the fallen angels; the debates of the infernal peers; the passage of Satan through the dominions of Chaos, and his adventure with Sin and Death; the mission of Raphael to Adam; the conversations between Adam and his wife; the creation; the account which Adam gives of his first sensations, and of the approach of Eve from the hand of her Creator; the whole behaviour of Adam and Eve after the first transgression; and the prospect of the various states of the world, and history of man exhibited in a vision to Adam.

“In this vision, Milton judiciously represents

Adam as ignorant of what disaster had befallen Abel, when he was murdered by his brother ; but during his conversation with Raphael, the poet seems to have forgotten this necessary and natural ignorance of the first man. How was it possible for Adam to discern what the angel meant by cubic phalanxes, by planets of aspect malign, by encamping on the foughthen field, by van and rear, by standards and gonfalons and glittering tissues, by the griding sword, by embattled squadrons, chariots, and flaming arms, and fiery steeds ? And although Adam possessed a superior degree of knowledge, yet doubtless he had not skill enough in chemistry to understand Raphael, who informed him, that

— Sulphurous and nitrous foam
They found, they mingled, and with subtle art,
Concocted and adusted, they reduced
To blackest grain, and into store convey'd.

R. L. vi. 512.

And surely the nature of cannon was not much explained to Adam, who neither knew nor wanted the use of iron tools, by telling him, that they resemble the hollow bodies of oak or fir,

With branches lopp'd, in wood or mountain fell'd.

ib. 575.

He that never beheld the brute creation but in its pastimes and sports, must have greatly wondered, when the angel expressed the flight of the Satanic host, by saying, that they fled

— As a herd
Of goats or timorous flock, together throng'd.

ib. 85.

“ But as there are many exuberances in this poem, there appears to be also some defects. As the serpent was the instrument of the temptation, Milton

minutely describes its beauty and allurements: and I have frequently wondered that he did not, for the same reason, give a more elaborate description of the tree of life, especially as he was remarkable for his knowledge and imitation of the sacred writings, and as the following passage in the Revelations afforded him a hint, from which his creative fancy might have worked up a striking picture: 'In the midst of the street of it, and of either side the river, was there the tree of life; which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month: and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations.'

"At the end of the fourth book, suspense and attention are excited to the utmost; a combat between Satan and the guardians of Eden, is eagerly expected, and curiosity is impatient for the action and the catastrophe: but this horrid fray is prevented, expectation is cut off, and curiosity disappointed, by an expedient which, though applauded by Addison and Pope, and imitated from Homer and Virgil, will be deemed frigid and inartificial, by all who judge from their own sensations, and are not content to echo the decisions of others. The golden balances are held forth, 'which,' says the poet, 'are yet seen between Astræa and the Scorpion;' Satan looks up, and, perceiving that his scale mounted aloft, departs with the shades of night. To make such a use, at so critical a time, of *Libra*, a mere imaginary sign of the Zodiac, is scarcely justifiable in a poem founded on religious truth.

"Among innumerable beauties in the *Paradise Lost*, I think the most transcendent is the speech of Satan at the beginning of the ninth book; in which his unextinguishable pride and fierce indignation against God, and his envy towards man, are so blended with an involuntary approbation of goodness, and disdain of the meanness and baseness of his pre-

more merit than myself. I did not, however, suffer my resentment to instigate me to any mean arts of supplantation, nor my eagerness of riches to betray me to any indirect methods of gain ; I pursued my business with incessant assiduity, supported by the hope of being one day richer than those who contemned me ; and had, upon every annual review of my books, the satisfaction of finding my fortune increased beyond my expectation.

“ In a few years my industry and probity were fully recompensed, my wealth was really great, and my reputation for wealth still greater. I had large warehouses crowded with goods, and considerable sums in the public funds ; I was caressed upon the Exchange by the most eminent merchants ; became the oracle of the common council ; was solicited to engage in all commercial undertakings ; was flattered with the hopes of becoming, in a short time, one of the directors of a wealthy company ; and, to complete my mercantile honours, enjoyed the expensive happiness of fining for sheriff.

“ Riches, you know, easily produce riches ; when I had arrived to this degree of wealth, I had no longer any obstruction or opposition to fear ; new acquisitions were hourly brought within my reach, and I continued for some years longer to heap thousands upon thousands.

“ At last I resolved to complete the circle of a citizen's prosperity by the purchase of an estate in the country, and to close my life in retirement. From the hour that this design entered my imagination, I found the fatigues of my employment every day more oppressive, and persuaded myself that I was no longer equal to perpetual attention, and that my health would soon be destroyed by the torment and distraction of extensive business. I could image to myself no happiness, but in vacant jollity, and un-

interrupted leisure ; nor entertain my friends with any other topic, than the vexation and uncertainty of trade, and the happiness of rural privacy.

“ But notwithstanding these declarations, I could not at once reconcile myself to the thought of ceasing to get money ; and though I was every day inquiring for a purchase, I found some reason for rejecting all that were offered me ; and, indeed, had accumulated so many beauties and conveniences in my idea of the spot where I was finally to be happy, that, perhaps, the world might have been travelled over, without discovery of a place which would not have been defective in some particular.

“ Thus I went on still talking of retirement, and still refusing to retire ; my friends began to laugh at my delays, and I grew ashamed to trifle longer with my own inclinations ; an estate was at length purchased, I transferred my stock to a prudent young man who had married my daughter, went down into the country, and commenced lord of a spacious manor.

“ Here, for some time, I found happiness equal to my expectation. I reformed the old house according to the advice of the best architects ; I threw down the walls of the garden, and enclosed it with palisades ; planted long avenues of trees, filled a greenhouse with exotic plants, dug a new canal, and threw the earth into the old moat.

“ The fame of these expensive improvements brought in all the country to see the show. I entertained my visitors with great liberality, led them round my gardens, showed them my apartments, laid before them plans for new decorations, and was gratified by the wonder of some, and the envy of others.

“ I was envied ; but how little can one man judge of the condition of another ? The time was now coming, in which affluence and splendour could no

longer make me pleased with myself. I had built till the imagination of the architect was exhausted ; I had added one convenience to another, till I knew not what more to wish or to design ; I had laid out my gardens, planted my park, and completed my water-works ; and what now remained to be done ? what, but to look up to turrets, of which, when they were once raised, I had no further use, to range over apartments where time was tarnishing the furniture, to stand by the cascade of which I scarcely now perceived the sound, and to watch the growth of woods that must give their shade to a distant generation.

“ In this gloomy inactivity, is every day begun and ended : the happiness that I have been so long procuring is now at an end, because it has been procured ; I wander from room to room till I am weary of myself ; I ride out to a neighbouring hill in the centre of my estate, from whence all my lands lie in prospect round me ; I see nothing that I have not seen before, and return home disappointed, though I knew that I had nothing to expect.

“ In my happy days of business I had been accustomed to rise early in the morning ; and remember the time when I grieved that the night came so soon upon me, and obliged me, for a few hours, to shut out affluence and prosperity. I now seldom see the rising sun, but to ‘ tell him,’ with the fallen angel, ‘ how I hate his beams.’ I awake from sleep as to languor or imprisonment, and have no employment for the first hour but to consider by what art I shall rid myself of the second. I protract the breakfast as long as I can, because when it is ended I have no call for my attention, till I can, with some degree of decency, grow impatient for my dinner. If I could dine all my life, I should be happy ; I eat not because I am hungry, but because I am idle : but alas ! the time quickly comes when I can eat no longer ; and so ill

does my constitution second my inclination, that I cannot bear strong liquors: seven hours must then be endured before I shall sup; but supper comes at last, the more welcome as it is in a short time succeeded by sleep.

“ Such, Mr. Adventurer, is the happiness, the hope of which seduced me from the duties and pleasures of a mercantile life. I shall be told by those who read my narrative, that there are many means of innocent amusement, and many schemes of useful employment, which I do not appear ever to have known; and that nature and art have provided pleasures, by which, without the drudgery of settled business, the active may be engaged, the solitary soothed, and the social entertained.

“ These arts, Sir, I have tried. When first I took possession of my estate, in conformity to the taste of my neighbours, I bought guns and nets, filled my kennel with dogs, and my stable with horses; but a little experience showed me that these instruments of rural felicity would afford me few gratifications. I never shot but to miss the mark, and, to confess the truth, was afraid of the fire of my own gun. I could discover no music in the cry of the dogs, nor could divest myself of pity for the animal whose peaceful and inoffensive life was sacrificed to our sport. I was not, indeed, always at leisure to reflect upon her danger; for my horse, who had been bred to the chase, did not always regard my choice either of speed or way, but leaped hedges and ditches at his own discretion, and hurried me along with the dogs, to the great diversion of my brother sportsmen. His eagerness of pursuit once incited him to swim a river; and I had leisure to resolve in the water, that I would never hazard my life again for the destruction of a hare.

“ I then ordered books to be procured, and by the

direction of the vicar had, in a few weeks, a closet elegantly furnished. You will, perhaps, be surprised when I shall tell you, that when once I had ranged them according to their sizes, and piled them up in regular gradations, I had received all the pleasure which they could give me. I am not able to excite in myself any curiosity after events which have been long passed, and in which I can, therefore, have no interest: I am utterly unconcerned to know whether Tully or Demosthenes excelled in oratory, whether Hannibal lost Italy by his own negligence or the corruption of his countrymen. I have no skill in controversial learning, nor can conceive why so many volumes should have been written upon questions, which I have lived so long and so happily without understanding. I once resolved to go through the volumes relating to the office of justice of the peace, but found them so crabbed and intricate, that in less than a month I desisted in despair, and resolved to supply my deficiencies by paying a competent salary to a skilful clerk.

“ I am naturally inclined to hospitality, and for some time kept up a constant intercourse of visits with the neighbouring gentlemen: but though they are easily brought about me by better wine than they can find at any other house, I am not much relieved by their conversation; they have no skill in commerce or the stocks, and I have no knowledge of the history of families or the factions of the county; so that when the first civilities are over, they usually talk to one another, and I am left alone in the midst of the company. Though I cannot drink myself, I am obliged to encourage the circulation of the glass; their mirth grows more turbulent and obstreperous; and before their merriment is at an end, I am sick with disgust, and perhaps reproached with my sobriety, or by some sly insinuations insulted as a cit.

"Such, Mr. Adventurer, is the life to which I am condemned by a foolish endeavour to be happy by imitation; such is the happiness to which I pleased myself with approaching, and which I considered as the chief end of my cares and my labours. I toiled year after year with cheerfulness, in expectation of the happy hour in which I might be idle; the privilege of idleness is attained, but has not brought with it the blessing of tranquillity.

"I am,

"Yours, &c.

T

"MERCATOR."

No. 103. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1753.

— *Quid enim ratione timemus,
Aut cupimus?* —

JUV. SAT. X. 4.

How void of reason are our hopes and fears!

DRYDEN.

IN those remote times when, by the intervention of fairies, men received good and evil, which succeeding generations could expect only from natural causes, Soliman, a mighty prince, reigned over a thousand provinces in the distant regions of the East. It is recorded of Soliman, that he had no favourite; but among the principal nobles of his court was Omaraddin.

Omaraddin had two daughters, Almerine and Shelimah. At the birth of Almerine, the fairy Elfarina had presided; and, in compliance with the importunate and reiterated request of the parents, had en-

dowed her with every natural excellence both of body and mind, and decreed that ' she should be sought in marriage by a sovereign prince.'

When the wife of Omaraddin was pregnant with Shelimah, the fairy Elfarina was again invoked ; at which Farimina, another power of the aërial kingdom, was offended. Farimina was inexorable and cruel ; the number of her votaries, therefore, was few. Elfarina was placable and benevolent ; and fairies of this character were observed to be superior in power, whether because it is the nature of vice to defeat its own purpose, or whether the calm and equal tenor of a virtuous mind prevents those mistakes, which are committed in the tumult and precipitation of outrageous malevolence. But Farimina, from whatever cause, resolved that her influence should not be wanting ; she, therefore, as far as she was able, precluded the influence of Elfarina, by first pronouncing the incantation which determined the fortune of the infant, whom she discovered by divination to be a girl. Farimina, that the innocent object of her malice might be despised by others, and perpetually employed in tormenting herself, decreed, ' that her person should be rendered hideous by every species of deformity, and that all her wishes should spontaneously produce an opposite effect.'

The parents dreaded the birth of the infant under this malediction, with which Elfarina had acquainted them, and which she could not reverse. The moment they beheld it, they were solicitous only to conceal it from the world ; they considered the complicated deformity of unhappy Shelimah, as some reproach to themselves ; and as they could not hope to change her appearance, they did not find themselves interested in her felicity. They made no request to Elfarina, that she would by any intellectual endowment alleviate miseries which they should not participate,

but seemed content that a being so hideous should suffer perpetual disappointment ; and, indeed, they concurred to injure an infant which they could not behold with complacency, by sending her with only one attendant to a remote castle which stood on the confines of a wood.

Elfarina, however, did not thus forsake innocence in distress ; but to counterbalance the evils of obscurity, neglect, and ugliness, she decreed, that ‘ to the taste of Shelimah the coarsest food should be the most exquisite dainty : that the rags which covered her, should in her estimation be equal to cloth of gold ; that she should prize a palace less than a cottage ; and that in these circumstances love should be a stranger to her breast.’ To prevent the vexation which would arise from the continual disappointment of her wishes, appeared at first to be more difficult ; but this was at length perfectly effected by endowing her with content.

While Shelimah was immured in a remote castle, neglected and forgotten, every city in the dominions of Soliman contributed to decorate the person or cultivate the mind of Almerine. The house of her father was the resort of all who excelled in learning of whatever class ; and as the wit of Almerine was equal to her beauty, her knowledge was soon equal to her wit.

Thus accomplished, she became the object of universal admiration : every heart throbbed at her approach, every tongue was silent when she spoke ; at the glance of her eye every cheek was covered with blushes of diffidence or desire, and at her command every foot became swift as that of the roe. But Almerine, whom ambition was thus zealous to obey, who was revered by hoary wisdom, and beloved by youthful beauty, was perhaps the most wretched of her sex. Perpetual adulation had made her haughty

and fierce ; her penetration and delicacy rendered almost every object offensive ; she was disgusted with imperfections which others could not discover ; her breast was corroded by detestation, when others were softened by pity ; she lost the sweetness of sleep by the want of exercise, and the relish of food by continual luxury : but her life became yet more wretched, by her sensibility of that passion, on which the happiness of life is believed chiefly to depend.

Nourassin, the physician of Soliman, was of noble birth, and celebrated for his skill through all the East. He had just attained the meridian of life ; his person was graceful, and his manner soft and insinuating. Among many others, by whom Almerine had been taught to investigate nature, Nourassin had acquainted her with the qualities of trees and herbs. Of him she learned how an innumerable progeny are contained in the parent plant ; how they expand and quicken by degrees ; how from the same soil each imbibes a different juice, which, rising from the root, hardens into branches above, swells into leaves, and flowers, and fruits, infinitely various in colour and taste and smell ; of power to repel diseases, or precipitate the stroke of death.

Whether by the caprice which is common to violent passions, or whether by some potion which Nourassin found means to administer to his scholar, is not known ; but of Nourassin she became enamoured to the most romantic excess. The pleasure with which she had before reflected on the decree of the Fairy, ‘ that she should be sought in marriage by a sovereign prince,’ was now at an end. It was the custom of the nobles to present their daughters to the king, when they entered their eighteenth year ; an event which Almerine had often anticipated with impatience and hope, but now wished to prevent with solicitude and terror. The period, urged forward,

like every thing future, with silent and irresistible rapidity, at length arrived. The curiosity of Soliman had been raised, as well by accidental encomiums, as by the artifices of Omaraddin, who now hastened to gratify it with the utmost anxiety and perturbation : he discovered the confusion of his daughter, and imagined that it was produced like his own, by the uncertainty and importance of an event, which would be determined before the day should be passed. He endeavoured to give her a peaceful confidence in the promise of the Fairy, which he wanted himself ; and perceived, with regret, that her distress rather increased than diminished : this incident, however, as he had no suspicion of the cause, only rendered him more impatient of delay ; and Almerine, covered with ornaments, by which art and nature were exhausted, was, however reluctant, introduced to the king.

Soliman was now in his thirtieth year. He had sat ten years upon the throne, and for the steadiness of his virtue had been surnamed the Just. He had hitherto considered the gratification of appetite as a low enjoyment, allotted to weakness and obscurity ; and the exercise of heroic virtue, as the superior felicity of eminence and power. He had as yet taken no wife ; nor had he immured in his palace a multitude of unhappy beauties, in whom desire had no choice, and affection no object, to be successively forsaken after unresisted violation, and at last sink into the grave without having answered any nobler purpose, than sometimes to have gratified the caprice of a tyrant, whom they saw at no other season, and whose presence could raise no passion more remote from detestation than fear.

Such was Soliman ; who, having gazed some moments upon Almerine with silent admiration, rose up, and turning to the princes who stood round him, ‘ To-morrow,’ said he, ‘ I will grant the request

which you have so often repeated, and place a beauty upon my throne, by whom I may transmit my dominion to posterity: to-morrow, the daughter of Omaraddin shall be my wife.'

The joy with which Omaraddin heard this declaration, was abated by the effect which it produced upon Almerine; who, after some ineffectual struggles with the passions which agitated her mind, threw herself into the arms of her women, and burst into tears. Soliman immediately dismissed his attendants; and taking her in his arms, inquired the cause of her distress: this, however, was a secret, which neither her pride nor her fear would suffer her to reveal. She continued silent and inconsolable: and Soliman, though he secretly suspected some other attachment, yet appeared to be satisfied with the suggestions of her father, that her emotion was only such as is common to the sex upon any great and unexpected event. He desisted from further importunity, and commanded that her women should remove her to a private apartment of the palace, and that she should be attended by his physician Nourassin.

No. 104. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1753.

—*Semita certè*

Tranquilla per virtutem patet unica via.

JUV. SAT. X. 363.

But only virtue shows the paths of peace.

NOURASSIN, who had already learned what had happened, found his despair relieved by this opportunity

of another interview. The lovers, however, were restrained from condolence and consultation, by the presence of the women, who could not be dismissed : but Nourassin put a small vial into the hand of Almerine as he departed, and told her that it contained a cordial, which, if administered in time, would infallibly restore the cheerfulness and vigour that she had lost. These words were heard by the attendants, though they were understood only by Almerine ; she readily comprehended, that the potion she had received was poison, which would relieve her from languor and melancholy by removing the cause, if it could be given to the king before her marriage was completed. After Nourassin was gone, she sat ruminating on the infelicity of her situation, and the dreadful events of the morrow, till the night was far spent ; and then, exhausted with perturbation and watching, she sunk down on the sofa, and fell into a deep sleep.

The king, whose rest had been interrupted by the effects which the beauty of Almerine had produced upon his mind, rose at the dawn of day ; and, sending for her principal attendant who had been ordered to watch in her chamber, eagerly inquired what had been her behaviour, and whether she had recovered from her surprise. He was acquainted, that she had lately fallen asleep ; and that a cordial had been left by Nourassin, which he affirmed would, if not too long delayed, suddenly recover her from languor and dejection, and which, notwithstanding, she had neglected to take. Soliman derived new hopes from this intelligence ; and that she might meet him at the hour of marriage, with the cheerful vivacity which the cordial of Nourassin would inspire, he ordered that it should, without asking her any question, be mixed with whatever she first drank in the morning.

Almerine, in whose blood the long-continued tumult of her mind had produced a feverish heat, awaked parched with thirst, and called eagerly for sherbet: her attendant, having first emptied the vial into the bowl, as she had been commanded by the king, presented it to her, and she drank it off. As soon as she had recollected the horrid business of the day, she missed the vial, and in a few moments she learned how it had been applied. The sudden terror which now seized her, hastened the effect of the poison; and she felt already the fire kindled in her veins, by which in a few hours she would be destroyed. Her disorder was now apparent, though the cause was not suspected: Nourassin was again introduced, and acquainted with the mistake; an antidote was immediately prepared and administered; and Almerine waited the event in agonies of body and mind, which are not to be described. The internal commotion every instant increased; sudden and intolerable heat and cold succeeded each other; and, in less than an hour, she was covered with a leprosy; her hair fell, her head swelled, and every feature in her countenance was distorted. Nourassin, who was doubtful of the event, had withdrawn to conceal his confusion; and Almerine, not knowing that these dreadful appearances were the presages of recovery, and showed that the fatal effects of the poison were expelled from the citadel of life, conceived her dissolution to be near, and, in the agony of remorse and terror, earnestly requested to see the king. Soliman hastily entered her apartment, and beheld the ruins of her beauty with astonishment, which every moment increased, while she discovered the mischief which had been intended against him, and which had now fallen upon her own head.

Soliman, after he had recovered from his astonishment, retired to his own apartment; and in this in-

terval of recollection, he soon discovered that the desire of beauty had seduced him from the path of justice, and that he ought to have dismissed the person whose affections he believed to have another object. He did not, therefore, take away the life of Nourassin for a crime, to which he himself had furnished the temptation ; but as some punishment was necessary as a sanction to the laws, he condemned him to perpetual banishment. He commanded that Almerine should be sent back to her father, that her life might be a memorial of his folly ; and he determined, if possible, to atone by a second marriage for the errors of the first. He considered how he might enforce and illustrate some general precept, which would contribute more to the felicity of his people, than his leaving them a sovereign of his own blood ; and at length he determined to publish this proclamation throughout all the provinces of his empire : ‘ Soliman, whose judgement has been perverted, and whose life endangered, by the influence and the treachery of unrivalled beauty, is now resolved to place equal deformity upon his throne ; that, when this event is recorded, the world may know, that by vice, beauty became yet more odious than ugliness ; and learn, like Soliman, to despise that excellence which, without virtue, is only a specious evil, the reproach of the possessor, and the snare of others.’

Shelimah, during these events, experienced a very different fortune. She remained, till she was thirteen years of age, in the castle ; and it happened that, about this time, the person to whose care she had been committed, after a short sickness died. Shelimah imagined that she slept ; but perceiving that all attempts to awaken her were ineffectual, and her stock of provisions being exhausted, she found means to open the wicket, and wander alone into the wood. She satisfied her hunger with such berries

and wild fruits as she found, and at night, not being able to find her way back, she lay down under a thicket and slept. Here she was awaked early in the morning by a peasant, whose compassion happened to be proof against deformity. The man asked her many questions ; but her answers rather increasing than gratifying his curiosity, he set her before him on his beast, and carried her to his house in the next village, at the distance of about six leagues. In his family, she was the jest of some, and the pity of others ; she was employed in the meanest offices, and her figure procured her the name of Goblin. But amidst all the disadvantages of her situation, she enjoyed the utmost felicity of food and rest : as she formed no wishes, she suffered no disappointment ; her body was healthful, and her mind at peace.

In this station she had continued four years, when the heralds appeared in the village with the proclamation of Soliman. Shelimah ran out with others to gaze at the parade ; she listened to the proclamation with great attention, and when it was ended, she perceived that the eyes of the multitude were fixed upon her. One of the horsemen at the same time alighted, and with great ceremony entreated her to enter a chariot which was in the retinue, telling her, that she was without doubt the person whom nature and Soliman had destined to be their queen. Shelimah replied with a smile, that she had no desire to be great ; ‘ but,’ said she, ‘ if your proclamation be true, I should rejoice to be the instrument of such admonition to mankind ; and, upon this condition, I wish that I were, indeed, the most deformed of my species.’ The moment this wish was uttered, the spell of Farimina produced the contrary effect : her skin, which was scaly and yellow, became smooth and white, her stature was perceived gradually to increase, her neck rose like a pillar of

ivory, her bosom expanded, and her waist became less ; her hair, which before was thin and of a dirty red, was now black as the feathers of the raven, and flowed in large ringlets on her shoulders ; the most exquisite sensibility now sparkled in her eyes, her cheeks were tinged with the blushes of the morning, and her lips moistened with the dew ; every limb was perfect, and every motion was graceful. A white robe was thrown over her by an invisible hand ; the crowd fell back in astonishment, and gazed with insatiable curiosity upon such beauty as before they had never seen. Shelimah was not less astonished than the crowd : she stood a while with her eyes fixed upon the ground ; and finding her confusion increase, would have retired in silence ; but she was prevented by the heralds, who, having with much importunity prevailed upon her to enter the chariot, returned with her to the metropolis, presented her to Soliman, and related the prodigy.

Soliman looked round upon the assembly, in doubt whether to prosecute or relinquish his purpose ; when Abbaran, a hoary sage, who had presided in the council of his father, came forward, and placing his forehead on the footstool of the throne ; ‘ Let the king,’ said he, ‘ accept the reward of virtue, and take Shelimah to his bed. In what age, and in what nation, shall not the beauty of Shelimah be honoured ? to whom will it be transmitted alone ? Will not the story of the wife of Soliman descend with her name ? will it not be known, that thy desire of beauty was not gratified till it had been subdued ? that by an iniquitous purpose beauty became hideous, and by a virtuous wish deformity became fair ?’

Soliman, who had fixed his eyes upon Shelimah, discovered a mixture of joy and confusion in her countenance, which determined his choice, and was an earnest of his felicity ; for at that moment, love

who, during her state of deformity, had been excluded by the fairy Elfarina's interdiction, took possession of her breast.

The nuptial ceremony was not long delayed, and Elfarina honoured it with her presence. When she departed, she bestowed on both her benediction ; and put into the hand of Shelimah a scroll of vellum, on which was this inscription in letters of gold :

‘ Remember, Shelimah, the fate of Almerine, who still lives the reproach of parental folly, of degraded beauty, and perverted sense. Remember Almerine ; and let her example and thy own experience teach thee, that wit and beauty, learning, affluence, and honour, are not essential to human felicity ; with these she was wretched, and without them thou wast happy. The advantages which I have hitherto bestowed, must now be obtained by an effort of thy own : that which gives relish to the coarsest food, is temperance ; the apparel and the dwelling of a peasant and a prince, are equal in the estimation of humility ; and the torment of ineffectual desires is prevented, by the resignation of piety to the will of Heaven ; advantages which are in the power of every wretch, who repines at the unequal distribution of good and evil, and imputes to nature the effects of his own folly.’

The king, to whom Shelimah communicated these precepts of the fairy, caused them to be transcribed, and with an account of the events which had produced them, distributed over all his dominions. Precepts which were thus enforced, had an immediate and extensive influence ; and the happiness of Solomon and of Shelimah was thus communicated to the multitudes whom they governed.

No. 105. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1753.

Novam [comicam] Menandrus, æqualesque ejus ætatis magis quàm operis, Philemon ac Diphilus, et invenère intra paucissimos annos, neque imitandam reliquère.

VEL. PATERCUL. i. 16. 3.

Menander, together with Philemon and Diphilus, who must be named with him rather as his contemporaries than his equals, invented within the compass of a few years a new kind of comedy, and left it beyond the reach of imitation.

“ TO THE ADVENTURER.

“ SIR,

“ MORALITY, taste, and literature, scarcely ever suffered more irreparably, than by the loss of the comedies of Menander; some of whose fragments, agreeable to my promise, I am now going to lay before you, which I should imagine would be as highly prized by the curious, as was the Coan Venus which Apelles left imperfect and unfinished.

“ Menander was celebrated for the sweetness, brevity, and sententiousness of his style. ‘ He was fond of Euripides,’ says Quintilian, ‘ and nearly imitated the manner of this tragic writer, though in a different kind of work. He is a complete pattern of oratorical excellence; *ita omnem vitæ imaginem expressit, tanta in eo inveniendi copia, et eloquendi facultas; ita est omnibus rebus, personis, affectibus, accommodatus*; so various and so just are all his pictures of life; so copious is his invention, so masterly his elocution; so wonderfully is he adapted to all kinds of subjects, persons, and passions.’ This

panegyric reflects equal honour on the critic and on the comedian. Quintilian has here painted Menander with as lively and expressive strokes, as Menander had characterized the Athenians.

“Boileau, in his celebrated eighth satire, has not represented the misery and folly of man, so forcibly or humourously as Menander.

Ἄπαντα τὰ ζῶ' ἰστὶ μακαριώτερα,
 Καὶ νοῦν ἔχοντα μᾶλλον ἀνθρώπου πολύ.
 Τὸν ὄντι ἔρῃν ἔξεισι πρῶτα τούτων,
 Οὔτως κακοδαίμων ἰστὶν ὁμολογουμένως.
 Τούτῳ κακὸν δι' αὐτὸν οὐδὲν γίγνεται,
 Ἄ δὲ φύσις δίδωκεν αὐτῷ ταῦτ' ἔχει.
 Ἡμῖς δὲ χωρὶς τῶν ἀναγκαίων κακῶν,
 Αὐτοὶ παρ' αὐτῶν ἴτιρα προσπεριζόμεν,
 Λυπούμεθ', ἂν πτάξῃ τίς· ἂν εἴπῃ κακῶς,
 Ὀργιζόμεθ'· ἂν ἴδῃ τίς ἐνύπνιον, σφῶδρα
 Φοβούμεθ'· ἂν γλαυξ ἀναπράγῃ διδοίκαμεν.
 Ἀγωνίαι, δόξαι, φιλοτίμιαί, νόμοι,
 Ἄπαντα ταῦτ' ἐπίθεται τῇ φύσι κακὰ.

‘All animals are more happy, and have more understanding than man. Look, for instance, on yonder ass; all allow him to be miserable: his evils, however, are not brought on him by himself and his own fault: he feels only those which nature has inflicted. We, on the contrary, besides our necessary ills, draw upon ourselves a multitude of others. We are melancholy, if any person happen to sneeze; we are angry, if any speak reproachfully of us; one man is affrighted with an unlucky dream, another at the hooting of an owl. Our contentions, our anxieties, our opinions, our ambition, our laws, are all evils, which we ourselves have superadded to nature.’ Comparisons betwixt the conditions of the brutal and human species, have been frequently drawn; but this of Menander, as it probably was the first, so it is the best I have ever seen.

“ If this passage is admirable for the vivacity and severity of its satire, the following certainly deserves deeper attention for weight of sentiment, and sublimity and purity of moral.

Εἴ τις δὲ θυσίαν προΐσφειρον, ὦ Πάμφιλε,
 Ταύρων τε πλῆθος ἢ ἐρίφων, ἢ, νῆ Δία,
 Ἐτίρων τιούτων, ἢ κατασκευάσματα
 Χρυσᾶς ποιήσας χλαμύδος ἥτοι πορφυρεῶς,
 Ἢ δὲ ἰλιφάντος, ἢ σμαράγδου ζῶδια,
 Εὖνουν νομίζῃ τὸν Θεὸν καθιστάναί,
 Πλανᾷτ' ἱκεῖνος, καὶ φρίνας κούφας ἔχει.
 Δεῖ γὰρ τὸν ἄνδρα χρῆσιμον πεφυκέναι,
 Μὴ παρβίνους φθείροντα, μὴ μοιχώμενον,
 Κλίπτοντα, καὶ σφάττοντα χρημάτων χάριν.
 Μηδὲ βιόλης ἵναμυ' ἱπιθυμῆς Πάμφιλε,
 Ὅ γὰρ Θεὸς βλέπει σε πλήσιον παρών.

‘ He that offers in sacrifice, O Pamphilus, a multitude of bulls and of goats, of golden vestments, of purple garments, or figures of ivory, or precious gems ; and imagines by this to conciliate the favour of God, is grossly mistaken, and has no solid understanding. For he that would sacrifice with success, ought to be chaste and charitable, no corrupter of virgins, no adulterer, no robber or murderer for the sake of lucre. Covet not, O Pamphilus, even the thread of another man’s needle ; for God, who is near thee, perpetually beholds thy actions.’

“ Temperance, and justice, and purity, are here inculcated in the strongest manner, and upon the most powerful motive, the omniscience of the Deity ; at the same time superstition and the idolatry of the heathen are artfully ridiculed. I know not among the ancients any passage that contains such exalted and spiritualized thoughts of religion. Yet if these refined sentiments were to be inserted in a modern comedy, I fear they would be rejected with disdain and disapprobation. The Athenians could endure

to hear God and virtue mentioned in the theatre; while an English and a Christian audience can laugh at adultery as a jest, think obscenity wit, and debauchery amiable. The murderer, if a duellist, is a man of honour, the gamester understands the art of living, the knave has penetration and knows mankind, the spendthrift is a fellow of fine spirit, the rake has only robbed a fresh country girl of her innocence and honour; the jilt and the coquette have a great deal of vivacity and fire; but a faithful husband is a dupe and a cuckold, and a plain country gentleman a novice and a fool. The wretch that dared to ridicule Socrates abounds not in so much false satire, ribaldry, obscenity, and blasphemy, as our witty and wicked triumvirate, Wycherley, Congreve, and Vanbrugh.

“Menander has another very remarkable reflection, worthy even that divine religion, which the last-mentioned writers so impotently endeavoured to deride. It relates to the forgiveness of enemies, a precept not totally unknown to the ancient sages, as hath rashly been affirmed; though never inculcated with such frequency, fervour, and cogency, and on motives so weighty and efficacious, as by the founder of the Christian system.

Οὗτος πρᾶτιστος ἴσ' ἀπὲρ, ὃ Γοργίας,
Ὅστις ἀδικῆσθαι πλῆσ' ἰσίσταται βροτῶν.

‘He, O Gorgias, is the most virtuous man, who best knows among mortals how to bear injuries with patience.’

“It may not be improper to alleviate the seriousness of these moral reflections, by the addition of a passage of a more light and sprightly turn.

Ὅ' μὲν Ἐπίχαρμος τοὺς Θεοὺς εἶναι λίγαι
Ἀνέμους, ὕδωρ, γῆν, ἥλιον, πῦρ, ἀστέρους

Ἐγὼ δ' ὑπὶ λαβὼν χρησίμους εἶναι Θεοὺς
 Τ' ἀργύριον ἡμῖν καὶ τὸ χρύσιον μόνον.
 Ἰδρυσάμενος τούτους γὰρ εἰς τὴν οἰκίαν
 Εὖξαι τί βούλει, πάντα σοι γινήσεται,
 Ἀγρὸς, οἰκία, θεράποντες, ἀργυρέματα,
 Φίλοι, δικασταί, μάρτυρες.—

‘Epicharmus, indeed, calls the winds, the water, the earth, the sun, the fire, and the stars, Gods. But I am of opinion that gold and silver are our only powerful and propitious deities. For when once you have introduced these into your house, wish for what you will, you shall quickly obtain it; an estate, a habitation, servants, plate, friends, judges, witnesses.’

“From these short specimens, we may in some measure be enabled to judge of Menander’s way of thinking and of writing; remembering always how much his elegance is injured by a plain prosaic translation, and by considering the passages singly and separately, without knowing the characters of the personages that spoke them, and the aptness and propriety with which they were introduced.

“The delicacy and decorum observed constantly by Menander, rendered him the darling writer of the Athenians, at a time when the Athenians were arrived at the height of prosperity and politeness, and could no longer relish the coarse railleries, the brutal mirth, and illiberal wit, of an indecent Aristophanes. ‘Menander,’ says Plutarch, ‘abounds in a precious Attic salt, which seems to have been taken from the same sea, whence Venus herself arose. But the salt of Aristophanes is bitter, disgusting, and corrosive.’

“There are two circumstances that may justly give us a mean opinion of the taste of the Romans for comic entertainments: that in the Augustan age itself, notwithstanding the censure of Horace, they preferred the low buffoonery and drollery of Plautus

to the delicacy and civility of Terence, the faithful copier of Menander: and that Terence, to gratify an audience unacquainted with the real excellences of the drama, found himself obliged to violate the simplicity of Menander's plots, and work up two stories into one in each of his comedies, except the excellent and exact Hecyra. But this duplicity of fable abounding in various turns of fortune necessarily draws off the attention from what ought to be its chief object in a legitimate comedy, character and humour.

" I am, SIR,

" Your humble servant,

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" PALÆOPHILUS."

NO. 106. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1753.

Quò moriture ruis ?—

VIRG. ÆN. X. 811.

Why wilt thou rush to death ?

DRYDEN.

I HAVE before remarked, that human wit has never been able to render courage contemptible by ridicule: though courage, as it is sometimes a proof of exalted virtue, is also frequently an indication of enormous vice; for if he who effects a good purpose at the risk of life, is allowed to have the strongest propensity to good, it must be granted, that he who at the risk of life effects an evil purpose, has an equal propensity to evil. But as ridicule has not distinguished courage into virtue and vice, neither has it yet distinguished insensibility from courage.

Every passion becomes weak in proportion as it is familiar with its object. Evil must be considered as the object of fear ; but the passion is excited only when the evil becomes probable, or, in other words, when we are in danger. As the same evil may become probable many ways, there are several species of danger : that danger to which men are continually exposed, soon becomes familiar, and fear is no longer excited. This, however, must not be considered as an example of courage ; for equal danger, of any other kind, will still produce the same degree of fear in the same mind.

Mechanical causes, therefore, may produce insensibility of danger ; but it is absurd to suppose they can produce courage, for courage is an effort of the mind by which a sense of danger is surmounted ; and it cannot be said, without the utmost perversion of language, that a man is courageous, merely because he discovers no fear when he is sensible of no danger.

It is indeed true, that insensibility and courage produce the same effect ; and when we see another unconcerned and cheerful in a situation which would make us tremble, it is not strange that we should impute his tranquillity to the strength of his mind, and honour his want of fear with the name of courage. And yet when a mason whistles at his work on a plank of a foot broad and an inch thick, which is suspended by a rafter and a cord over a precipice, from which, if he should fall, he would inevitably perish, he is only reconciled by habit to a situation in which more danger is generally apprehended than exists ; he has acquired no strength of mind, by which a sense of danger is surmounted ; nor has he with respect to courage any advantage over him who, though he would tremble on the scaffold, would yet stand under it without apprehension ; for the danger

in both situations is nearly equal, and depends upon the same incidents.

But the same insensibility is often substituted for courage by habit, even when the danger is real, and in those minds which every other occasion would show to be destitute of fortitude. The inhabitants of Sicily live without terror upon the declivity of a volcano, which the stranger ascends with an interrupted pace, looking round at every step, doubting whether to go forward or retire, and dreading the caprice of the flames which he hears roar beneath him, and sees issue at the summit: but let a woman, who is thus become insensible to the terrors of an earthquake, be carried to the mouth of the mines in Sweden, she will look down into the abyss with terror, she will shudder at the thought of descending it, and tremble lest the brink should give way.

Against insensibility of real danger, we should not be less watchful, than against unreasonable fear. Fear, when it is justly proportioned to its object, and not too strong to be governed by reason, is not only blameless but honourable; it is essential to the perfection of human nature, and the mind would be as defective without it as the body without a limb. Man is a being exposed to perpetual evil; every moment liable to destruction by innumerable accidents, which yet, if he foresees, he can frequently prevent: fear, therefore, was implanted in his breast for his preservation; to warn him when danger approaches, and to prevent his being precipitated upon it either by wantonness or inattention. But those evils which, without fear, we should not have foreseen, when fear becomes excessive we are unable to shun; for cowardice and presumption are equally fatal, and are frequently found in the same mind.

A peasant in the north of England had two sons,

Thomas and John. Tom was taken to sea when he was very young, by the master of a small vessel who lived at Hull; and Jack continued to work with his father till he was near thirty. Tom, who was now become master of a smack himself, took his brother on board for London, and promised to procure him some employment among the shipping on the waterside. After they had been some hours under sail, the wind became contrary, and blew very fresh; the waves began immediately to swell, and dashing with violence against the prow, whitened into foam. The vessel, which now plied to windward, lay so much on one side, that the edge was frequently under water; and Jack, who expected it to upset every moment, was seized with terror which he could not conceal. He earnestly requested of Tom that the sails might be taken in; and lamented the folly that had exposed him to the violence of a tempest, from which he could not without a miracle escape. Tom, with a sovereign contempt of his pusillanimity, derided his distress; and Jack, on the contrary, admired the bravery of Tom and his crew, from whose countenances and behaviour he at length derived some hope; he believed he had deserved the reproach which he suffered, and despised himself for the fear which he could not shake off. In the mean time, the gale increased, and in less than an hour it blew a storm. Jack, who watched every countenance with the utmost attention and solicitude, thought that his fears were now justified by the looks of the sailors; he, therefore, renewed his complaint, and perceiving his brother still unconcerned, again entreated him to take every possible precaution, and not increase their danger by presumption. In answer to these remonstrances, he received such consolation as one lord of the creation frequently administers to an-

other in the depth of distress; ‘Pshaw, damme, you fool,’ says Tom, ‘don’t be dead-hearted; the more sail we carry, the sooner we shall be out of the weather.’ Jack’s fear had, indeed, been alarmed before he was in danger: but Tom was insensible of the danger when it arrived: he, therefore, continued his course, exulting in the superiority of his courage, and anticipating the triumph of his vanity when they should come on shore. But the sails being still spread, a sudden gust bore away the mast, which in its fall so much injured the helm, that it became impossible to steer, and in a very short time afterwards the vessel struck. The first moment in which Tom became sensible of danger, he was seen to be totally destitute of courage. When the vessel struck, Jack, who had been ordered under hatches, came up, and found the hero, whom he had so lately regarded with humility and admiration, sitting on the quarter-deck wringing his hands, and uttering incoherent and clamorous exclamations. Jack now appeared more calm than before, and asked, if any thing could yet be done to save their lives. Tom replied, in a frantic tone, that they might possibly float to land on some parts of the wreck; and catching up an axe, instead of attempting to disengage the mast, he began to stave the boat. Jack, whose reason was still predominant, though he had been afraid too soon, saw that Tom in his phrensy was about to cut off their last hope; he, therefore, caught hold of his arm, took away the axe by force, assisted the sailors in getting the boat into the water, persuaded his brother to quit the vessel, and in about four hours they got safe on shore.

If the vessel had weathered the storm, Tom would have been deemed a hero, and Jack a coward: but I hope that none, whom I have led into this train of thought, will, for the future, regard insensibility of

danger as an indication of courage, or impute cowardice to those whose fear is not inadequate to its object, or too violent to answer its purpose.

There is one evil, of which multitudes are in perpetual danger ; an evil to which every other is 'as the drop of the bucket, and the dust of the balance,' and yet of this danger the greater part appear to be totally insensible.

Every man who wastes in negligence the day of salvation, stands on the brink not only of the grave but of hell. That the danger of all is imminent, appears by the terms that Infinite Wisdom has chosen to express the conduct by which alone it can be escaped ; it is called 'a race, a watch, a work to be wrought with fear and trembling, a strife unto blood, and a combat with whatever can seduce or terrify, with the pleasures of sense and the power of angels.' The moment in which we shall be snatched from the brink of this gulf, or plunged to the bottom, no power can either avert or retard ; it approaches silent, indeed, as the flight of time, but rapid and irresistible as the course of a comet. That dreadful evil, which, with equal force and propriety, is called the second death, should not, surely, be disregarded, merely because it has been long impending : and as there is no equivalent for which a man can reasonably determine to suffer it, it cannot be considered as the object of courage. How it may be borne, should not be the inquiry, but how it may be shunned. And if in this daring age it is impossible to prepare for eternity, without giving up the character of a hero, no reasonable being, surely, will be deterred by this consideration from the attempt ; for who but an infant, or an idiot, would give up his paternal inheritance for a feather, or renounce the acclamations of a triumph for the tinkling of a rattle ?

No. 107. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1753.

— *Sub judice lis est.*

HOR. ARS POET. 78.

And of their vain disputings find no end.

FRANCIS.

It has been sometimes asked by those, who find the appearance of wisdom more easily attained by questions than solutions, how it comes to pass, that the world is divided by such difference of opinion; and why men, equally reasonable, and equally lovers of truth, do not always think in the same manner?

With regard to simple propositions, where the terms are understood, and the whole subject is comprehended at once, there is such an uniformity of sentiment among all human beings, that, for many ages, a very numerous set of notions were supposed to be innate, or necessarily co-existent with the faculty of reason; it being imagined, that universal agreement could proceed only from the invariable dictates of the Universal Parent.

In questions diffuse and compounded, this similarity of determination is no longer to be expected. At our first sally into the intellectual world, we all march together along one straight and open road; but as we proceed further, and wider prospects open to our view, every eye fixes upon a different scene; we divide into various paths, and, as we move forward, are still at a greater distance from each other. As a question becomes more complicated and involved, and extends to a greater number of relations, disagreement of opinion will always be multiplied;

not because we are irrational, but because we are finite beings, furnished with different kinds of knowledge, exerting different degrees of attention, one discovering consequences which escape another, none taking in the whole concatenation of causes and effects, and most comprehending but a very small part, each comparing what he observes with a different criterion, and each referring it to a different purpose.

Where, then, is the wonder, that they who see only a small part, should judge erroneously of the whole? or that they who see different and dissimilar parts, should judge differently from each other?

Whatever has various respects, must have various appearances of good and evil, beauty or deformity; thus the gardener tears up as a weed, the plant which the physician gathers as a medicine; and 'a general,' says sir Kenelm Digby, 'will look with pleasure over a plain, as a fit place on which the fate of empires might be decided in battle, which the farmer will despise as bleak and barren, neither fruitful of pasturage nor fit for tillage.'

Two men examining the same question proceed commonly like the physician and gardener in selecting herbs, or the farmer and hero looking on the plain; they bring minds impressed with different notions, and direct their inquiries to different ends; they form, therefore, contrary conclusions, and each wonders at the other's absurdity.

We have less reason to be surprised or offended when we find others differ from us in opinion, because we very often differ from ourselves. How often we alter our minds, we do not always remark, because the change is sometimes made imperceptibly and gradually, and the last conviction effaces all memory of the former: yet every man, accustomed from time to time to take a survey of his own notions,

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in brighter colours, draws, with equal appearance of reason, a contrary conclusion.

‘ You may pass well through any of the paths of life. In public assemblies are honours and transactions of wisdom ; in domestic privacy, is stillness and quiet : in the country, are the beauties of nature ; on the sea, is the hope of gain : in a foreign land, he that is rich is honoured, he that is poor may keep his poverty secret : are you married ? you have a cheerful house : are you single ? you are unencumbered : children are objects of affection, to be without children is to be without care : the time of youth is the time of vigour, and gray hairs are made venerable by piety. It will, therefore, never be a wise man’s choice, either not to obtain existence, or to lose it ; for every state of life has its felicity.’

In these epigrams are included most of the questions which have engaged the speculations of the inquirers after happiness ; and though they will not much assist our determinations, they may, perhaps, equally promote our quiet, by showing that no absolute determination ever can be formed.

Whether a public station or private life be desirable, has always been debated. We see here both the allurements and discouragements of civil employments : on one side there is trouble, on the other honour ; the management of affairs is vexatious and difficult, but it is the only duty in which wisdom can be conspicuously displayed : it must then still be left to every man to choose either ease or glory ; nor can any general precept be given, since no man can be happy by the prescription of another.

Thus, what is said of children by Posidippus, ‘ that they are occasions of fatigue,’ and by Metrodorus, ‘ that they are objects of affection,’ is equally certain ; but whether they will give most pain or pleasure, must depend on their future conduct and

dispositions, on many causes over which the parent can have little influence: there is, therefore, room for all the caprices of imagination; and desire must be proportioned to the hope or fear that shall happen to predominate.

Such is the uncertainty in which we are always likely to remain with regard to questions, wherein we have most interest, and which every day affords us fresh opportunity to examine; we may examine, indeed, but we never can decide, because our faculties are unequal to the subject: we see a little, and form an opinion; we see more, and change it.

This inconstancy and unsteadiness, to which we must so often find ourselves liable, ought certainly to teach us moderation and forbearance towards those who cannot accommodate themselves to our sentiments: if they are deceived, we have no right to attribute their mistake to obstinacy or negligence, because we likewise have been mistaken; we may, perhaps, again change our own opinion; and what excuse shall we be able to find for aversion and malignity conceived against him, whom we shall then find to have committed no fault, and who offended us only by refusing to follow us into error?

It may likewise contribute to soften that resentment which pride naturally raises against opposition, if we consider, that he who differs from us, does not always contradict us; he has one view of an object, and we have another; each describes what he sees with equal fidelity, and each regulates his steps by his own eyes: one man, with Posidippus, looks on celibacy as a state of gloomy solitude, without a partner in joy, or a comforter in sorrow; the other considers it, with Metrodorus, as a state free from encumbrances, in which a man is at liberty to choose his own gratifications, to remove from place to place in quest of pleasure, and to think of nothing but

merriment and diversion : full of these notions, one hastens to choose a wife, and the other laughs at his rashness, or pities his ignorance ; yet it is possible that each is right, but that each is right only for himself.

Life is not the object of science : we see a little, very little ; and what is beyond we only can conjecture. If we inquire of those who have gone before us, we receive small satisfaction ; some have travelled life without observation, and some willingly mislead us. The only thought, therefore, on which we can repose with comfort, is that which presents to us the care of Providence, whose eye takes in the whole of things, and under whose direction all involuntary errors will terminate in happiness.

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No. 108. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1753.

*Nobis cum simul occidit brevis lux,
Nox est perpetuo una dormienda.*

CATULL.

When once the short-lived mortal dies,
A night eternal seals his eyes.

ADDISON.

It may have been observed by every reader, that there are certain topics which never are exhausted. Of some images and sentiments the mind of man may be said to be enamoured ; it meets them, however often they occur, with the same ardour which a lover feels at the sight of his mistress, and parts from them with the same regret when they can no longer be enjoyed.

Of this kind are many descriptions which the poets have transcribed from each other, and their succe-

sors will probably copy to the end of time ; which will continue to engage, or, as the French term it, to flatter the imagination, as long as human nature shall remain the same.

When a poet mentions the spring, we know that the zephyrs are about to whisper, that the groves are to recover their verdure, the linnets to warble forth their notes of love, and the flocks and herds to frisk over vales painted with flowers : yet, who is there so insensible of the beauties of nature, so little delighted with the renovation of the world, as not to feel his heart bound at the mention of the spring ?

When night overshadows a romantic scene, all is stillness, silence, and quiet ; the poets of the grove cease their melody, the moon towers over the world in gentle majesty, men forget their labours and their cares, and every passion and pursuit is for a while suspended. All this we know already, yet we hear it repeated without weariness ; because such is generally the life of man, that he is pleased to think on the time when he shall pause from a sense of his condition.

When a poetical grove invites us to its covert, we know that we shall find what we have already seen, a limpid brook murmuring over pebbles, a bank diversified with flowers, a green arch that excludes the sun, and a natural grot shaded with myrtles ; yet who can forbear to enter the pleasing gloom, to enjoy coolness and privacy, and gratify himself once more by scenes with which nature has formed him to be delighted ?

Many moral sentiments likewise are so adapted to our state, that they find approbation whenever they solicit it, and are seldom read without exciting a gentle emotion in the mind : such is the comparison of the life of man with the duration of a flower, a thought which, perhaps, every nation has heard war-

bled in its own language, from the inspired poets of the Hebrews to our own times: yet this comparison must always please, because every heart feels its justness, and every hour confirms it by example.

Such, likewise, is the precept that directs us to use the present hour, and refer nothing to a distant time, which we are uncertain whether we shall reach; this every moralist may venture to inculcate, because it is always approved, and because it is always forgotten.

This rule is, indeed, every day enforced, by arguments more powerful than the dissertations of moralists: we see men pleasing themselves with future happiness, fixing a certain hour for the completion of their wishes, and perishing some at a greater and some at a less distance from the happy time; all complaining of their disappointments, and lamenting that they had suffered the years which Heaven allowed them to pass without improvement, and deferred the principal purpose of their lives to the time when life itself was to forsake them.

It is not only uncertain whether, through all the casualties and dangers which beset the life of man, we shall be able to reach the time appointed for happiness or wisdom; but it is likely, that whatever now hinders us from doing that which our reason and conscience declared necessary to be done, will equally obstruct us in times to come. It is easy for the imagination, operating on things not yet existing, to please itself with scenes of unmingled felicity, or plan out courses of uniform virtue: but good and evil are in real life inseparably united; habits grow stronger by indulgence; and reason loses her dignity, in proportion as she has oftener yielded to temptation: 'He that cannot live well to-day,' says Martial, 'will be less qualified to live well to-morrow.'

Of the uncertainty of every human good, every

human being seems to be convinced; yet this uncertainty is voluntarily increased by unnecessary delay, whether we respect external causes, or consider the nature of our own minds. He that now feels a desire to do right, and wishes to regulate his life according to his reason, is not sure that, at any future time assignable, he shall be able to rekindle the same ardour: he that has now an opportunity offered him of breaking loose from vice and folly, cannot know, but that he shall hereafter be more entangled, and struggle for freedom without obtaining it.

We are so unwilling to believe any thing to our own disadvantage, that we will always imagine the perspicacity of our judgement and the strength of our resolution more likely to increase than to grow less by time; and, therefore, conclude, that the will to pursue laudable purposes will be always seconded by the power.

But, however we may be deceived in calculating the strength of our faculties, we cannot doubt the uncertainty of that life in which they must be employed: we see every day the unexpected death of our friends and our enemies, we see new graves hourly opened for men older and younger than ourselves, for the cautious and the careless, the dissolute and the temperate, for men who like us were providing to enjoy or improve hours now irreversibly cut off; we see all this, and yet, instead of living, let year glide after year in preparations to live.

Men are so frequently cut off in the midst of their projections, that sudden death causes little emotion in them that behold it, unless it be impressed upon the attention by uncommon circumstances. I, like every other man, have outlived multitudes, have seen ambition sink in its triumphs, and beauty perish in its bloom; but have been seldom so much affected as

by the fate of Euryalus, whom I lately lost as I began to love him.

Euryalus had for some time flourished in a lucrative profession ; but having suffered his imagination to be fired by an unextinguishable curiosity, he grew weary of the same dull round of life, resolved to harass himself no longer with the drudgery of getting money, but to quit his business and his profit, and enjoy for a few years the pleasures of travel. His friends heard him proclaim his resolution without suspecting that he intended to pursue it ; but he was constant to his purpose, and with great expedition closed his accounts and sold his moveables, passed a few days in bidding farewell to his companions, and, with all the eagerness of romantic chivalry, crossed the sea in search of happiness. Whatever place was renowned in ancient or modern history, whatever region art or nature had distinguished, he determined to visit : full of design and hope he landed on the continent ; his friends expected accounts from him of the new scenes that opened in his progress, but were informed in a few days that Euryalus was dead.

Such was the end of Euryalus. He is entered that state whence none ever shall return ; and can now only benefit his friends, by remaining in their memories a permanent and efficacious instance of the blindness of desire, and the uncertainty of all terrestrial good. But, perhaps, every man has, like me, lost an Euryalus, has known a friend die with happiness in his grasp ; and yet every man continues to think himself secure of life, and defers to some future time of leisure what he knows it will be fatal to have finally omitted.

It is, indeed, with this as with other frailties inherent in our nature ; the desire of deferring to an-

other time what cannot be done without endurance of some pain, or forbearance of some pleasure, will, perhaps, never be totally overcome or suppressed; there will always be something that we shall wish to have finished, and be nevertheless unwilling to begin: but against this unwillingness it is our duty to struggle, and every conquest over our passions will make way for an easier conquest; custom is equally forcible to bad and good; nature will always be at variance with reason, but will rebel more feebly as she is oftener subdued.

The common neglect of the present hour is more shameful and criminal, as no man is betrayed to it by error, but admits it by negligence. Of the instability of life, the weakest understanding never thinks wrong, though the strongest often omits to think justly: reason and experience are always ready to inform us of our real state; but we refuse to listen to their suggestions, because we feel our hearts unwilling to obey them: but, surely, nothing is more unworthy of a reasonable being, than to shut his eyes when he sees the road which he is commanded to travel, that he may deviate with fewer reproaches from himself; nor could any motive to tenderness, except the consciousness that we have all been guilty of the same fault, dispose us to pity those who thus consign themselves to voluntary ruin.

T

No. 109. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1753.

Insanire putas sollemnia me, neque rides.

HOR. EPIST. i. l. 101.

K 2

You think me but as mad as all mankind.

“ TO THE ADVENTURER.

“ SIR,

“ MONTESQUIEU wittily observes, that by building professed mad-houses, men tacitly insinuate, that all who are out of their senses are to be found only in those places. This remark having made some impression on my mind, produced last night the following vision.

“ I imagined that Bedlam had been ordered to be rebuilt upon a more extensive plan by act of parliament; and that Dean Swift, calling at my lodgings, offered to accompany me to see the new-erected edifice, which, he observed, was not half capacious enough before to contain the various species of madness that are to be found in this kingdom. As we walked through the galleries, he gave me the following account of the several inhabitants.

“ The lady in the first apartment had prevailed upon her husband, a man of study and economy, to indulge her with a rout twice a week at her own house. This soon multiplied her obligations to the company she kept, and in a fortnight she insisted upon two more. His lordship venturing to oppose her demand with steady resolution, but with equal tenderness, the lady complained, that the rights of quality and fortune were invaded, that her credit was lost with the fashionable world, and that ignorance and brutality had robbed her of the pleasures of a reasonable being, and rendered her the most unhappy wife in Great Britain. The cause of her complaints, however, still subsisted, and by perpetually brooding over it she at length turned her brain.

“ Next to her is a dramatic writer, whose comedy

having been justly damned, he began to vent his spleen against the public, by weekly abuses of the present age ; but as neither the play nor his defences of it were read, his indignation continually increased, till at length it terminated in madness.

“ He on the right hand is a philosopher, who has lost his reason in a fruitless attempt to discover the cause of electricity.

“ He on the left is a celebrated jockey of noble birth, whose favourite mare, that had enjoyed three triumphs in former seasons, was distanced a few days ago at Newmarket.

“ Yonder meagre man has bewildered his understanding by closely studying the doctrine of chances, in order to qualify himself for a professorship which will be shortly established and amply endowed at an eminent chocolate-house, where lectures on this important subject are constantly to be read.

“ An unforeseen accident turned the head of the next unfortunate prisoner. She had for a long time passed for fifteen years younger than she was, and her lively behaviour and airy dress concurred to help forward the imposition ; till one evening, being animated with an extraordinary flow of spirits, she danced out seven of her artificial teeth, which were immediately picked up, and delivered to her with great ceremony by her partner.

“ The merchant in the neighbouring cell had resolved to gain a plum. He was possessed of seventy thousand pounds, and eagerly expected a ship that was to complete his wishes. But the ship was cast away in the channel, and the merchant is distracted for his loss.

“ That disconsolate lady had for many years assiduously attended an old gouty uncle, had assented to all his absurdities, and humoured all his foibles, in

full expectation of being made his executrix ; when happening one day to affirm that his gruel had sack enough in it, contrary to his opinion, he altered his will immediately, and left all to her brother ; which affords her no consolation, for avarice is able to subdue the tenderness of nature.

“ Behold the beautiful and virtuous Theodora ! Her fondness for an ungrateful husband was unparalleled. She detected him in the arms of a disagreeable and affected prostitute, and was driven to distraction.

“ Is my old friend the commentator here likewise ; Alas ! he has lost his wits in inquiring whether or no the ancients wore perukes ; as did his neighbour Cynthio, by receiving a frown from his patron at the last levee.

“ The fat lady, upon whom you look so earnestly, is a grocer’s wife in the city. Her disorder was occasioned by her seeing at court, last Twelfth-night, the daughter of Mr. Alderman Squeeze, oil-man, in a sack far richer and more elegant than her own.

“ The next chamber contains an adventurer who purchased thirty tickets in the last lottery. As he was a person of a sanguine complexion and lively imagination, he was sure of gaining the ten thousand pounds by the number of his chances. He spent a month in surveying the counties that lie in the neighbourhood of the metropolis, before he could find out an agreeable site for the house he intended to build. He next fixed his eye on a most blooming and beautiful girl, whom he designed to honour as his bride. He bespoke a magnificent coach, and the ornaments of his harness were to be of his own invention. Mr. Dégagée, the tailor, was ordered to send to Paris for the lace with which his wedding clothes were to be adorned. But in the midst of these preparations for prosperity, all his tickets were

drawn blanks ; and instead of his villa on the banks of the Thames, you now see him in these melancholy lodgings.

“ His neighbour in the next apartment was an honest footman, who was persuaded likewise to try his fortune in the same lottery : and who, obtaining a very large and unexpected sum, could not stand the shock of such sudden good fortune, but grew mad with excess of joy.

“ You wonder to see that cell beautified with Chinese vases and urns. It is inhabited by that famous virtuoso Lady Harriet Brittle, whose opinion was formerly decisive at all auctions, where she was usually appealed to about the genuineness of porcelain. She purchased, at an exorbitant price, a mandarin, and a jos, that were the envy of all the female connoisseurs, and were allowed to be inestimable. They were to be placed at the upper end of a little rock-work temple of Chinese architecture, in which neither propriety, proportion, nor true beauty were considered, and were carefully packed up in different boxes ; but the brutish wagoner happening to overturn his carriage, they were crushed to pieces. The poor lady’s understanding could not survive so irreparable a loss ; and her relations, to sooth her passion, have provided those Chelsea urns, with which she has decorated her chamber, and which she believes to be the true Nanquin.

“ Yonder miserable youth, being engaged in a hot contention at a fashionable brothel about a celebrated courtesan, killed a sea officer with whose face he was not acquainted ; but who proved upon inquiry to be his own brother, who had been ten years absent in the Indies.

“ Look attentively into the next cell ; you will there discover a lady of great worth and fine accomplishments, whose father condemned her to the arms

of a right honourable debauchee, when he knew she had fixed her affections irrevocably on another, who possessed an unencumbered estate, but wanted the ornament of a title. She submitted to the orders of a stern father with patience, obedience, and a breaking heart. Her husband treated her with that contempt which he thought due to a citizen's daughter ; and besides communicated to her an infamous distemper, which her natural modesty forbade her to discover in time ; and the violent medicines which were afterwards administered to her by an unskilful surgeon, threw her into a delirious fever, from which she could never be recovered.

“ Here the Dean paused ; and looking upon me with great earnestness, and grasping my hand closely, spoke with an emphasis that awakened me ;——
 ‘ Think me not so insensible a monster, as to deride the lamentable lot of the wretches we have now surveyed. If we laugh at the follies, let us at the same time pity the manifold miseries of man.’

“ I am, SIR,

“ Your humble servant,

“ SOPHRON.”

Z

No. 110. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1753.

Mens immota manet, lachrymæ voluntur inanes.

VIRG. ÆN. iv. 449.

Sighs, groans, and tears, proclaim his inward pains ;

But the firm purpose of his heart remains.

DRYDEN.

PITY has been generally considered as the passion of gentle, benevolent, and virtuous minds ; although it

is acknowledged to produce only such a participation of the calamity of others, as upon the whole is pleasing to ourselves.

As a tender participation of foreign distress, it has been urged to prove, that man is endowed with social affections, which, however forcible, are wholly disinterested; and as a pleasing sensation, it has been deemed an example of unmingled selfishness and malignity. It has been resolved into that power of imagination, by which we apply the misfortunes of others to ourselves: we have been said to pity no longer than we fancy ourselves to suffer, and to be pleased only by reflecting that our sufferings are not real; thus indulging a dream of distress, from which we can awake whenever we please, to exult in our security, and enjoy the comparison of the fiction with truth.

I shall not perplex my readers with the subtleties of a debate, in which human nature has, with equal zeal and plausibility, been exalted and degraded. It is sufficient for my purpose to remark, that pity is generally understood to be that passion, which is excited by the sufferings of persons with whom we have no tender connexion, and with whose welfare the stronger passions have not united our felicity; for no man would call the anguish of a mother, whose infant was torn from her breast and left to be devoured in a desert, by the name of pity, although the sentiment of a stranger, who should drop a silent tear at the relation, which yet might the next hour be forgotten, could not otherwise be justly denominated.

If pity, therefore, is absorbed in another passion, when our love of those that suffer is strong, pity is rather an evidence of the weakness than the strength of that general philanthropy, for which some have so eagerly contended, with which they have flattered

the pride and veiled the vices of mankind, and which they have affirmed to be alone sufficient to recommend them to the favour of Heaven, to atone for the indulgence of every appetite and the neglect of every duty.

If human benevolence was absolutely pure and social, it would not be necessary to relate the ravages of a pestilence or a famine with minute and discriminating circumstances to rouse our sensibility: we should certainly deplore irremediable calamity, and participate temporary distress, without any mixture of delight: that deceitful sorrow, in which pleasure is so well known to be predominant, that invention has been busied for ages in contriving tales of fictitious sufferance for no other end than to excite it, would be changed into honest commiseration, in which pain would be unmixed, and which, therefore, we should wish to lose.

Soon after the fatal battle of Fontenoy, a young gentleman, who came over with the officer that brought the express, being expected at the house of a friend, a numerous company of gentlemen and ladies were assembled to hear an account of the action from an eye-witness.

The gentleman, as every man is flattered by commanding attention, was easily prevailed upon to gratify the company, as soon as they were seated, and the first ceremonies past. He described the march of many thousands of their countrymen into a field, where batteries had been concealed on each side, which in a moment strewed the ground with mangled limbs, and carcasses that almost floated in blood, and obstructed the path of those who followed to the slaughter. He related how often the decreasing multitude returned to the mouth of the cannon; how suddenly they were rallied, and how suddenly broken: he repeated the list of officers who had fallen

undistinguished in the carnage, men whose eminence rendered their names universally known, their influence extensive, and their attachments numerous ; and he hinted the fatal effects which this defeat might produce to the nation, by turning the success of the war against us. But the company, however amused by the relation, appeared not to be affected by the event : they were still attentive to every trifling punctilio of ceremony, usual among well-bred persons ; they bowed with a graceful simper to a lady who sneezed, mutually presented each other with snuff, shook their heads and changed their posture at proper intervals, asked some questions which tended to produce a more minute detail of such circumstances of horror as had been lightly touched ; and having at last remarked that the Roman patriot regretted the brave could die but once, the conversation soon became general, and a motion was made to divide into parties at whist. But just as they were about to comply, the gentleman again engaged their attention. ‘ I forgot,’ said he, ‘ to relate one particular, which, however, deserves to be remembered. The captain of a company, whose name I cannot now recollect, had, just before his corps was ordered to embark, married a young lady to whom he had been long tenderly attached, and who, contrary to the advice of all her friends, and the expostulations, persuasion, and entreaty of her husband, insisted to go abroad with him, and share his fortune at all events. If he should be wounded, she said that she might hasten his recovery, and alleviate his pain, by such attendance as strangers cannot be hired to pay ; if he should be taken prisoner, she might, perhaps, be permitted to shorten the tedious hours of captivity which solitude would protract ; and if he should die, that it would be better for her to know it with certainty and speed, than to wait at a distance in anxiety

and suspense, tormented by doubtful and contradictory reports, and at last believing it possible, that if she had been present, her assiduity and tenderness might have preserved his life. The captain, though he was not convinced by her reasoning, was yet overcome by the importunate eloquence of her love ; he consented to her request, and they embarked together.

The head-quarters of the Duke of Cumberland were at Bruffoel, from whence they removed the evening before the battle to Monbray, a village within musket-shot of the enemy's lines, where the captain, who commanded in the left wing, was encamped.

Their parting in the morning was short. She looked after him, till he could no longer be distinguished from others ; and as soon as the firing began, she went back pale and trembling, and sat down expecting the event in an agony of impatience, anxiety, and terror. She soon learned from stragglers and fugitives, that the slaughter was dreadful, and the victory hopeless. She did not, however, yet despair ; she hoped, that the captain might return among the few that should remain : but soon after the retreat, this hope was cut off, and she was informed that he fell in the first charge, and was left among the dead. She was restrained by those about her from rushing in the phrensy of desperation to the field of battle, of which the enemy was still possessed ; but the tumult of her mind having abated, and her grief become more calm during the night, she ordered a servant to attend her at break of day ; and as leave had been given to bury the dead, she went herself to seek the remains of her husband, that she might honour them with the last rites, and pour the tears of conjugal affection upon his grave. They wandered about among the dying and the dead, gazing on every dis-

torted countenance, and looking round with irresolution and amazement on a scene, which those who stripped had left tenfold more a sight of horror than those who had slain. From this sight she was at last turning with confusion and despair, but was stopped by the cries of a favourite spaniel, who had followed her without being perceived. He was standing at some distance in the field; and the moment she saw him, she conceived the strongest assurance that he had found his master. She hasted instantly to the place, without regarding any other object, and stooping over the corpse by which he stood, she found it so disfigured with wounds and besmeared with blood, that the features were not to be known: but as she was weeping in the anguish of suspense, she discovered hanging on the wrist the remains of a ruffle, round which there was a slight border of her own work. Thus suddenly to have discovered, and in such dreadful circumstances, that which she had sought, quite overwhelmed her, and she sunk down on the body. By the assistance of the servant she was recovered to sensibility, but not to reason; she was seized at once with convulsions and madness; and a few hours after she was carried back to the village she expired.'

Those who had heard the fate of whole battalions without pity, and the loss of a battle, by which their country would probably suffer irreparable damage, without concern, listened to a tale of private distress with uninterrupted attention. All regard to each other was for a while suspended; tears by degrees overflowed every eye, and every bosom became susceptible of pity: but the whole circle paused with evident regret, when the narrative was at an end; and would have been glad that such another could have been told to continue their entertainment. Such was the benevolence of pity! But a lady who had

taken the opportunity of a very to satisfy her curiosity, was : deeper distress ; and fainting in . ceal the emotions of her mind, fell an accident which was not soon cause every eye had been fixed and all attention monopolized by one, however, was ready to afford it was soon discovered, that she lady whose distress had afforded pleasure to the company. It was her another story which would revivations ; and if it had, the world could her to have heard it. Her affection was too strong to permit her, on t enjoy the luxury of pity, and appla- lence for sensations which showed : would, indeed, be happy for us, if w only in this state of imperfection, that of sensibility is not allowed us ; bu in the kindness of Unerring Wisdom scarce to distinguish light from darkn should not, surely, be praised for the p its sight.

Let us distinguish that malignity, w confound with benevolence, and applau let that imperfection of nature, which is an imperfect state, teach us humility, and pendence upon Him, who has promised t us a new heart and a right spirit, and to to that place, where our love of others, he dent, can only increase our felicity ; becau place there will be no object, but such benevolence can contemplate with delight.

No. 111. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1753.

— *Quæ non fecimus ipsi,
Vix ea nostra voco.*—

OVID. MET. xiii. 140.

The deeds of long-descended ancestors
Are but by grace of imputation ours.

DRYDEN.

THE evils inseparably annexed to the present condition of man, are so numerous and afflictive, that it has been, from age to age, the task of some to bewail, and of others to solace them; and he, therefore, will be in danger of seeming a common enemy, who shall attempt to depreciate the few pleasures and felicities which nature has allowed us.

Yet I will confess, that I have sometimes employed my thoughts in examining the pretensions that are made to happiness by the splendid and envied condition of life; and have not thought the hour unprofitably spent, when I have detected the imposture of counterfeit advantages, and found disquiet lurking under false appearances of gaiety and greatness.

It is asserted by a tragic poet, that *est miser nemo nisi comparatus*, ‘no man is miserable, but as he is compared with others happier than himself:’ this position is not strictly and philosophically true.

He might have said, with rigorous propriety, that no man is happy but as he is compared with the miserable; for such is the state of this world, that we find in it absolute misery, but happiness only comparative; we may incur as much pain as we can possibly endure, though we can never obtain as much happiness as we might possibly enjoy.

Yet it is certain likewise, that many of our miseries are merely comparative ; we are often made unhappy, not by the presence of any real evil, but by the absence of some fictitious good ; of something which is not required by any real want of nature, which has not in itself any power of gratification, and which neither reason nor fancy would have prompted us to wish, did we not see it in the possession of others.

For a mind diseased with vain longings after unattainable advantages, no medicine can be prescribed, but an impartial inquiry into the real worth of that which is so ardently desired. It is well known, how much the mind, as well as the eye, is deceived by distance ; and, perhaps, it will be found, that of many imagined blessings it may be doubted, whether he that wants, or possesses them, has more reason to be satisfied with his lot.

The dignity of high birth and long extraction, no man, to whom nature has denied it, can confer upon himself ; and, therefore, it deserves to be considered, whether the want of that which can never be gained, may not easily be endured. It is true, that if we consider the triumph and delight with which most of those recount their ancestors who have ancestors to recount, and the artifices by which some who have risen to unexpected fortune endeavour to insert themselves into an honourable stem, we shall be inclined to fancy that wisdom or virtue may be had by inheritance, or that all the excellences of a line of progenitors are accumulated on their descendant. Reason, indeed, will soon inform us, that our estimation of birth is arbitrary and capricious, and that dead ancestors can have no influence but upon imagination : let it then be examined, whether one dream may not operate in the place of another ; whether he that owes nothing to forefathers, may not receive equal pleasure from the consciousness of owing all to him-

self : whether he may not, with a little meditation, find it more honourable to found than to continue a family, and to gain dignity than transmit it ; whether, if he receives no dignity from the virtues of his family, he does not likewise escape the danger of being disgraced by their crimes ; and whether he that brings a new name into the world, has not the convenience of playing the game of life without a stake, an opportunity of winning much though he has nothing to lose.

There is another opinion concerning happiness, which approaches much more nearly to universality, but which may, perhaps, with equal reason be disputed. The pretensions to ancestral honours many of the sons of earth easily see to be ill-grounded : but all agree to celebrate the advantage of hereditary riches, and to consider those as the minions of fortune, who are wealthy from their cradles, whose estate is *res non parata labore sed relicta*, ‘ the acquisition of another, not of themselves ;’ and whom a father’s industry has dispensed from a laborious attention to arts or commerce, and left at liberty to dispose of life as fancy shall direct them.

If every man were wise and virtuous, capable to discern the best use of time, and resolute to practise it ; it might be granted, I think, without hesitation, that total liberty would be a blessing ; and that it would be desirable to be left at large to the exercise of religious and social duties, without the interruption of importunate avocations.

But since felicity is relative, and that which is the means of happiness to one man may be to another the cause of misery, we are to consider, what state is best adapted to human nature in its present degeneracy and frailty. And, surely, to far the greater number it is highly expedient, that they should by some settled scheme of duties be rescued from the

tyranny of caprice, that they should be driven on by necessity through the paths of life with their attention confined to a stated task, that they may be less at leisure to deviate into mischief at the call of folly.

When we observe the lives of those whom an ample inheritance has let loose to their own direction, what do we discover that can excite our envy? Their time seems not to pass with much applause from others, or satisfaction to themselves: many squander their exuberance of fortune in luxury and debauchery, and have no other use of money than to inflame their passions, and riot in a wider range of licentiousness; others, less criminal indeed, but, surely, not much to be praised, lie down to sleep, and rise up to trifle, are employed every morning in finding expedients to rid themselves of the day, chase pleasure through all the places of public resort, fly from London to Bath and from Bath to London, without any other reason for changing place, but that they go in quest of company as idle and as vagrant as themselves, always endeavouring to raise some new desire that they may have something to pursue, to rekindle some hope which they know will be disappointed, changing one amusement for another which a few months will make equally insipid, or sinking into languor and disease for want of something to actuate their bodies or exhilarate their minds.

Whoever has frequented those places where idlers assemble to escape from solitude, knows that this is generally the state of the wealthy; and from this state it is no great hardship to be debarred. No man can be happy in total idleness: he that should be condemned to lie torpid and motionless, 'would fly for recreation,' says South, 'to the mines and the galleys;' and it is well, when nature or fortune find employment for those who would not have known how to procure it for themselves.

He whose mind is engaged by the acquisition or improvement of a fortune, not only escapes the insipidity of indifference, and the tediousness of inactivity, but gains enjoyments wholly unknown to those who live lazily on the toil of others ; for life affords no higher pleasure, than that of surmounting difficulties, passing from one step of success to another, forming new wishes, and seeing them gratified. He that labours in any great or laudable undertaking, has his fatigues first supported by hope, and afterwards rewarded by joy ; he is always moving to a certain end, and, when he has attained it, an end more distant invites him to a new pursuit.

It does not, indeed, always happen, that diligence is fortunate ; the wisest schemes are broken by unexpected accidents ; the most constant perseverance sometimes toils through life without a recompense : but labour, though unsuccessful, is more eligible than idleness ; he that prosecutes a lawful purpose by lawful means, acts always with the approbation of his own reason ; he is animated through the course of his endeavours by an expectation which, though not certain, he knows to be just ; and is at last comforted in his disappointment, by the consciousness that he has not failed by his own fault.

That kind of life is most happy which affords us most opportunities of gaining our own esteem ; and what can any man infer in his own favour from a condition to which, however prosperous, he contributed nothing, and which the vilest and weakest of the species would have obtained by the same right, had he happened to be the son of the same father.

To strive with difficulties, and to conquer them, is the highest human felicity ; the next, is to strive, and deserve to conquer : but he whose life has passed without a contest, and who can boast neither success nor merit, can survey himself only as a useless

filler of existence ; and if he is content with his own character, must owe his satisfaction to insensibility.

Thus it appears that the satirist advised rightly, when he directed us to resign ourselves to the hands of Heaven, and to leave to superior powers the determination of our lot :

*Permites ipsis expendere Numinibus, quid
Conveniat nobis, rebusque sit utile nostris.—
Carior est illis homo quàm sibi.*

JUV. SAT. X. 347.

Intrust thy fortune to the powers above :
Leave them to manage for thee, and to grant
What their unerring wisdom sees thee want.
In goodness as in greatness they excel :
Ah ! that we loved ourselves but half so well !

DRYDEN.

What state of life admits most happiness, is uncertain ; but that uncertainty ought to repress the petulance of comparison, and silence the murmurs of discontent.

T

No. 112. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1753.

— *Has pœnas garrula lingua dedit.*

OVID.

Such was the fate of vain loquacity.

“ TO THE ADVENTURER.

“ SIR,

“ To be courteous to all, but familiar with few, is a maxim which I once despised, as originally proceeding from a mean and contracted mind, the frigid

caution of weakness and timidity. A tame and indiscriminate servility I imputed to a dread of the contempt or the petulance of others, to fears from which the wit and the gentleman are exempted by a consciousness of their own dignity, by their power to repress insolence and silence ridicule ; and a general shyness and reserve I considered as the reproach of our country, as the effect of an illiberal education, by which neither a polite address, an easy confidence, or a general acquaintance with public life, is to be acquired. This opinion, which continued to flatter the levity and pride that produced it, was strengthened by the example of those whose manner in the diffidence of youth I wished to imitate, who entered a mixed company with an air of serene familiarity, accosted every man like an old acquaintance, and thought only of making sport for the rest of any with whom their caprice should happen to be offended, without regard to their age, character, or condition.

“ But I now wish that I had regulated my conduct by the maxim which I despised, for I should then have escaped a misfortune which I can never retrieve ; and the sense of which I am now endeavouring to suspend, by relating it to you as a lesson to others, and considering my loss of happiness as an acquisition of wisdom.

“ While I was in France with a travelling tutor, I received a letter which acquainted me, that my father, who had been long declining, was dead ; and that it was necessary I should immediately return to England to take possession of his estate, which was not inconsiderable, though there were mortgages upon it to near half its value.

“ When I arrived, I found a letter which the old gentleman had written and directed to me with his

own hand. It contained some general rules for my conduct, and some animadversions upon his own : he took notice of the encumbrance under which he left me the paternal inheritance, which had descended through many generations, and expressed the most earnest desire, that it might yet be transmitted entire to posterity : with this view, he said, he had negotiated a marriage between me and the only daughter of his old friend, Sir George Homestead, of the North, an amiable young lady, whose alliance would be an honour to my family, and whose fortune would much more than redeem my estate.

“ He had given the knight a faithful account of his affairs, who, after having taken some time to consider the proposal and consult his friends, had consented to the match, upon condition that his daughter and I should be agreeable to each other, and my behaviour should confirm the character which had been given of me. My father added, that he hoped to have lived till this alliance had taken place ; but as Providence had otherwise determined, he entreated as his last request, that as soon as my affairs should be settled, and decency would permit, I would make Sir George a visit, and neglect nothing to accomplish his purpose.

“ I was touched with the zeal and tenderness of parental affection, which was then directing me to happiness, after the heart that felt it had ceased to beat, and the hand that expressed it was mouldering in the dust. I had also seen the lady, not indeed since we were children ; but I remembered that her person was agreeable and her temper sweet : I did not, therefore, hesitate a moment, whether my father’s injunction should be obeyed. I proceeded to settle his affairs ; I took an account of his debts and credits, visited the tenants, recovered my usual

gaiety, and at the end of about nine months set out for Sir George's seat in the North ; having before opened an epistolary correspondence, and expressed my impatience to possess the happiness which my father had so kindly secured.

" I was better pleased to be well mounted, than to loll in a chariot, or be jumbled in a post-chaise ; and I knew that Sir George was an old sportsman, a plain hearty blade, who would like me better in a pair of buckskin breeches, on the back of a good hunter, than in a trimmed suit and a gaudy equipage ; I therefore set out on horseback with only one servant, and reached Stilton the first night.

" In the morning, as I was mounting, a gentleman, who had just got on horseback before me, ordered his servant to make some inquiry about the road, which I happened to overhear, and told him with great familiarity, that I was going the same way, and if he pleased we would travel together ; to this he consented with as much frankness, and as little ceremony ; and I set forward, greatly delighted that chance had afforded me a companion.

" We immediately entered into conversation, and I soon found that he had been abroad : we extolled the roads and the policy of France, the cities, the palaces, and the villas ; entered into a critical examination of the most celebrated seats in England, the peculiarities of the building and situation, cross ways, market towns, the imposition of innkeepers, and the sports of the field ; topics by which we mutually recommended ourselves to each other, as we had both opportunities to discover equal knowledge, and to display truth with such evidence as prevented diversity of opinion.

" After we had rode about two hours, we overtook another gentleman, whom we accosted with the

same familiarity that we had used to each other ; we asked him how far he was going and which way, at what rate he travelled, where he put up, and many other questions of the same kind. The gentleman, who appeared to be near fifty, received our address with great coldness, returned short and indirect answers to our inquiries, and, often looking with great attention on us both, sometimes put forward that he might get before us, and sometimes checked his horse that he might remain behind. But we were resolved to disappoint him ; and, finding that his reserve increased, and he was visibly displeased, we winked at each other, and determined the old put should afford us some sport. After we had rode together upon very ill terms more than half an hour, my companion, with an air of ceremonious gravity, asked him, if he knew any house upon the road where he might be accommodated with a wench. The gentleman, who was, I believe, afraid of giving us a pretence to quarrel, did not resent this insult any otherwise than by making no reply. I then began to talk to my companion as if we had been old acquaintance, reminding him that the gentleman extremely resembled a person, from whom we had taken a girl that he was carrying to the bagnio, and, indeed, that his present reserve made me suspect him to be the same ; but that as we were willing to ask his pardon, we hoped it would be forgot, and that we should still have the pleasure of dining together at the next inn. The gentleman was still silent ; but as his perplexity and resentment visibly increased, he proportionably increased our entertainment, which did not, however, last long, for he suddenly turned down a lane ; upon which we set up a horse laugh, that continued till he was out of hearing, and, then pursuing our journey, we talked of the adventure, which af-

forded us conversation and merriment for the rest of the day.

“The next morning we parted, and in the evening I arrived at Homestead Hall. The old knight received me with great affection, and immediately introduced me to his daughter, whom I now thought the finest woman I had ever seen. I could easily discover, that I was not welcome to her merely upon her father’s recommendation, and I enjoyed by anticipation the felicity which I considered as within my grasp. But the pleasing scene, in which I had suffered my imagination to wander, suddenly disappeared as by the power of enchantment; without any visible motive, the behaviour of the whole family was changed, my assiduities to the lady were repressed, she was never to be found alone, the knight treated me with a cold civility, I was no longer a party in their visits, nor was I willingly attended even by the servants. I made many attempts to discover the cause of this misfortune, but without success; and one morning, when I had drawn Sir George into the garden by himself, and was about to urge him upon the subject, he prevented me by saying, that his promise to my father, for whom he had the highest regard, as I well knew, was conditional; that he had always resolved to leave his daughter a free choice, and that she had requested him to acquaint me, that her affections were otherwise engaged, and to entreat that I would, therefore, discontinue my addresses. My surprise and concern at this declaration, were such as left me no power to reply; and I saw Sir George turn from me and go into the house, without making any attempt to stop him, or to obtain a further explanation. Afterwards, indeed, I frequently expostulated, entreated, and complained; but, perceiving that all was inef-

fectual, I took my leave, and determined that I would still solicit by letter; for the lady had taken such possession of my heart, that I would joyfully have married her, though I had been sure that her father would immediately have left all his fortune to a stranger.

“ I meditated on my epistolary project all the way to London, and before I had been three days in town I wrote a long letter to Sir George, in which I conjured him in the strongest terms, to account for the change in his behaviour; and insisted, that, on this occasion, to conceal the truth was in the highest degree dishonourable to himself, and injurious to me.

“ To this letter, after about ten days, I received the following answer :

‘ SIR,

‘ IT is with great reluctance that I reveal the motives of my conduct, because they are much to your disadvantage. The enclosed is a letter which I received from a worthy gentleman in this county, and contains a full answer to your inquiries, which I had rather you should receive in any hand than in mine.

‘ I am your humble servant,

‘ GEO. HOMESTEAD.’

“ I immediately opened the paper enclosed, in which, with the utmost impatience, I read as follows :

‘ SIR,

‘ I SAW a person with your family yesterday at the races, to whom, as I was soon after informed, you intended to give your daughter. Upon this occasion, it is my indispensable duty to acquaint you,

that if his character is to be determined by his company, he will inevitably entail diseases and beggary upon his posterity, whatever be the merit of his wife, or the affluence of his fortune. He overtook me on the road from London, a few weeks ago, in company with a wretch, who, by their discourse, appeared to be his old and familiar acquaintance, and whom I well remember to have been brought before my friend Justice Worthy, when I was accidentally at his house, as the keeper of a brothel in Covent Garden. He has since won a considerable sum with false dice at the masquerade, for which he was obliged to leave the kingdom, and is still liable to a prosecution. Be assured that I have perfect knowledge of both; for some incidents, which it is not necessary to mention, kept me near them so long on the road, that it is impossible I should be mistaken.

‘ I am, SIR, yours, &c.

‘ JAMES TRUEMAN.’

“ The moment I had read this letter, the riddle was solved. I knew Mr. Trueman to be the gentleman, whom I had concurred with a stranger, picked up by accident, to insult without provocation on the road. I was in a moment covered with confusion; and though I was alone, could not help hiding my face with my hands. I abhorred my folly, which appeared yet more enormous every time it was reviewed.

“ I courted the society of a stranger, and a stranger I persecuted with insult: thus I associated with infamy, and thus my associate became known. I hoped, however, to convince Sir George, that I had no knowledge of the wretch, whose infamy I had shared, except that which I acquired from the letter of his friend. But before I had taken proper measures for my justification, I had the mortifi-

cation to hear, that the lady was married to a neighbouring gentleman, who had long made his addresses, and whom Sir George had before rejected in the ardour of his friendship for my father.

“ How narrow, Mr. Adventurer, is the path of rectitude, and how much may be lost by the slightest deviation !

“ I am your humble servant,

“ ABULUS.”

NO. 113. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1753.

— *Ad humum mærore gravi deducit, et angit.*

HOR. ARS POET. 110.

Wrings the sad soul, and bends it down to earth.

FRANCIS.

ONE of the most remarkable differences betwixt ancient and modern tragedy, arises from the prevailing custom of describing only those distresses that are occasioned by the passion of love ; a passion which, from the universality of its dominion, may doubtless justly claim a large share in representations of human life ; but which, by totally engrossing the theatre, hath contributed to degrade that noble school of virtue into an academy of effeminacy.

When Racine persuaded the celebrated Arnauld to read his *Phædra*, ‘ Why,’ said that severe critic to his friend, ‘ have you falsified the manners of Hippolitus, and represented him in love?’ ‘ Alas !’ replied the poet, ‘ without that circumstance, how would the ladies and the beaux have received my

piece?' And it may well be imagined, that to gratify so considerable and important a part of his audience, was the powerful motive that induced Corneille to enervate even the matchless and affecting story of Œdipus, by the frigid and impertinent episode of Theseus's passion for Dirce.

Shakspeare has shown us, by his Hamlet, Macbeth, and Cæsar, and above all by his Lear, that very interesting tragedies may be written, that are not founded on gallantry and love; and that Boileau was mistaken, when he affirmed,

— *de l' amour la sensible peinture,
Est pour aller au cœur la route la plus sûre.*

Those tender scenes that pictured love impart,
Ensure success, and best engage the heart.

The distresses in this tragedy are of a very uncommon nature, and are not touched upon by any other dramatic author. They are occasioned by a rash resolution of an aged monarch of strong passions and quick sensibility, to resign his crown and to divide his kingdom amongst his three daughters; the youngest of whom, who was his favourite, not answering his sanguine expectations in expressions of affection to him, he for ever banishes, and endows her sisters with her allotted share. Their unnatural ingratitude, the intolerable affronts, indignities, and cruelties he suffers from them, and the remorse he feels from his imprudent resignation of his power, at first inflame him with the most violent rage, and by degrees drive him to madness and death. This is the outline of the fable.

I shall confine myself at present to consider singly the judgement and art of the poet, in describing the origin and progress of the distraction of Lear; in which, I think, he has succeeded better than any other writer; even than Euripides himself, whom

Longinus so highly commends for his representation of the madness of Orestes.

It is well contrived that the first affront that is offered Lear, should be a proposal from Goneril, his eldest daughter, to lessen the number of his knights, which must needs affect and irritate a person so jealous of his rank and the respect due to it. He is at first astonished at the complicated impudence and ingratitude of this design ; but quickly kindles into rage, and resolves to depart instantly :

Darkness and devils !—

Saddle my horses, call my train together—

Degen'rate bastard ! I'll not trouble thee.—

This is followed by a severe reflection upon his own folly for resigning his crown ; and a solemn invocation to nature, to heap the most horrible curses on the head of Goneril, that her own offspring may prove equally cruel and unnatural ;

— that she may feel,

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is

To have a thankless child !—

When Albany demands the cause of this passion, Lear answers, ' I'll tell thee ! ' but immediately cries out to Goneril—

Life and death ! I am ashamed,

That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus.

—Blasts and fogs upon thee !

Th' untented woundings of a father's curse

Pierce every sense about thee !

He stops a little and reflects :

Ha ! is it come to this ?

Let it be so ! I have another daughter,

Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable.

When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails

She'll flay thy wolfish visage.—

He was, however, mistaken ; for the first object he encounters in the castle of the Earl of Gloucester, whither he fled to meet his other daughter, was his servant in the stocks ; from whence he may easily conjecture what reception he is to meet with :

— Death on my state ! Wherefore
Should he sit here.

He adds immediately afterwards,

O me, my heart ! my rising heart !—but down.

By which single line, the inexpressible anguish of his mind, and the dreadful conflict of opposite passions with which it is agitated, are more forcibly expressed, than by the long and laboured speech, enumerating the causes of his anguish, that Rowe and other modern tragic writers would certainly have put into his mouth. But nature, Sophocles, and Shakspeare, represent the feelings of the heart in a different manner ; by a broken hint, a short exclamation, a word, or a look :

They mingle not, 'mid deep-felt sighs and groans,
Descriptions gay, or quaint comparisons,
No flowery far-fetched thoughts their scenes admit ;
Ill suits conceit with passion, woe with wit.
Here passion prompts each short, expressive speech ;
Or silence paints what words can never reach. J. W.

When Jocasta, in Sophocles, has discovered that Œdipus was the murderer of her husband, she immediately leaves the stage : but in Corneille and Dryden she continues on it during a whole scene, to bewail her destiny in set speeches. I should be guilty of insensibility and injustice, if I did not take this occasion to acknowledge, that I have been more moved and delighted, by hearing this single line spoken by the only actor of the age who understands and relishes these little touches of nature, and there-

fore the only one qualified to personate this most difficult character of Lear, than by the most pompous declaimer of the most pompous speeches in Cato or Tamerlane.

In the next scene, the old king appears in a very distressful situation. He informs Regan, whom he believes to be still actuated by filial tenderness, of the cruelties he had suffered from her sister Goneril in very pathetic terms :

—Beloved Regan,

Thy sister's naught—O Regan ! she hath tied
Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here—
I scarce can speak to thee ; thou'lt not believe,
With how depraved a quality—O Regan !

It is a stroke of wonderful art in the poet to represent him incapable of specifying the particular ill usage he has received, and breaking off thus abruptly, as if his voice was choked by tenderness and resentment.

When Regan counsels him to ask her sister forgiveness, he falls on his knees with a very striking kind of irony, and asks her how such supplicating language as this becometh him :

Dear daughter, I confess that I am old ;
Age is unnecessary : on my knees I beg,
That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food.

But being again exhorted to sue for reconciliation, the advice wounds him to the quick, and forces him into execrations against Goneril, which, though they chill the soul with horror, are yet well suited to the impetuosity of his temper :

She hath abated me of half my train ;
Look'd black upon me ; struck me with her tongue,
Most serpent-like, upon the very heart—
All the stored vengeance of Heaven fall

On her ingrateful top ! Strike her young bones,
Ye taking airs, with lameness ! —
Ye nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her scornful eyes ! —

The wretched king, little imagining that he is to
be outcast from Regan also, adds, very movingly ;

—'Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,
To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,—
—Thou better know'st
The offices of nature, bond of childhood—
Thy half o'th'kingdom thou hast not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd.—

That the hopes he had conceived of tender usage
from Regan should be deceived, heightens his distress
to a great degree. Yet it is still aggravated and in-
creased, by the sudden appearance of Goneril ; upon
the unexpected sight of whom he exclaims,

—Who comes here ? O heavens !
If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
Allow obedience, if yourselves are old,
Make it your cause, send down and take my part !

This address is surely pathetic beyond expression ;
it is scarce enough to speak of it in the cold terms of
criticism. There follows a question to Goneril, that
I have never read without tears :

Ar't not ashamed to look upon this beard ?

This scene abounds with many noble turns of pas-
sion ; or rather conflicts of very different passions.
The inhuman daughters urge him in vain, by all the
sophistical and unfilial arguments they were mis-
tresses of, to diminish the number of his train. He
answers them by only four poignant words :

I gave you all !

When Regan at last consents to receive him, but without any attendants, for that he might be served by her own domestics, he can no longer contain his disappointment and rage. First he appeals to the heavens, and points out to them a spectacle that is, indeed, inimitably affecting :

You see me here, you Gods ! a poor old man,
As full of grief as age, wretched in both :
If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much
To bear it tamely ! —

Then suddenly he addresses Goneril and Regan in the severest terms and with the bitterest threats :

—No, you unnatural hags !
I will have such revenges on you both
That all the world shall—I will do such things—
What they are, yet I know not.—

Nothing occurs to his mind severe enough for them to suffer, or him to inflict. His passion rises to a height that deprives him of articulation. He tells them that he will subdue his sorrow, though almost irresistible ; and that they shall not triumph over his weakness :

—You think I'll weep !
No ! I'll not weep ;
I have full cause of weeping ; but this heart
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,
Or ere I'll weep !

He concludes,

O fool—I shall go mad !——

which is an artful anticipation, that judiciously prepares us for the dreadful event that is to follow in the succeeding acts.

Z

No. 114. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1753.

*Sperat infestis, metuit secundis,
Alteram sortem bene præparatum
Pectus.—*

HOR. CAR. ii. 10. 13.

Whoe'er enjoys the untroubled breast,
With virtue's tranquil wisdom bless'd;
With hope the gloomy hour can cheer,
And temper happiness with fear.

FRANCIS.

ALMET, the dervise, who watched the sacred lamp in the sepulchre of the prophet, as he one day rose up from the devotions of the morning, which he had performed at the gate of the temple with his body turned towards the east, and his forehead on the earth, saw before him a man in splendid apparel attended by a long retinue, who gazed stedfastly at him with a look of mournful complacency, and seemed desirous to speak, but unwilling to offend.

The dervise, after a short silence, advanced, and, saluting him with the calm dignity which independence confers upon humility, requested that he would reveal his purpose.

'Almet,' said the stranger, 'thou seest before thee a man whom the hand of prosperity has overwhelmed with wretchedness. Whatever I once desired as the means of happiness, I now possess; but I am not yet happy, and therefore I despair. I regret the lapse of time, because it glides away without enjoyment; and as I expect nothing in the future but the vanities of the past, I do not wish that the future should arrive. Yet I tremble lest it should be cut

off ; and my heart sinks when I anticipate the moment, in which eternity shall close over the vacuity of my life like the sea upon the path of a ship, and leave no traces of my existence more durable than the furrow which remains after the waves have united. If, in the treasures of thy wisdom, there is any precept to obtain felicity, vouchsafe it to me : for this purpose I am come ; a purpose which yet I feared to reveal, lest, like all the former, it should be disappointed.' Almet listened, with looks of astonishment and pity, to this complaint of a being, in whom reason was known to be a pledge of immortality ; but the serenity of his countenance soon returned ; and, stretching out his hand towards heaven, — ' Stranger,' said he, ' the knowledge which I have received from the prophet, I will communicate to thee.

' As I was sitting, one evening, at the porch of the temple pensive and alone, mine eye wandered among the multitude that was scattered before me ; and, while I remarked the weariness and solicitude which was visible in every countenance, I was suddenly struck with a sense of their condition. Wretched mortals, said I, to what purpose are you busy ? if to produce happiness, by whom is it enjoyed ? Do the linens of Egypt, and the silks of Persia, bestow felicity on those who wear them, equal to the wretchedness of yonder slaves, whom I see leading the camels that bring them ? Is the fineness of the texture, or the splendour of the tints, regarded with delight by those to whom custom has rendered them familiar ? or can the power of habit render others insensible of pain, who live only to traverse the desert ; a scene of dreadful uniformity, where a barren level is bounded only by the horizon ; where no change of prospect, or variety of images, relieves the traveller from a sense of toil and danger, of whirlwinds which

in a moment may bury him in the sand, and of thirst, which the wealthy have given half their possessions to allay? Do those on whom hereditary diamonds sparkle with unregarded lustre, gain from the possession what is lost by the wretch who seeks them in the mine; who lives excluded from the common bounties of nature; to whom even the vicissitude of day and night is not known; who sighs in perpetual darkness, and whose life is one mournful alternative of insensibility and labour? If those are not happy who possess, in proportion as those are wretched who bestow, how vain a dream is the life of man! and if there is, indeed, such difference in the value of existence, how shall we acquit of partiality the hand by which this difference has been made?

‘While my thoughts thus multiplied, and my heart burned within me, I became sensible of a sudden influence from above. The streets and the crowds of Mecca disappeared; I found myself sitting on the declivity of a mountain, and perceived at my right hand an angel, whom I knew to be Azoran, the minister of reproof. When I saw him, I was afraid. I cast mine eye upon the ground, and was about to deprecate his anger, when he commanded me to be silent. ‘Almet,’ said he, ‘thou hast devoted thy life to meditation, that thy counsel might deliver ignorance from the mazes of error, and deter presumption from the precipice of guilt; but the book of nature thou hast read without understanding: it is again open before thee: look up, consider it, and be wise.’

‘I looked up, and beheld an enclosure, beautiful as the gardens of Paradise, but of a small extent. Through the middle there was a green walk; at the end, a wild desert; and beyond, impenetrable darkness. The walk was shaded with trees of every kind, that were covered at once with blossoms and fruit; innumerable birds were singing in the branches; the

grass was intermingled with flowers, which impregnated the breeze with fragrance, and painted the path with beauty : on one side flowed a gentle transparent stream, which was just heard to murmur over the golden sands that sparkled at the bottom ; and on the other, were walks and bowers, fountains, grottoes, and cascades, which diversified the scene with endless variety, but did not conceal the bounds.

‘ While I was gazing in a transport of delight and wonder on this enchanting spot, I perceived a man stealing along the walk with a thoughtful and deliberate pace : his eyes were fixed upon the earth, and his arms crossed on his bosom ; he sometimes started, as if a sudden pang had seized him ; his countenance expressed solicitude and terror ; he looked round with a sigh, and, having gazed a moment on the desert that lay before him, he seemed as if he wished to stop, but was impelled forward by some invisible power : his features, however, soon settled again into a calm melancholy ; his eye was again fixed on the ground, and he went on, as before, with apparent reluctance, but without emotion. I was struck with this appearance, and, turning hastily to the angel, was about to inquire what could produce such infelicity in a being, surrounded with every object that could gratify every sense ; but he prevented my request : ‘ The book of nature,’ said he, ‘ is before thee ; look up, consider it, and be wise.’ I looked, and beheld a valley between two mountains that were craggy and barren ; on the path there was no verdure, and the mountains afforded no shade ; the sun burned in the zenith, and every spring was dried up ; but the valley terminated in a country that was pleasant and fertile, shaded with woods, and adorned with buildings. At a second view, I discovered a man in this valley, meagre indeed and naked, but his countenance was cheerful, and his de-

portment active : he kept his eye fixed upon the country before him, and looked as if he would have run, but that he was restrained, as the other had been impelled, by some secret influence : sometimes, indeed, I perceived a sudden expression of pain, and sometimes he stepped short as if his foot was pierced by the asperities of the way ; but the sprightliness of his countenance instantly returned, and he pressed forward without appearance of repining or complaint.

‘ I turned again toward the angel, impatient to inquire from what secret source happiness was derived, in a situation so different from that in which it might have been expected ; but he again prevented my request : ‘ Almet,’ said he, ‘ remember what thou hast seen, and let this memorial be written upon the tablets of thy heart. Remember, Almet, that the world in which thou art placed is but the road to another, and that happiness depends not upon the path, but the end : the value of this period of thy existence is fixed by hope and fear. The wretch who wished to linger in the garden, who looked round upon its limits with terror, was destitute of enjoyment, because he was destitute of hope, and was perpetually tormented by the dread of losing that which yet he did not enjoy : the song of the birds had been repeated till it was not heard, and the flowers had so often recurred, that their beauty was not seen ; the river glided by unnoticed ; and he feared to lift his eye to the prospect, lest he should behold the waste that circumscribed it. But he that toiled through the valley was happy, because he looked forward with hope. Thus, to the sojourner upon earth, it is of little moment whether the path he treads be strewed with flowers or with thorns, if he perceives himself to approach those regions, in comparison of

which the thorns and the flowers of this wilderness lose their distinction, and are both alike impotent to give pleasure or pain.

‘What, then, has Eternal Wisdom unequally distributed? That which can make every station happy, and without which every station must be wretched, is acquired by virtue, and virtue is possible to all. Remember, Almet, the vision which thou hast seen; and let my words be written on the tablet of thy heart, that thou mayest direct the wanderer to happiness, and justify God to men.’

‘While the voice of Azoran was yet sounding in my ear, the prospect vanished from before me, and I found myself again sitting at the porch of the temple. The sun was gone down, the multitude was retired to rest, and the solemn quiet of midnight concurred with the resolution of my doubts to complete the tranquillity of my mind.

‘Such, my son, was the vision which the prophet vouchsafed me, not for my sake only, but for thine. Thou hast sought felicity in temporal things; and, therefore, thou art disappointed. Let not instruction be lost upon thee, as the seal of Mahomet in the well of Aris: but go thy way, let thy flock clothe the naked, and thy table feed the hungry; deliver the poor from oppression, and let thy conversation be above. Thus shalt thou rejoice in hope, and look forward to the end of life as the consummation of thy felicity.’

Almet, in whose breast devotion kindled as he spake, returned into the temple, and the stranger departed in peace.

No. 115. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1753.

Scribimus indocti doctique.—

HOR. EPIST. II. l. 117.

All dare to write, who can or cannot read.

THEY who have attentively considered the history of mankind, know that every age has its peculiar character. At one time, no desire is felt but for military honours: every summer affords battles and sieges, and the world is filled with ravage, bloodshed, and devastation: this sanguinary fury at length subsides, and nations are divided into factions, by controversies about points that will never be decided. Men then grow weary of debate and altercation, and apply themselves to the arts of profit; trading companies are formed, manufactures improved, and navigation extended; and nothing is any longer thought on, but the increase and preservation of property, the artifices of getting money, and the pleasures of spending it.

The present age, if we consider chiefly the state of our own country, may be styled with great propriety the Age of Authors; for perhaps there never was a time, in which men of all degrees of ability, of every kind of education, of every profession and employment, were posting with ardour so general to the press. The province of writing was formerly left to those who by study, or appearance of study, were supposed to have gained knowledge unattainable by the busy part of mankind; but in these enlightened days, every man is qualified to instruct every other man; and he that beats the anvil, or

guides the plough, not content with supplying corporal necessities, amuses himself in the hours of leisure with providing intellectual pleasures for his countrymen.

It may be observed, that of this, as of other evils, complaints have been made by every generation ; but though it may, perhaps, be true, that at all times more have been willing than have been able to write, yet there is no reason for believing, that the dogmatical legions of the present race were ever equalled in number by any former period ; for so widely is spread the itch of literary praise, that almost every man is an author, either in act or in purpose ; has either bestowed his favours on the public, or withholds them, that they may be more seasonably offered, or made more worthy of acceptance.

In former times, the pen, like the sword, was considered as consigned by nature to the hands of men ; the ladies contented themselves with private virtues and domestic excellence ; and a female writer, like a female warrior, was considered as a kind of eccentric being, that deviated, however illustriously, from her due sphere of motion, and was, therefore, rather to be gazed at with wonder, than countenanced by imitation. But as the times past are said to have seen a nation of Amazons, who drew the bow and wielded the battle-axe, formed encampments and wasted nations ; the revolution of years has now produced a generation of Amazons of the pen, who, with the spirit of their predecessors, have set masculine tyranny at defiance, asserted their claim to the regions of science, and seem resolved to contest the usurpations of virility.

Some, indeed, there are of both sexes, who are authors only in desire, but have not yet attained the power of executing their intentions ; whose performances have not arrived at bulk sufficient to form a

volume, or who have not the confidence, however impatient of nameless obscurity, to solicit openly the assistance of the printer. Among these are the innumerable correspondents of public papers, who are always offering assistance which no man will receive, and suggesting hints that are never taken, and who complain loudly of the perverseness and arrogance of authors, lament their insensibility of their own interest, and fill the coffee-houses with dark stories of performances by eminent hands, which have been offered and rejected.

To what cause this universal eagerness of writing can be properly ascribed, I have not yet been able to discover. It is said, that every art is propagated in proportion to the rewards conferred upon it ; a position from which a stranger would naturally infer, that literature was now blessed with patronage far transcending the candour or munificence of the Augustan age, that the road to greatness was open to none but authors, and that by writing alone riches and honour were to be obtained.

But since it is true, that writers, like other competitors, are very little disposed to favour one another, it is not to be expected, that at a time when every man writes, any man will patronise ; and, accordingly, there is not one that I can recollect at present, who professes the least regard for the votaries of science, invites the addresses of learned men, or seems to hope for reputation from any pen but his own.

The cause, therefore, of this epidemical conspiracy for the destruction of paper, must remain a secret : nor can I discover whether we owe it to the influences of the constellations, or the intemperature of seasons ; whether the long continuance of the wind at any single point, or intoxicating vapours, exhaled from the earth, have turned our nobles and our pea-

sants, our soldiers and traders, our men and women, all into wits, philosophers, and writers.

It is, indeed, of more importance to search out the cure than the cause of this intellectual malady ; and he would deserve well of his country, who, instead of amusing himself with conjectural speculations, should find means of persuading the peer to inspect his steward's accounts, or repair the rural mansion of his ancestors, who could replace the tradesman behind his counter, and send back the farmer to the mattock and the flail.

General irregularities are known in time to remedy themselves. By the constitution of ancient Egypt, the priesthood was continually increasing, till at length there was no people beside themselves ; the establishment was then dissolved, and the number of priests was reduced and limited. Thus among us, writers will, perhaps, be multiplied, till no readers will be found, and then the ambition of writing must necessarily cease.

But as it will be long before the cure is thus gradually effected, and the evil should be stopped, if it be possible, before it rises to so great a height, I could wish that both sexes would fix their thoughts upon some salutary considerations, which might repress their ardour for that reputation which not one of many thousands is fated to obtain.

Let it be deeply impressed and frequently recollected, that he who has not obtained the proper qualifications of an author, can have no excuse for the arrogance of writing, but the power of imparting to mankind something necessary to be known. A man uneducated or unlettered may sometimes start a useful thought, or make a lucky discovery, or obtain by chance some secret of nature, or some intelligence of facts, of which the most enlightened mind may be ignorant, and which it is better to reveal, though by

a rude and unskilful communication, than to lose for ever by suppressing it.

But few will be justified by this plea : for of the innumerable books and pamphlets that have overflowed the nation, scarce one has made any addition to real knowledge, or contained more than a transposition of common sentiments and a repetition of common phrases.

It will be naturally inquired, when the man who feels an inclination to write, may venture to suppose himself properly qualified ; and since every man is inclined to think well of his own intellect, by what test he may try his abilities, without hazarding the contempt or resentment of the public.

The first qualification of a writer, is a perfect knowledge of the subject which he undertakes to treat ; since we cannot teach what we do not know, nor can properly undertake to instruct others while we are ourselves in want of instruction. The next requisite is, that he be master of the language in which he delivers his sentiments ; if he treats of science and demonstration, that he has attained a style clear, pure, nervous, and expressive ; if his topics be probable and persuasory, that he be able to recommend them by the superaddition of elegance and imagery, to display the colours of varied diction, and pour forth the music of modulated periods.

If it be again inquired, upon what principles any man shall conclude that he wants these powers, it may be readily answered, that no end is attained but by the proper means ; he only can rationally presume that he understands a subject, who has read and compared the writers that have hitherto discussed it, familiarized their arguments to himself by long meditation, consulted the foundations of different systems, and separated truth from error by a rigorous examination.

In like manner, he only has a right to suppose that he can express his thoughts, whatever they are, with perspicuity or elegance, who has carefully perused the best authors, accurately noted their diversities of style, diligently selected the best modes of diction, and familiarized them by long habits of attentive practice.

No man is a rhetorician or philosopher by chance. He who knows that he undertakes to write on questions which he has never studied, may without hesitation determine, that he is about to waste his own time and that of his reader, and expose himself to the derision of those whom he aspires to instruct: he that without forming his style by the study of the best models, hastens to obtrude his compositions on the public, may be certain, that whatever hope or flattery may suggest, he shall shock the learned ear with barbarisms, and contribute, wherever his work shall be received, to the depravation of taste and the corruption of language.

T

No. 116. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1753.

— *Æstuat ingens*

*Imo in corde pudor, mixtoque insania luctu,
Et furis agitat amor, et conscia virtus.*

VIRG. *ÆN.* x. 870.

Rage boiling from the bottom of his breast,
And sorrow, mixed with shame, his soul oppress'd;
And conscious worth lay lab'ring in his thought;
And love by jealousy to madness wrought.

DRYDEN.

THUNDER and a ghost have been frequently introduced into tragedy by barren and mechanical play-

wrights, as proper objects to impress terror and astonishment, where the distress has not been important enough to render it probable that nature would interpose for the sake of the sufferers, and where these objects themselves have not been supported by suitable sentiments. Thunder has, however, been made use of with great judgement and good effect by Shakspeare, to heighten and impress the distresses of Lear.

The venerable and wretched old king is driven out by both his daughters, without necessaries and without attendants, not only in the night, but in the midst of a most dreadful storm, and on a bleak and barren heath. On his first appearance in this situation, he draws an artful and pathetic comparison betwixt the severity of the tempest and of his daughters:

Rumble thy belly full! spit, fire! spout, rain!
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters.
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness;
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children;
You owe me no subscription. Then let fall
Your horrible pleasure. Here I stand your slave;
A poor, infirm, weak, and despised old man!

The storm continuing with equal violence, he drops for a moment the consideration of his own miseries, and takes occasion to moralize on the terrors which such commotions of nature should raise in the breast of secret and unpunished villany:

— Tremble, thou wretch,
That hast within thee undivulged crimes
Unwhipp'd of justice! Hide thee, thou bloody hand;
Thou perjured, and thou simular man of virtue
That art incestuous!—

— Close pent-up guilts,
Rive your concealing continents, and cry
These dreadful summoners grace!—

He adds with reference to his own case—

— I am a man
More sinn'd against than sinning.

Kent most earnestly entreats him to enter a hovel which he had discovered on the heath; and on pressing him again and again to take shelter there, Lear exclaims,

Wilt break my heart?—

Much is contained in these four words; as if he had said, ‘The kindness and the gratitude of this servant exceeds that of my own children. Though I have given them a kingdom, yet have they basely discarded me, and suffered a head so old and white as mine to be exposed to this terrible tempest, while this fellow pities and would protect me from its rage. I cannot bear this kindness from a perfect stranger; it breaks my heart.’ All this seems to be included in that short exclamation, which another writer, less acquainted with nature would have displayed at large: such a suppression of sentiments plainly implied, is judicious and affecting. The reflections that follow are drawn likewise from an intimate knowledge of man:

When the mind’s free,
The body’s delicate: the tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else,
Save what beats there.—

Here the remembrance of his daughters’ behaviour rushes upon him, and he exclaims, full of the idea of its unparalleled cruelty,

— Filial ingratitude!
Is it not, as this mouth should tear this hand
For lifting food to it?

He then changes his style, and vows with impotent menaces, as if still in possession of the power he had resigned, to revenge himself on his oppressors, and to steel his breast with fortitude:

— But I’ll punish home.
No, I will weep no more!

But the sense of his sufferings returns again, and he forgets the resolution he had formed the moment before :

—In such a night,
To shut me out!—Pour on, I will endure—
In such a night as this!—

At which, with a beautiful apostrophe, he suddenly addresses himself to his absent daughters, tenderly reminding them of the favours he had so lately and so liberally conferred upon them :

—O Regan, Goneril!
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all,—
Oh! that way madness lies; let me shun that;
No more of that.—

The turns of passion in these few lines are so quick and so various, that I thought they merited to be minutely pointed out by a kind of perpetual commentary.

The mind is never so sensibly disposed to pity the misfortunes of others, as when it is itself subdued and softened by calamity. Adversity diffuses a kind of sacred calm over the breast, that is the parent of thoughtfulness and meditation. The following reflections of Lear in his next speech, when his passion has subsided for a short interval, are equally proper and striking :

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these?

He concludes with a sentiment finely suited to his condition, and worthy to be written in characters of gold in the closet of every monarch upon earth :

—O! I have ta'en
Too little care of this. Take physic, pomp;

Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel ;
That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
And show the heavens more just !—

Lear being at last persuaded to take shelter in the hovel, the poet has artfully contrived to lodge there Edgar, the discarded son of Gloucester, who counterfeits the character and habit of a mad beggar, haunted by an evil demon, and whose supposed sufferings are enumerated with an inimitable wildness of fancy ; ‘ Whom the foul fiend hath led through fire, and through flame, through ford and whirlpool, o’er bog and quagmire ; that hath laid knives under his pillow, and halters in his pew ; set ratsbane by his porridge ; made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting horse over four inch’d bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor.—Bless thy five wits ! Tom’s a-cold.’ The assumed madness of Edgar, and the real distraction of Lear, form a judicious contrast.

Upon perceiving the nakedness and wretchedness of this figure, the poor king asks a question that I never could read without strong emotions of pity and admiration :

What ! have his daughters brought him to this pass ?
Couldst thou save nothing ? Didst thou give them all ?

And when Kent assures him that the beggar hath no daughters, he hastily answers—

Death, traitor ! nothing could have subdued nature
To such a lowness, but his unkind daughters.

Afterwards, upon the calm contemplation of the misery of Edgar, he breaks out into the following serious and pathetic reflection : ‘ Thou wert better in thy grave, than to answer with thy uncovered body this extremity of the skies. Is man no more than this ? Consider him well. Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume. Ha ! here’s three of us are sophisticated !

Thou art the thing itself: unaccommodated man is no more than such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art. Off, off, you lendings! Come, unbutton here.'

Shakspeare has no where exhibited more inimitable strokes of his art than in this uncommon scene; where he has so well conducted even the natural jargon of the beggar, and the jestings of the fool, which in other hands must have sunk into burlesque, that they contribute to heighten the pathetic to a very high degree.

The heart of Lear having been agitated and torn by a conflict of such opposite and tumultuous passions, it is not wonderful that his 'wits should now begin to unsettle.' The first plain indication of the loss of his reason is his calling Edgar a 'learned Theban;' and telling Kent, that 'he will keep still with his philosopher'. When he next appears, he imagines he is punishing his daughters. The imagery is extremely strong, and chills one with horror to read it:

To have a thousand with red burning spits
Come hissing in upon them!—

As the fancies of lunatics have an extraordinary force and liveliness, and render the objects of their phrensy as it were present to their eyes, Lear actually thinks himself suddenly restored to his kingdom, and seated in judgement to try his daughters for their cruelties:

I'll see their trial first;—Bring in the evidence.
Thou robed man of justice, take thy place;—
And thou his yoke-fellow of equity,
Bench by his side:—You are of the commission.
Sit you too. Arraign her first, 'tis Goneril—
And here's another, whose warp'd looks proclaim
What store her heart is made of.—

Here he imagines that Regan escapes out of his hands, and he eagerly exclaims,

—Stop her there.

Arms, arms, sword, fire.—Corruption in the place!
False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape?

A circumstance follows that is strangely moving, indeed; for he fancies that his favourite domestic creatures, that used to fawn upon and caress him, and of which he was eminently fond, have now their tempers changed, and joined to insult him:

—The little dogs and all,

Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart, see! they bark at me.

He again resumes his imaginary power, and orders them to anatomize Regan; 'See what breeds about her heart—Is there any cause in nature that makes these hard hearts? You, sir,' speaking to Edgar, 'I entertain you for one of my hundred;' a circumstance most artfully introduced to remind us of the first affront he received, and to fix our thoughts on the causes of his distraction.

General criticism is on all subjects useless and unentertaining; but is more than commonly absurd with respect to Shakspeare, who must be accompanied step by step, and scene by scene, in his gradual developements of characters and passions, and whose finer features must be singly pointed out, if we would do complete justice to his genuine beauties. It would have been easy to have declared, in general terms, 'that the madness of Lear was very natural and pathetic;' and the reader might then have escaped what he may, perhaps, call a multitude of well-known quotations: but then it had been impossible to exhibit a perfect picture of the secret workings and changes of Lear's mind, which vary in each succeeding passage, and which render an allegation of each particular sentiment absolutely necessary.

Z

No. 117. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1753.

Nequicquam patrias tentasti lubricus artes.

VIRG. ÆN. xi. 716.

Caught in the train which thou thyself hast laid.

DRYDEN.

“ TO THE ADVENTURER.

“ SIR,

“ I WILL not anticipate the subject of this letter, by relating the motives from which I have written it ; nor shall I expect it to be published, if, when you have read it, you do not think that it contains more than one topic of instruction.

“ My mother has been dead so long that I do not remember her ; and when I was in my eighteenth year, I was left an orphan with a fortune of twenty thousand pounds at my own disposal. I have often been told, that I am handsome ; and I have some reasons to believe it to be true, which are very far from gratifying my vanity, or conferring happiness.

“ I was soon addressed by many lovers, from among whom I selected Hilario, the elder brother of a good family, whose paternal estate was something more than equivalent to my fortune.

“ Hilario was universally admired as a man of sense ; and, to confess the truth, not much less as a man of pleasure. His character appeared to rise in proportion as it was thought to endanger those about him ; he derived new dignity not only from the silence of the men, but the blushes of the ladies ; and those, whose wit or virtue did not suffer by the admission of such a guest, were honoured as persons

who could treat upon equal terms with a hero, who was become formidable by the number of his conquests: his company, therefore, was courted by all whom their fears did not restrain; the rest considered him as moving in a sphere above them, and, in proportion as they were able to imitate him, they became vicious and petulant in their own circle.

“ I was myself captivated with his manner and conversation; I hoped that upon understanding I should be able to engraft virtue; I was rather encouraged than cautioned by my friends; and, after a few months’ courtship, I became his wife.

“ During a short time all my expectations were gratified, and I exulted in my choice. Hilario was at once tender and polite; present pleasures were heightened by the anticipation of future; my imagination was perpetually wandering among the scenes of poetry and romance; I appropriated every luxurious description of happy lovers; and believed, that whatever time should take from desire, would be added to complacency; and that in old age we should only exchange the tumultuous ecstasy of love for the calm, rational, and exalted delights of friendship, which every year would increase by new reciprocations of kindness, more tried fidelity, and implicit confidence.

“ But from this pleasing dream it was not long before I awaked. Although it was the whole study of my life to unite my pleasures with those of Hilario, to regulate my conduct by his will, and thus prolong the felicity which was reflected from his bosom to mine; yet his visits abroad in which I was not a party became more frequent, and his general behaviour less kind. I perceived that when we were alone his mind was often absent, and that my prattle became irksome: my assiduities to recover his attention, and excite him to cheerfulness, were sometimes

suffered with a cold civility, sometimes wholly neglected, and sometimes peevishly repressed as ill-timed officiousness, by which he was rather disturbed than obliged. I was, indeed, at length convinced, with whatever reluctance, that neither my person nor my mind had any charm that could stand in competition with variety ; and though, as I remember, I never even with my looks upbraided him, yet I frequently lamented myself, and spent those hours in which I was forsaken by Hilario in solitude and tears.

“ But my distress still increased, and one injury made way for another. Hilario, almost as soon as he ceased to be kind, became jealous ; he knew that disappointed wishes, and the resentment which they produce, concur to render beauty less solicitous to avoid temptation, and less able to resist it ; and as I did not complain of that which he knew I could not but discover, he thought he had greater reason to suspect that I made reprisals : thus his sagacity multiplied his vices, and my virtue defeated its own purpose.

“ Some maxims, however, which I had gathered from novels and plays, were still uppermost in my mind. I reflected often upon the arts of Amanda, and the persevering tenderness and discretion of Lady Easy ; and I believed, as I had been taught by the sequel of every story, that they could not be practised without success, but against sordid stupidity and obdurate ill-nature ; against the Brutes and Sullens, whom, on the contrary, it was scarce a crime to punish, by admitting a rake of parts to pleasures of which they were unworthy.

“ From such maxims, and such examples, I therefore derived some hope. I wished earnestly to detect Hilario in his infidelity ; that in the moment of conviction I might rouse his sensibility of my wrongs,

and exalt his opinion of my merit : that I might cover him with confusion, melt him with tenderness, and double his obligations by generosity.

“ The opportunity for which I had so often wished, but never dared to hope, at length arrived. I learned by accident one morning, that he intended to go in the evening to a masquerade ; and I immediately conceived a design to discover his dress, and follow him to the theatre ; to single him out, make some advances, and if possible bring on an assignation, where, in the ardour of his first address, I might strike him with astonishment by taking off my mask, reprove him without reproach, and forgive him without parade, mingling with the soft distress of violated affection the calm dignity of injured virtue.

“ My imagination was fired with these images, which I was impatient to realize. My pride, which had hitherto sustained me above complaint, and thrown a veil of cheerfulness over my distress, would not suffer me to employ an assistant in the project I had undertaken ; because this could not be done without revealing my suspicions, and confiding my peace to the breast of another, by whose malice or caprice it might be destroyed, and to whom I should, therefore, be brought into the most slavish subjection, without ensuring the secrecy of which my dependence would be the price. I therefore resolved, at whatever risk of disappointment or detection, to trace him to the warehouse where his habit was to be hired, and discover that which he should choose myself.

“ He had ordered his chariot at eleven : I therefore wrapped myself up in an undress, and sat alone in my room till I saw him drive from the door. I then came down, and as soon as he had turned into St. James’s Street, which was not more than twenty

yards, I went after him, and meeting with a hackney-coach at the end of the street, I got hastily into it, and ordered the driver to follow the chariot at some distance, and to stop when it stopped.

“ I pulled up both the windows ; and after half an hour spent in the most tormenting suspense and anxiety, it stopped at the end of Tavistock Street. I looked hastily out of the window, hiding my face with my handkerchief, and saw Hilario alight at the distance of about forty yards, and go into a warehouse of which I could easily distinguish the sign. I waited till he came out, and as soon as the chariot was out of sight, I discharged the coach, and going immediately to the warehouse that Hilario had left, I pretended to want a habit for myself. I saw many lying upon the counter, which I supposed had been brought out for Hilario's choice ; about these, therefore, I was very inquisitive, and took particular notice of a very rich Turkish dress, which one of the servants took up to put away. When I saw he was about to remove it, I asked hastily whether it was hired, and learned, with unspeakable satisfaction, that it had been chosen by the gentleman who was just gone. Thus far I succeeded to the utmost of my hopes, not only by discovering Hilario's dress, but by his choice of one so very remarkable ; for if he had chosen a domino, my scheme would have been rendered impracticable, because in a domino I could not certainly have distinguished him from others.

“ As I had now gained the intelligence I wanted, I was impatient to leave the shop ; which it was not difficult to do, as it was just filled with ladies from two coaches, and the people were in a hurry to accommodate them. My dress did not attract much notice, nor promise much advantage ; I was, there-

fore, willingly suffered to depart, upon slightly leaving word that I would call again.

“ When I got into the street, I considered that it would not have been prudent to have hired a habit, where Hilario would either come to dress, or send for that which he had hired for himself: I, therefore, took another coach at the end of Southampton Street, and went to a shop near the Haymarket, where I had before purchased a capuchin, and some other trifles, and where I knew habits were to be hired, though not in so public a manner as at other places.

“ I now returned home ; and such was the joy and expectation which my success inspired, that I had forgot I had succeeded only in an attempt, for which I could find neither motive nor apology but in my wretchedness.

“ During the interval between my return and the time when the doors of the theatre were to be opened, I suffered the utmost inquietude and impatience. I looked every moment at my watch, could scarce believe that it did not by some accident go too slow, and was continually listening to discover whether it had not stopped : but the lingering hour at length arrived ; and though I was among the first that entered, yet it was not long before I singled out my victim, and found means to attract his regard.

“ I had, when I was at school, learned a way of expressing the alphabet with my fingers, which I have since discovered to be more generally known than at that time I imagined. Hilario, during his courtship, had once observed me using it to a lady who had been my school-fellow, and would never let me rest till I had taught it him. In this manner I saw my Turk conversing with a nun, from whom he suddenly turned with an appearance of vexation and

disappointment. I thought this a favourable opportunity to accost him; and, therefore, as he passed by me, I pulled him gently by the sleeve, and spelt with my fingers the words, 'I understand.' At first I was afraid of being discovered by showing my art; but I reflected, that it would effectually secure me from being discovered by my voice, which I considered as the more formidable danger. I perceived that he was greatly pleased; and after a very short conversation, which he seemed to make a point of continuing in the manner I had begun, an assignation was made, in consequence of which we proceeded in chairs to a bagnio near Covent-Garden. During this journey my mind was in great agitation; and it is difficult to determine whether pleasure or pain was predominant. I did not, however, fail to anticipate my triumph in the confusion of Hilario; I conceived the manner and the terms in which I would address him, and exulted in the superiority which I should acquire by this opposition of his character to mine.

NO. 118. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1753.

— *Animorum*

Impulsu et cæcâ magnâque cupidine ducti.

JUV. SAT. X. §50.

By blind impulse of eager passion driven.

"HE was ready to receive me when my chair was brought into the entry, and giving me his hand, led me hastily up stairs. As soon as we entered the

room he shut the door, and, taking off his mask, ran to me with the utmost impatience to take off mine. This was the important moment ; but at this moment I discovered, with inexpressible astonishment and terror, that the person with whom I was alone in a brothel, was not Hilario, but Caprinus, a wretch whom I well remembered to have seen among the rakes that he frequently brought to his table.

“ At this sight, so unexpected and so dreadful, I shrieked aloud, and threw myself from him into an easy chair that stood by the bedside. Caprinus, probably believing I had fainted, hastily tore away my mask to give me air. At the first view of my face, he started back, and gazed at me with the same wonder that had fixed my eyes upon him. But our amazement was the next moment increased ; for Hilario, who had succeeded in his intrigue, with whatever lady, happened to be in the next room, and either alarmed by the voice of distress, or knowing it to be mine, rushed in at the door which flew open before him ; but, at the next step stood fixed in the same stupor of astonishment which had seized us. After a moment’s recollection, he came up to me, and dragging me to the candle, gazed steadfastly in my face with a look so frightful as never to be forgotten ; it was the pale countenance of rage, which contempt had distorted with a smile ; his lips quivered ; and he told me, in a voice scarce articulate, that ‘ though I might well be frightened at having stumbled upon an acquaintance whom I doubted whether I could trust, yet I should not have screamed so loud.’ After this insult, he quitted me with as much negligence as he could assume ; and bowing obsequiously to Caprinus, told him, ‘ he would leave me to his care.’ Caprinus had not sufficient presence of mind to reply ; nor had I power to make any attempt, either to pacify or retain Hilario.

“ When he was gone I burst into tears, but was still unable to speak. From this agony Caprinus laboured to relieve me ; and I began to hope, that he sincerely participated my distress : Caprinus, however, soon appeared to be chiefly solicitous to improve what, with respect to himself, he began to think a fortunate mistake. He had no conception, that I intended an assignation with my husband ; but believed, like Hilario, that I had mistaken the person for whom my favours were intended : while he lamented my distress and disappointment, therefore, he pressed my hand with great ardour, wished that he had been thought worthy of my confidence and my love ; and, to facilitate his design upon the wife of his friend, declared himself a man of honour, and that he would maintain the character at the hazard of his life.

“ To such an address, in such circumstances, what could I reply ? Grief had disarmed my resentment, and the pride of suspected virtue had forsaken me. I expressed myself, not in reproaches but complaints ; and abruptly disengaging myself from him, I adjured him to tell me, ‘ how he had procured his habit, and whether it had not been hired by Hilario ? ’ He seemed to be struck with the question, and the manner in which I urged it : ‘ I hired it,’ said he, ‘ myself, at a warehouse in Tavistock Street ; but when I came to demand it, I was told it had been the subject of much confusion and dispute. When I made my agreement, the master was absent ; and the servant neglecting to acquaint him with it at his return, he afterwards, in the absence of the servant, made the same agreement with another ; but I know not with whom ; and it was with great difficulty that he was brought to relinquish his claim, after he had been convinced of the mistake.’

“ I now clearly discovered the snare in which I had

been taken, and could only lament that it was impossible to escape. Whether Caprinus began to conceive my design, or whether he was indeed touched at my distress, which all his attempts to alleviate increased, I know not ; but he desisted from further protestations and importunity, and at my earnest request procured me a chair, and left me to my fortune.

“ I now reflected, with inconceivable anguish, upon the change which a few hours had made in my condition. I had left my house in the height of expectation, that in a few hours I should add to the dignity of an untainted reputation the felicity of conjugal endearments. I returned disappointed and degraded ; detected in all the circumstances of guilt, to which I had not approached even in thought ; having justified the jealousy which I sought to remove, and forfeited the esteem which I hoped to improve to veneration. With these thoughts, I once more entered my dressing-room, which was on the same floor with my chamber, and in less than half an hour I heard Hilario come in.

“ He went immediately to his chamber ; and being told that I was in the next room, he locked the door, but did not go to bed, for I could hear him walk backward and forward all the night.

“ Early in the morning I sent a sealed billet to him by his valet ; for I had not made a *confidante*, even of my woman : it contained only a pressing entreaty to be heard, and a solemn asseveration of my innocence, which I hoped it would not be impossible to prove. He sent me a verbal answer, that I might come to him : to him, therefore, I went, not as a judge but a criminal ; not to accuse him whom I knew to be guilty, but to justify myself, whom I knew to be innocent ; and, at this moment, I would have given the world to have been restored to that

state which, the day before, I had thought intolerable.

“ I found him in great agitation ; which yet he laboured to conceal. I, therefore, hasted to relate my project, the motives from which it was undertaken, and the means by which it had been disappointed. He heard me with calmness and attention, till I related the particular of the habit : this threw him into a new fit of jealousy, and starting from his seat, ‘ What,’ said he, ‘ have you paid for this intelligence ? Of whom could you learn it, but the wretch with whom I left you ? Did he not, when he found you were disappointed of another, solicit for himself ?’ Here he paused for my reply ; and as I could not deny the fact, I was silent ; my inviolable regard for truth was mistaken for the confusion of guilt, and equally prevented my justification. His passion returned with yet greater violence. ‘ I know,’ said he, ‘ that Caprinus related this incident, only that you might be enabled to impose upon my credulity, and that he might obtain a participation of the favours which you lavished upon others : but I am not thus to be deceived by the concurrence of accident with cunning, nor reconciled to the infamy which you have brought upon my name.’ With this injurious reproach he would have left me ; but I caught hold of him, and entreated that he would go with me to the warehouse, where the testimony of persons, wholly disinterested, might convince him that I was there immediately after him, and inquired which dress he had chosen. To this request he replied, by asking me, in a peremptory tone, ‘ Whether Caprinus had not told me where the habit was hired ?’ As I was struck with the suddenness and the design of the question, I had not fortitude to confess a truth which yet I disdained to deny. Hilario again triumphed in the successful detection of my artifices ; and told me, with a sneer

of insupportable contempt and derision, that ' he who had so kindly directed me to find my witnesses, was too able a solicitor not to acquaint them what testimony they were to give.'

" Expostulation was now at an end, and I disdained to entreat any mercy under the imputation of guilt. All that remained, therefore, was still to hide my wretchedness in my bosom ; and, if possible, to preserve that character abroad, which I had lost at home. But this I soon found to be a vain attempt ; it was immediately whispered, as a secret, that ' Hilario, who had long suspected me of a criminal correspondence, had, at length, traced me from the masquerade to a bagnio, and surprised me with a fellow.' It was in vain for me to attempt the recovery of my character by giving another turn to this report, for the principal facts I could not deny ; and those who appeared to be most my friends, after they had attended to what they call nice distinctions and minute circumstances, could only say that it was a dark affair, and they hoped I was not so guilty as was generally believed. I was avoided by my female acquaintance as infamous : if I went abroad, I was pointed out with a whisper and a nod ; and if I stayed at home, I saw no face but my servant's. Those, whose levity I had silently censured by declining to practise it, now revenged themselves of the virtue by which they were condemned, and thanked God they had never yet picked up fellows, though they were not so squeamish as to refuse going to a ball. But this was not the worst ; every libertine, whose fortune authorized the insolence, was now making me offers of protection in nameless scrawls, and feared not to solicit me to adultery ; they dared to hope I should accept their proposal by directing to A. B., who declares, like Caprinus, that he is a man of honour, and will not scruple to run my husband through

the body, who now, indeed, thought himself authorized to treat me with every species of cruelty but blows, at the same time that his house was a perpetual scene of lewdness and debauchery.

“ Reiterated provocation and insult soon became intolerable: I therefore applied to a distant relation, who so far interested himself in my behalf as to obtain me a separate maintenance, with which I retired into the country, and, in this world, have no hope but to perpetuate my obscurity.

“ In this obscurity, however, your paper is known, and I have communicated an adventure to the Adventurer, not merely to indulge complaint, or gratify curiosity, but because I think it confirms some principles which you have before illustrated.

“ Those who doubt of a future retribution, may reflect, that I have been involved in all the miseries of guilt, except the reproach of conscience and the fear of hell, by an attempt which was intended to reclaim another from vice, and obtain the reward of my own virtue.

“ My example may deter others from venturing to the verge of rectitude, and assuming the appearance of evil. On the other hand, those who judge of mere appearances without charity, may remark, that no conduct was ever condemned with less show of injurious severity, nor yet with less justice than mine. Whether my narrative will be believed, indeed, I cannot determine; but where innocence is possible, it is dangerous to impute guilt, ‘because with whatsoever judgement men judge they shall be judged;’ a truth which, if it was remembered and believed by all who profess to receive it upon divine authority, would impose silence upon the censorious, and extort candour from the selfish. And I hope that the ladies, who read my story, will never hear, but with indignation, that the understanding of a libertine is

a pledge of reformation ; for his life cannot be known without abhorrence, nor shared without ruin.

“ I am, SIR,

“ Your humble servant,

“ DESDEMONA.”

No. 119. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1753.

*Latius regnes, avidum domando
Spiritus quàm si Libyam remotis
Gadibus jungas, et uterque Parnus
Serviat uni.*

HOR. CÆL. ii. 2. 9.

By virtue's precepts to control
The thirsty cravings of the soul,
Is over wider realms to reign
Unenvied monarch, than if Spain
You could to distant Libya join,
And both the Carthages were thine.

FRANCIS.

WHEN Socrates was asked, ‘ which of mortal men was to be accounted nearest to the Gods in happiness?’ he answered, ‘ that man who is in want of the fewest things.’

In this answer, Socrates left it to be guessed by his auditors, whether, by the exemption from want which was to constitute happiness, he meant amplitude of possessions or contraction of desire. And, indeed, there is so little difference between them, that Alexander the Great confessed the inhabitant of a tub the next man to the master of the world ; and left a declaration to future ages, that if he was not Alexander, he should wish to be Diogenes.

These two states, however, though they resemble each other in their consequence, differ widely with

respect to the facility with which they may be attained. To make great acquisitions can happen to very few ; and in the uncertainty of human affairs, to many it will be incident to labour without reward, and to lose what they already possess by endeavours to make it more ; some will always want abilities, and others opportunities, to accumulate wealth. It is therefore happy, that nature has allowed us a more certain and easy road to plenty ; every man may grow rich by contracting his wishes, and, by quiet acquiescence in what has been given him, supply the absence of more.

Yet so far is almost every man from emulating the happiness of the Gods, by any other means than grasping at their power ; that it seems to be the great business of life to create wants as fast as they are satisfied. It has been long observed by moralists, that every man squanders or loses a great part of that life, of which every man knows and deplores the shortness : and it may be remarked with equal justness, that though every man laments his own insufficiency to his happiness, and knows himself a necessitous and precarious being, incessantly soliciting the assistance of others, and feeling wants which his own art or strength cannot supply ; yet there is no man who does not, by the superaddition of unnatural cares, render himself still more dependent ; who does not create an artificial poverty, and suffer himself to feel pain for the want of that, of which, when it is gained, he can have no enjoyment.

It must, indeed, be allowed, that as we lose part of our time because it steals away silent and invisible, and many an hour is passed before we recollect that it is passing ; so unnatural desires insinuate themselves unobserved into the mind, and we do not perceive that they are gaining upon us, till the pain which they give us awakens us to notice. No man

is sufficiently vigilant to take account of every minute of his life, or to watch every motion of his heart. Much of our time likewise is sacrificed to custom ; we trifle, because we see others trifle : in the same manner we catch from example the contagion of desire : we see all about us busied in pursuit of imaginary good, and begin to bustle in the same chace, lest greater activity should triumph over us.

It is true, that to man, as a member of society, many things become necessary, which, perhaps, in a state of nature are superfluous ; and that many things not absolutely necessary, are yet so useful and convenient, that they cannot easily be spared. I will make yet a more ample and liberal concession. In opulent states and regular governments, the temptations to wealth and rank, and to the distinctions that follow them, are such as no force of understanding finds it easy to resist.

If, therefore, I saw the quiet of life disturbed only by endeavours after wealth and honour ; by solicitude, which the world, whether justly or not, considered as important ; I should scarcely have had courage to inculcate any precepts of moderation and forbearance. He that is engaged in a pursuit, in which all mankind profess to be his rivals, is supported by the authority of all mankind in the prosecution of his design, and will, therefore, scarcely stop to hear the lectures of a solitary philosopher. Nor am I certain, that the accumulation of honest gain ought to be hindered, or the ambition of just honours always to be repressed. Whatever can enable the possessor to confer any benefit upon others, may be desired upon virtuous principles ; and we ought not too rashly to accuse any man of intending to confine the influence of his acquisitions to himself.

But if we look round upon mankind, whom shall we find among those that fortune permits to form

their own manners, that is not tormenting himself with a wish for something, of which all the pleasure and all the benefit will cease at the moment of attainment? One man is begging his posterity to build a house, which when finished he never will inhabit ; another is levelling mountains to open a prospect, which, when he has once enjoyed it, he can enjoy no more ; another is painting ceilings, carving wainscot, and filling his apartments with costly furniture, only that some neighbouring house may not be richer or finer than his own.

That splendour and elegance are not desirable, I am not so abstracted from life as to inculcate ; but if we inquire closely into the reason for which they are esteemed, we shall find them valued principally as evidences of wealth. Nothing, therefore, can show greater depravity of understanding, than to delight in the show when the reality is wanting ; or voluntarily to become poor, that strangers may for a time imagine us to be rich.

But there are yet minuter objects and more trifling anxieties. Men may be found who are kept from sleep by the want of a shell particularly variegated ; who are wasting their lives in stratagems to obtain a book in a language which they do not understand ; who pine with envy at the flowers of another man's parterre ; who hover like vultures round the owner of a fossil, in hopes to plunder his cabinet at his death ; and who would not much regret to see a street in flames, if a box of medals might be scattered in the tumult.

He that imagines me to speak of these sages in terms exaggerated and hyperbolical, has conversed but little with the race of virtuosos. A slight acquaintance with their studies, and a few visits to their assemblies, would inform him, that nothing is so worthless, but that prejudice and caprice can give it

value ; nor any thing of so little use, but that by indulging an idle competition or unreasonable pride, a man may make it to himself one of the necessities of life.

Desires like these, I may surely, without incurring the censure of moroseness, advise every man to repel when they invade his mind ; or, if he admits them, never to allow them any greater influence than is necessary to give petty employments the power of pleasing, and diversify the day with slight amusements.

An ardent wish, whatever be its object, will always be able to interrupt tranquillity. What we believe ourselves to want, torments us not in proportion to its real value, but according to the estimation by which we have rated it in our own minds : in some diseases, the patient has been observed to long for food, which scarce any extremity of hunger would in health have compelled him to swallow ; but while his organs were thus depraved, the craving was irresistible, nor could any rest be obtained till it was appeased by compliance. Of the same nature are the irregular appetites of the mind ; though they are often excited by trifles, they are equally disquieting with real wants : the Roman who wept at the death of his lamprey, felt the same degree of sorrow that extorts tears on other occasions.

Inordinate desires, of whatever kind, ought to be repressed upon yet a higher consideration ; they must be considered as enemies not only to happiness but to virtue. There are men among those commonly reckoned the learned and the wise, who spare no stratagems to remove a competitor at an auction, who will sink the price of a rarity at the expense of truth, and whom it is not safe to trust alone in a library or cabinet. 'These are faults, which the fraternity seem to look upon as jocular mischiefs, or to think excused by the violence of the temptation : but I shall always

fear that he who accustoms himself to fraud in little things, wants only opportunity to practise it in greater; 'he that has hardened himself by killing a sheep,' says Pythagoras, 'will, with less reluctance, shed the blood of a man.'

To prize every thing according to its real use ought to be the aim of a rational being. There are few things which can much conduce to happiness, and therefore few things to be ardently desired. He that looks upon the business and bustle of the world, with the philosophy with which Socrates surveyed the fair at Athens, will turn away at last with his exclamation, 'How many things are here which I do not want!'

T

No. 120. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1753.

— *Ultima semper
Expectanda dies homini, dicique beatus
Ante obitum nemo supremæque funera debet.*

OID. MET. iii. 135.

But no frail man, however great or high,
Can be concluded blest before he die.

ADDISON.

THE numerous miseries of human life have extorted in all ages an universal complaint. The wisest of men terminated all his experiments in search of happiness, by the mournful confession, that 'all is vanity;' and the ancient patriarchs lamented, that 'the days of their pilgrimage were few and evil.'

There is, indeed, no topic on which it is more superfluous to accumulate authorities, nor any assertion of which our own eyes will more easily discover, or our sensations more frequently impress the truth,

than that misery is the lot of man, that our present state is a state of danger and infelicity.

When we take the most distant prospect of life, what does it present us but a chaos of unhappiness, a confused and tumultuous scene of labour and contest, disappointment and defeat? If we view past ages in the reflection of history, what do they offer to our meditation but crimes and calamities? One year is distinguished by a famine, another by an earthquake; kingdoms are made desolate, sometimes by wars, and sometimes by pestilence; the peace of the world is interrupted at one time by the caprices of a tyrant, at another by the rage of a conqueror. The memory is stored only with vicissitudes of evil; and the happiness, such as it is, of one part of mankind, is found to arise commonly from sanguinary success, from victories which confer upon them the power, not so much of improving life by any new enjoyment, as of inflicting misery on others, and gratifying their own pride by comparative greatness.

But by him that examines life with a more close attention, the happiness of the world will be found still less than it appears. In some intervals of public prosperity, or, to use terms more proper, in some intermissions of calamity, a general diffusion of happiness may seem to overspread a people: all is triumph and exultation, jollity and plenty; there are no public fears and dangers, and 'no complainings in the streets.' But the condition of individuals is very little mended by this general calm: pain and malice and discontent still continue their havoc; the silent depredation goes incessantly forward; and the grave continues to be filled by the victims of sorrow.

He that enters a gay assembly, beholds the cheerfulness displayed in every countenance, and finds all sitting vacant and disengaged, with no other attention than to give or to receive pleasure, would natu-

rally imagine, that he had reached at last the metropolis of felicity, the place sacred to gladness of heart, from whence all fear and anxiety were irreversibly excluded. Such, indeed, we may often find to be the opinion of those, who from a lower station look up to pomp and gaiety which they cannot reach ; but who is there of those who frequent these luxurious assemblies, that will not confess his own uneasiness, or cannot recount the vexations and distresses that prey upon the lives of his gay companions ?

The world, in its best state, is nothing more than a larger assembly of beings, combining to counterfeit happiness which they do not feel, employing every art and contrivance to embellish life, and to hide their real condition from the eyes of one another.

The species of happiness most obvious to the observation of others, is that which depends upon the goods of fortune ; yet even this is often fictitious. There is in the world more poverty than is generally imagined ; not only because many whose possessions are large have desires still larger, and many measure their wants by the gratifications which others enjoy ; but great numbers are pressed by real necessities which it is their chief ambition to conceal, and are forced to purchase the appearance of competence and cheerfulness at the expense of many comforts and conveniences of life.

Many, however, are confessedly rich, and many more are sufficiently removed from all danger of real poverty : but it has been long ago remarked, that money cannot purchase quiet ; the highest of mankind can promise themselves no exemption from that discord or suspicion, by which the sweetness of domestic retirement is destroyed ; and must always be even more exposed, in the same degree as they are elevated above others, to the treachery of dependents,

the calumny of defamers, and the violence of opponents.

Affliction is inseparable from our present state ; it adheres to all the inhabitants of this world, in different proportions, indeed, but with an allotment which seems very little regulated by our own conduct. It has been the boast of some swelling moralist, that every man's fortune was in his own power, that prudence supplied the place of all other divinities, and that happiness is the unfailing consequence of virtue. But surely the quiver of Omnipotence is stored with arrows, against which the shield of human virtue, however adamantine it has been boasted, is held up in vain : we do not always suffer by our crimes ; we are not always protected by our innocence.

A good man is by no means exempt from the danger of suffering by the crimes of others ; even his goodness may raise him enemies of implacable malice and restless perseverance : the good man has never been warranted by Heaven from the treachery of friends, the disobedience of children, or the dishonesty of a wife ; he may see his cares made useless by profusion, his instructions defeated by perverseness, and his kindness rejected by ingratitude ; he may languish under the infamy of false accusations, or perish reproachfully by an unjust sentence.

A good man is subject, like other mortals, to all the influences of natural evil : his harvest is not spared by the tempest, nor his cattle by the murrain ; his house flames like others in a conflagration ; nor have his ships any peculiar power of resisting hurricanes : his mind, however elevated, inhabits a body subject to innumerable casualties, of which he must always share the dangers and the pains ; he bears about him the seeds of disease, and may linger away

a great part of his life under the tortures of the gout or stone ; at one time groaning with insufferable anguish, at another dissolved in listlessness and languor.

From this general and indiscriminate distribution of misery, the moralists have always derived one of their strongest moral arguments for a future state ; for since the common events of the present life happen alike to the good and bad, it follows from the justice of the Supreme Being, that there must be another state of existence, in which a just retribution shall be made, and every man shall be happy and miserable according to his works.

The miseries of life may, perhaps, afford some proof of a future state, compared as well with the mercy as the justice of God. It is scarcely to be imagined, that Infinite Benevolence would create a being capable of enjoying so much more than is here to be enjoyed, and qualified by nature to prolong pain by remembrance, and anticipate it by terror, if he was not designed for something nobler and better than a state, in which many of his faculties can serve only for his torment ; in which he is to be importuned by desires that never can be satisfied, to feel many evils which he has no power to avoid, and to fear many which he shall never feel : there will surely come a time, when every capacity of happiness shall be filled, and none shall be wretched but by his own fault.

In the mean time, it is by affliction chiefly that the heart of man is purified, and that the thoughts are fixed upon a better state. Prosperity, allayed and imperfect as it is, has power to intoxicate the imagination, to fix the mind upon the present scene, to produce confidence and elation, and to make him who enjoys affluence and honours forget the hand by which they were bestowed. It is seldom that we

are otherwise, than by affliction, awakened to a sense of our own imbecility, or taught to know how little all our acquisitions can conduce to safety or to quiet ; and how justly we may ascribe to the superintendence of a higher power, those blessings which, in the wantonness of success, we considered as the attainments of our policy or courage.

Nothing confers so much ability to resist the temptations that perpetually surround us, as an habitual consideration of the shortness of life, and the uncertainty of those pleasures that solicit our pursuit ; and this consideration can be inculcated only by affliction. ‘ O Death ! how bitter is the remembrance of thee, to a man that lives at ease in his possessions !’ If our present state were one continued succession of delights, or one uniform flow of calmness and tranquillity, we should never willingly think upon its end ; Death would then surely surprise us as ‘ a thief in the night :’ and our task of duty would remain unfinished, till ‘ the night came when no man can work.’

While affliction thus prepares us for felicity, we may console ourselves under its pressures, by remembering, that they are no particular marks of divine displeasure ; since all the distresses of persecution have been suffered by those ‘ of whom the world was not worthy ;’ and the Redeemer of mankind himself was ‘ a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief.’

T

No. 121. TUESDAY, JANUARY 1, 1754.

*Arma virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab oris
Italiam, fato profugus, Lavinaque venit*

*Litora : multum ille et terris jactatus et alto :—
Multa quoque et bello passus.—*

VIRG. ÆN. i. 1.

Arms and the man I sing, who forced by fate—
Expell'd and exiled, left the Trojan shore.
Long labours, both by sea and land, he bore,
And in the doubtful war.—

DRYDEN.

“ TO THE ADVENTURER.

“ SIR,

“ A FEW nights ago, after I came home from the tavern, I took up the first volume of your papers, which at present is deposited near the elbow chair in my chamber, and happened to read the fifth number, which contains the narrative of a Flea. After I fell asleep, I imagined the book still to lie open before me, and that at the bottom of the page I saw, not a flea but a louse, who addressed me with such solemnity of accent, that it brought to my mind some orations which I had formerly heard in St. Stephen's chapel.

“ Sir, said he, it has been remarked by those, who have enriched themselves from the mines of knowledge by deep researches and laborious study, that sublunary beings are all mortal, and that life is a state of perpetual peril and inquietude: such, indeed, hitherto has been my experience; and yet I do not remember that I have brought calamity upon myself by any uncommon deviations either from virtue or prudence.

“ I was hatched in the head of a boy about eight years old, who was placed under the care of a parish nurse, and educated at the charity-school. In this place, as in a populous city, I soon obtained a settlement; and as our state of adolescence is short, had in a few months a numerous family. This, indeed, was the happiest period of my life; I suffered little

apprehension from the comb or the razor, and foresaw no misfortune, except that our country should be overstocked, and we should be compelled to wander, like the barbarians of the North, in search of another. But it happened that the lord of our soil, in an evil hour, went with some of his companions to Highgate. Just at the top of the hill was a stage and a mountebank, where several feats of wit and humour were performed by a gentleman with a grid-iron upon his back, who assisted the doctor in his vocation. We were presently in the midst of the crowd, and soon afterward upon the stage; which the boy was persuaded to ascend, that, by a sudden stroke of conjuration, a great quantity of gold might be conveyed under his hat. Under his hat, however, the dexterous but mischievous operator, having imperceptibly conveyed a rotten egg, clapped his hand smartly upon it, and showed the *aurum potable* running down on each side, to the unspeakable delight of the beholders, but to the great disappointment of the boy, and the total ruin of our community.

“ It is impossible to describe the confusion and distress which this accident instantly produced among us: we were at once buried in a quag, intolerably noisome, and insuperably viscid: those who had been overturned in its passage, found it impossible to recover their situation; and the few who happening to lie near the borders of the suffusion, had with the utmost efforts of their strength crawled to those parts which it had not reached, laboured in vain to free themselves from shackles, which every moment became more strong as the substance which formed them grew more hard, and threatened, in a short time, totally to deprive them of all power of motion. I was myself among this number, and cannot even now recollect my situation without shuddering at

my danger. In the mean time, the candidate for enchanted gold, who, in the search of pleasure, had found only dirt and hunger, weariness and disappointment, reflecting that his stolen holiday was at an end, returned forlorn and disconsolate to his nurse. The nose of this good woman was soon offended by an unsavoury smell, and it was not long before she discovered whence it proceeded. A few questions, and a good thump on the back, brought the whole secret to light ; and the delinquent, that he might be at once purified and punished, was carried to the next pump, where his head was held under the spout till he had received the discipline of a pick-pocket. He was, indeed, very near being drowned ; but his sufferings were nothing in comparison of ours. We were overwhelmed with a second inundation ; the cataracts, which burst upon us with a noise tenfold more dreadful than thunder, swept us by hundreds before them ; and the few that remained would not have had strength to keep their hold against the impetuosity of the torrent, if it had continued a few minutes longer. I was still among those that escaped ; and after we had a little recovered from our fright, we found that if we had lost our friends, we were released from the viscous durance which our own strength could never have broken. We were also delivered from the dread of an emigration and a famine ; and taking comfort in these reflections, we were enabled to reconcile ourselves, without murmuring, to the fate of those who had perished.

“ But the series of misfortunes which I have been doomed to suffer, without respite, was now begun. The next day was Holy Thursday ; and the stupendous being, who, without labour, carried the ruins of our state in procession to the bounds of his parish, thought fit to break his wand into a cudgel as soon

as he came home. This he was impatient to use ; and in an engagement with an adversary, who had armed himself with the like weapon, he received a stroke upon his head, by which my favourite wife and three children, the whole remains of my family, were crushed to atoms in a moment. I was myself so near as to be thrown down by the concussion of the blow, and the boy immediately scratching his head to alleviate the smart, was within a hair of destroying me with his nail.

“ I was so terrified at this accident that I crept down to the nape of his neck, where I continued all the rest of the day ; and at night, when he retired to eat his crust of bread in the chimney-corner, I concluded that I should at least be safe till the morning, and therefore began my repast, which the dangers and misfortunes of the day had prevented. Whether, having long fasted, my bite was more keen than usual, or whether I had made my attack in a more sensible part, I cannot tell ; but the boy suddenly thrust up his fingers with so much speed and dexterity, that he laid hold of me, and aimed with all his force to throw me into the fire ; in this savage attempt he would certainly have succeeded, if I had not stuck between his finger and his nail, and fell short upon some linen that was hanging to dry.

“ The woman, who took in washing, was employed by a laundress of some distinction ; and it happened that I had fallen on the shift sleeve of a celebrated toast, who frequently made her appearance at court. I concealed myself with great caution in the plaits, and the next night had the honour to accompany her into the drawing-room, where she was surrounded by rival beauties, from whom she attracted every eye, and stood with the utmost composure of mind and countenance in the centre of ad-

miration and desire. In this situation I became impatient of confinement, and after several efforts made my way out by her tucker, hoping to have passed on under her handkerchief to her head ; but in this hope I was disappointed, for handkerchief she had none. I was not, however, willing to go back ; and as my station was the principal object of the whole circle, I was soon discovered by those who stood near. They gazed at me with eager attention, and sometimes turned towards each other with very intelligent looks ; but of this the lady took no notice, as it was the common effect of that profusion of beauty which she had been used to pour upon every eye ; the emotion, however, at length increased till she observed it, and glancing her eye downward with a secret exultation, she discovered the cause : pride instantly covered those cheeks with blushes, which modesty had forsaken ; and as I was now become sensible of my danger, I was hastening to retreat. At this instant, a young nobleman, who perceived that the lady was become sensible of her disgrace, and who, perhaps, thought that it might be deemed an indecorum to approach the place where I stood with his hand in a public assembly, stooped down, and holding up his hat to his face, directed so violent a blast towards me, from his mouth, that I vanished before it like an atom in a whirlwind : and the next moment found myself in the toupee of a battered beau, whose attention was engrossed by the widow of a rich citizen, with whose plum he hoped to pay his debts, and procure a new mistress.

“ In this place, the hair was so thin that it scarce afforded me shelter, except a single row of curls on each side, where the powder and grease were insuperable obstacles to my progress : here, however, I continued near a week, but it was in every respect

a dreadful situation. I lived in perpetual solicitude and danger, secluded from my species, and exposed to the cursed claws of the valet, who persecuted me every morning and every night. In the morning, it was with the utmost difficulty that I escaped from being kneaded up in a lump of pomatum, or squeezed to death between the burning forceps of a crisping iron; and at night, after I had with the utmost vigilance and dexterity evaded the comb, I was still liable to be thrust through the body with a pin.

"I frequently meditated my escape, and formed many projects to effect it, which I afterwards abandoned either as dangerous or impracticable. I observed that the valet had a much better head of hair than his master, and that he sometimes wore the same bag; into the bag, therefore, one evening, I descended with great circumspection, and was removed with it: nor was it long before my utmost expectations were answered, for the valet tied on my dormitory to his own hair the very next morning, and I gained a new settlement.

"But the bag was not the only part of the master's dress which was occasionally appropriated by the servant, who being soon after my exploit detected in wearing a laced frock before it had been left off, was turned away at a minute's warning; and despairing to obtain a character, returned to the occupation in which he had been bred, and became journeyman to a barber in the city, who, upon seeing a specimen of his skill to dress hair *a-la-mode de la cour*, was willing to receive him without a scrupulous examination of his morals.

"This change in the situation of my patron was of great advantage to me, for I began to have more company and less disturbance. But among other persons whom he attended every morning to shave,

was an elderly gentleman of great repute for natural knowledge, a fellow of many foreign societies, and a profound adept in experimental philosophy. This gentleman, having conceived a design to repeat Leuwenhoek's experiments upon the increase of our species, inquired of the proprietor of my dwelling if he could help him to a subject. The man was at first startled at the question ; but it was no sooner comprehended than he pulled out an ivory comb, and produced myself and two associates, one of whom died soon after of the hurt he received.

“ The sage received us with thanks, and very carefully conveyed us into his stocking, where, though it was not a situation perfectly agreeable to our nature, we produced a numerous progeny. Here, however, I suffered new calamity, and was exposed to new danger. The philosopher, whom a sedentary and recluse life had rendered extremely susceptible of cold, would often sit with his shins so near the fire, that we were almost scorched to death before we could get round to the calf for shelter. He was also subject to frequent abstractions of mind, and at these times many of us have been miserably destroyed by his broth or his tea, which he would hold so much on one side that it would run over the vessel, and overflow us with a scalding deluge from his knee to his ankle : nor was this all, for when he felt the smart he would rub the part with his hand, without reflecting upon his nursery, till he had crushed great part of those who had escaped. Still, however, it was my fortune to survive for new adventures.

“ The philosopher, among other visitants whose curiosity he was pleased to gratify, was sometimes favoured with the company of ladies : for the entertainment of a lady, it was my misfortune to be one morning taken from my family, when I least suspected it, and secured in the apparatus of a solar

microscope. After I had contributed to their astonishment and diversion near an hour, I was left with the utmost inhumanity and ingratitude to perish of hunger, immured between the two pieces of isinglass through which I had been exhibited. In this condition I remained three days and three nights, and should certainly have perished in the fourth, if a boy about seven years old, who was carelessly left alone in the room, had not poked his finger through the hole in which I was confined, and once more set me at liberty. I was, however, extremely weak, and the window being open I was blown into the street, and fell on the uncovered periwig of a doctor of physic, who had just alighted to visit a patient. This was the first time I had ever entered a periwig, a situation which I scarce less deprecate than the microscope: I found it a desolate wilderness, without inhabitants and without bounds. I continued to traverse it with incredible labour, but I know not in what direction, and despaired of being ever restored either to food or rest. My spirits were at length exhausted, my gripe relaxed, and I fell almost in a state of insensibility from the verge of the labyrinth in which I had been bewildered, into the head of a patient in the hospital, over whom, after my fall, I could just perceive the doctor leaning to look at his tongue.

“ By the warmth and nourishment which this place afforded me, I soon revived. I rejoiced at my deliverance, and thought I had nothing to fear but the death of the patient in whose head I had taken shelter.

“ I was, however, soon convinced of my mistake; for, among other patients, in the same ward, was a child about six years old, who, having been put in for a rupture, had fallen into the jaundice; for this disease the nurse, in the absence of the physician,

prescribed a certain number of my species to be administered alive in a spoonful of milk. A collection was immediately made, and I was numbered among the unhappy victims which ignorance and inhumanity had thus devoted to destruction: I was immersed in the potion, and saw myself approach the horrid jaws that I expected would, the next moment, close over me; not but that, in this dreadful moment, I had some languid hope of passing the gulf unhurt, and finding a settlement at the bottom. My fate, however, was otherwise determined: for the child, in a fit of frowardness and anger, dashed the spoon out of the hand of the nurse; and, after incredible fatigue, I recovered the station to which I had descended from the doctor's wig.

"I was once more congratulating myself on an escape almost miraculous, when I was alarmed by the appearance of a barber, with all the dreadful apparatus of his trade. I soon found that the person whose head I had chosen for an asylum was become delirious, and that the hair was, by the physician's order, to be removed for a blister.

"Here my courage totally failed, and all my hopes forsook me. It happened, however, that though I was entangled in the suds, yet I was deposited, unhurt, upon the operator's shaving cloth; from whence, as he was shaving you this night, I gained your shoulder, and have, this moment, crawled out from the plaits of your stock, which you have just taken off and laid upon this table. Whether this event be fortunate or unfortunate, time only can discover: but I still hope to find some dwelling, where no comb shall ever enter, and no nails shall ever scratch; which neither pincers nor razors shall approach; where I shall pass the remainder of life in perfect security and repose, amidst the smiles of society and the profusion of plenty.

“ At this hope, so extravagant and ridiculous, uttered with such solemnity of diction and manner, I burst into a fit of immoderate laughter that awaked me : but my mirth was instantly repressed by reflecting, that the life of man is not less exposed to evil ; and that all his expectations of security and happiness, in temporal possessions, are equally chimerical and absurd.

“ I am, SIR,

“ Your humble servant,

“ DORMITOR.”

No. 122. SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1754.

*Telephus et Peleus, cūm pauper et exul uterque,
Projicit ampullas et sesquipedalia verba,
Sī curat cor spectantis tetigiſſe querelā.*

HOR. ARS POET. 98.

Tragedians too lay by their state to grieve :
Peleus and Telephus, exiled and poor,
Forget their swelling and gigantic words :
He that would have spectators share his grief,
Must write, not only well, but movingly.

ROSCOMMON.

MADNESS being occasioned by a close and continued attention of the mind to a single object, Shakspeare judiciously represents the resignation of his crown to daughters so cruel and unnatural, as the particular idea which has brought on the distraction of Lear, and which perpetually recurs to his imagination, and mixes itself with all his ramblings. Full of this idea, therefore, he breaks out abruptly in the fourth act : ‘ No, they cannot touch me for coining ; I am the king himself.’ He believes himself to be raising recruits, and censures the inability and unskilfulness

of some of his soldiers: 'There's your press-money. That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper: draw me a clothier's yard. Look, look, a mouse! Peace, peace: this piece of toasted cheese will do't.' The art of our poet is transcendent in thus making a passage, that even borders on burlesque, strongly expressive of the madness he is painting. Lear suddenly thinks himself in the field; 'There's my gauntlet—I'll prove it on a giant:' and that he has shot his arrow successfully! 'O well flown bird! i'th' clout, i'th' clout: hewgh!—Give the word.' He then recollects the falsehood and cruelty of his daughters, and breaks out in some pathetic reflections on his old age, and on the tempest to which he was so lately exposed: 'Ha! Goneril, ha! Regan! They flattered me like a dog, and told me I had white hairs on my beard, ere the black ones were there. To say ay, and no, to every thing I said—ay and no too, was no good divinity. When the rain came to wet me once, and the wind to make me chatter; when the thunder would not peace at my bidding; there I found them, there I smelt them out. Go to, they are not men o' their words; they told me I was every thing: 'tis a lie, I am not ague-proof.' The impotence of royalty to exempt its possessor, more than the meanest subject, from suffering natural evils, is here finely hinted at.

His friend and adherent Glo'ster, having been lately deprived of sight, inquires if the voice he hears is not the voice of the king; Lear instantly catches the word, and replies with great quickness,

—Ay, every inch a king:

When I do stare, see how the subject quakes!

I pardon that man's life. What was thy cause?

Adultery? No.

Thou shalt not die: die for adultery!

B 2

He then makes some very severe reflections on the hypocrisy of lewd and abandoned women, and adds, 'Fie, fie, fie; pah, pah; give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination;' and as every object seems to be present to the eyes of the lunatic, he think he pays for the drug; 'There's money for thee!' Very strong and lively also is the imagery in a succeeding speech, where he thinks himself viewing his subjects punished by the proper officer:

Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand;
Why dost thou lash that whore? strip thine own back;
Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind
For which thou whipp'st her!—

This circumstance leads him to reflect on the efficacy of rank and power, to conceal and palliate profligacy and injustice; and this fine satire is couched in two different metaphors, that are carried on with much propriety and elegance:

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks;
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.

We are moved to find that Lear has some faint knowledge of his old and faithful courtier.

If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes:
I know thee well enough; thy name is Glo'ster.

The advice he then gives him is very affecting:

Thou must be patient; we came crying hither:
Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air
We wawle and cry—
When we are born, we cry that we are come
To this great stage of fools!

This tender complaint of the miseries of human life bears so exact a resemblance with the following passage of Lucretius, that I cannot forbear transcribing it :

*Vagituque locum lugubri complet, ut æquum est,
Cui tantum in vitâ restet transire malorum.*

Then with distressful cries he fills the room,
Too sure presages of his future doom.

DAYDEN.

It is not to be imagined that our author copied from the Roman ; on such a subject it is almost impossible but that two persons of genius and sensibility must feel and think alike. Lear drops his moralities and meditates revenge :

It were a delicate stratagem to shoe
A troop of horse with felt. I'll put't in proof ;
And when I've stol'n upon these sons-in-law,
Then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

The expedient is well suited to the character of a lunatic, and the frequent repetitions of the word ' kill,' forcibly represent his rage and desire of revenge, and must affect an intelligent audience at once with pity and terror. At this instant Cordelia sends one of her attendants to protect her father from the danger with which he is threatened by her sisters : the wretched king is so accustomed to misery, and so hopeless of succour, that when the messenger offers to lead him out, he imagines himself taken captive and mortally wounded :

No rescue? what! a prisoner? I am e'en
The nat'ral fool of fortune : use me well,
You shall have ransom. Let me have surgeons ;
I'm cut to th'brain.—

Cordelia at length arrives : an opiate is administered to the king, to calm the agonies and agitations of his mind ; and a most interesting interview en-

sues between this daughter, that was so unjustly suspected of disaffection, and the rash and mistaken father. Lear, during his slumber, has been arrayed in regal apparel, and is brought upon the stage in a chair, not recovered from his trance. I know not a speech more truly pathetic than that of Cordelia when she first sees him :

Had you not been their father, these white flakes
Had challenged pity of them. Was this a face
To be exposed against the warring winds ?

The dreadfulness of that night is expressed by a circumstance of great humanity ; for which kind of strokes Shakspeare is as eminent as for his poetry :

— Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire. And wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw ?—

Lear begins to awake ; but his imagination is still distempered, and his pain exquisite.

You do me wrong to take me out o' th' grave :—
Thou art a soul in bliss ; but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.—

When Cordelia in great affliction asks him if he knows her, he replies,

You are a spirit, I know ; when did you die ?

This reply heightens her distress : but his sensibility beginning to return, she kneels to him, and begs his benediction. I hope I have no readers that can peruse his answer without tears.

— Pray do not mock me :
I am a very foolish, fond old man,
Fourscore and upward ; and, to deal plainly,

I fear I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks I should know you, and know this man;
Yet I am doubtful; for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is.—Do not laugh at me;
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.

The humility, calmness, and sedateness of this speech, opposed to the former rage and indignation of Lear is finely calculated to excite commiseration. Struck with the remembrance of the injurious suspicion he had cherished against this favourite and fond daughter, the poor old man entreats her 'not to weep,' and tells her, that 'if she has prepared poison for him, he is ready to drink it; for I know,' says he, 'you do not, you cannot love me, after my cruel usage of you: your sisters have done me much wrong, of which I have some faint remembrance; you have some cause to hate me, they have none.' Being told that he is not in France, but in his own kingdom, he answers hastily, and in connexion with that leading idea which I have before insisted on, 'Do not abuse me'—and adds, with a meekness and contrition that are very pathetic, 'Pray now forget and forgive; I am old and foolish.'

Cordelia is at last slain: the lamentations of Lear are extremely tender and affecting; and this accident is so severe and intolerable, that it again deprived him of his intellect, which seemed to be returning.

His last speech, as he surveys the body, consists of such simple reflections as nature and sorrow dictate:

Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,
And thou no breath at all? O, thou wilt come no more!
Never, never, never, never, never!—

The heaving and swelling of his heart is described by a most expressive circumstance:

Pray you undo this button. Thank you, Sir.
 Do you see this? Look,—her, look on her lips:
 Look there, look there!— [Dies.

I shall transiently observe, in conclusion of these remarks, that this drama is chargeable with considerable imperfections. The plot of Edmund against his brother, which distracts the attention, and destroys the unity of the fable; the cruel and horrid extinction of Glo'ster's eyes, which ought not to be exhibited on the stage; the utter improbability of Glo'ster's imagining, though blind, that he had leaped down Dover cliff; and some passages that are too turgid and full of strained metaphors; are faults which the warmest admirers of Shakspeare will find it difficult to excuse. I know not, also, whether the cruelty of the daughters is not painted with circumstances too savage and unnatural; for it is not sufficient to say, that this monstrous barbarity is founded on historical truth, if we recollect the just observation of Boileau,

Le vrai peut quelquefois n'être pas vraisemblable.
 Some truths may be too strong to be believed.

SOMES.

Z

No. 123. TUESDAY, JANUARY 8, 1754.

— *Jam protervâ*
Fronte petet Lalage maritum.

HOR. CAR. ii. 5. 15.

The maid whom now you court in vain,
 Will quickly run in quest of man.

I HAVE before remarked, that 'to abstain from the appearance of evil,' is a precept in that law, which

has every characteristic of divinity ; and I have, in more than one of these papers, endeavoured to enforce the practice of it, by an illustration of its excellence and importance.

Circumstances have been admitted as evidences of guilt, even when death has been the consequence of conviction ; and a conduct by which evil is strongly implied, is little less pernicious than that by which it is expressed With respect to society, as far as it can be influenced by example, the effect of both is the same ; for every man encourages the practice of that vice which he commits in appearance, though he avoids it in fact : and with respect to the individual, as the esteem of the world is a motive to virtue only less powerful than the approbation of conscience, he who knows that he is already degraded by the imputation of guilt, will find himself half disarmed when he is assailed by temptation : and as he will have less to lose, he will, indeed, be less disposed to resist. Of the sex whose levity is most likely to provoke censure, it is eminently true, that the loss of character by imprudence frequently induces the loss of virtue : the ladies, therefore, should be proportionably circumspect ; as, to those in whom folly is most likely to terminate in guilt, it is certainly of most importance to be wise.

This subject has irresistibly obtruded itself upon my mind in the silent hour of meditation ; because, as often as I have reviewed the scenes in which I have mixed among the busy and the gay, I have observed that a depravity of manners, a licentious extravagance of dress and behaviour, are become almost universal ; virtue seems ambitious of a resemblance to vice, as vice glories in the deformities which she has been used to hide.

A decent timidity and modest reserve have been

always considered as auxiliaries to beauty ; but an air of dissolute boldness is now affected by all who would be thought graceful or polite : chastity, which used to be discovered in every gesture and every look, is now retired to the breast, and is found only by those who intend its destruction ; as a general when the town is surrendered retreats to the citadel, which is always less capable of defence, when the outworks are possessed by the enemy.

There is now little apparent difference between the virgin and the prostitute ; if they are not otherwise known, they may share the box and the drawing-room without distinction. The same fashion which takes away the veil of modesty, will necessarily conceal lewdness ; and honour and shame will lose their influence, because they will no longer distinguish virtue from vice. General custom, perhaps, may be thought an effectual security against general censure ; but it will not always lull the suspicions of jealousy ; nor can it familiarize any beauty without destroying its influence, or diminish the prerogatives of a husband without weakening his attachment to his wife.

The excess of every mode may be declined without remarkable singularity ; and the ladies, who should even dare to be singular in the present defection of taste, would proportionably increase their power and secure their happiness.

I know that in the vanity and the presumption of youth, it is common to allege the consciousness of innocence, as a reason for the contempt of censure ; and a license, not only for every freedom, but for every favour except the last. This confidence can, perhaps, only be repressed by a sense of danger : and as the persons whom I wish to warn, are most impatient of declamation, and most susceptible of pity, I

will address them in a story ; and I hope the events will not only illustrate but impress the precept which they contain.

Flavilla, just as she had entered her fourteenth year, was left an orphan to the care of her mother, in such circumstances as disappointed all the hopes which her education had encouraged. Her father, who lived in great elegance upon the salary of a place at court, died suddenly, without having made any provision for his family, except an annuity of one hundred pounds, which he had purchased for his wife with part of her marriage portion ; nor was he possessed of any property, except the furniture of a large house in one of the new squares, an equipage, a few jewels, and some plate.

The greater part of the furniture and the equipage were sold to pay his debts ; the jewels, which were not of great value, and some useful pieces of the plate, were reserved ; and Flavilla removed with her mother into lodgings.

But notwithstanding this change in her circumstances, they did not immediately lose their rank. They were still visited by a numerous and polite acquaintance ; and though some gratified their pride by assuming the appearance of pity, and rather insulted than alleviated their distress by the whine of condolence, and a minute comparison of what they had lost with what they possessed ; yet from others they were continually receiving presents, which still enabled them to live with a genteel frugality ; they were still considered as people of fashion, and treated by those of a lower class with distant respect.

Flavilla thus continued to move in a sphere to which she had no claim ; she was perpetually surrounded with elegance and splendour, which the caprice of others, like the rod of an enchanter, could dissipate in a moment, and leave her to regret the

loss of enjoyments, which she could neither hope to obtain nor cease to desire. Of this, however, Flavilla had no dread. She was remarkably tall for her age, and was celebrated not only for her beauty but her wit: these qualifications she considered not only as securing whatever she enjoyed by the favour of others, but as a pledge of possessing them in her own right by an advantageous marriage. Thus the vision that danced before her derived stability from the very vanity which it flattered: and she had as little apprehension of distress, as diffidence of her own power to please.

There was a fashionable levity in her carriage and discourse, which her mother, who knew the danger of her situation, laboured to restrain, sometimes with anger, and sometimes with tears, but always without success. Flavilla was ever ready to answer that she neither did nor said any thing of which she had reason to be ashamed; and therefore did not know why she should be restrained, except in mere courtesy to envy, whom it was an honour to provoke, or to slander, whom it was a disgrace to fear. In proportion as Flavilla was more flattered and caressed, the influence of her mother became less; and though she always treated her with respect, from a point of good breeding, yet she secretly despised her maxims, and applauded her own conduct.

Flavilla at eighteen was a celebrated toast; and among other gay visitants who frequented her tea-table, was Clodio, a young baronet, who had just taken possession of his title and estate. There were many particulars in Clodio's behaviour which encouraged Flavilla to hope that she should obtain him for a husband: but she suffered his assiduities with such apparent pleasure, and his familiarities with so little reserve, that he soon ventured to disclose his intention, and make her what he thought a very gen-

teel proposal of another kind : but whatever were the artifices with which it was introduced, or the terms in which it was made, Flavilla rejected it with the utmost indignation and disdain. Clodio, who, notwithstanding his youth, had long known and often practised the arts of seduction, gave way to the storm, threw himself at her feet, imputed his offence to the phrensy of his passion, flattered her pride by the most abject submission of extravagant praise, entreated her pardon, aggravated his crime, but made no mention of atonement by marriage. This particular, which Flavilla did not fail to remark, ought to have determined her to admit him no more : but her vanity and her ambition were still predominant, she still hoped to succeed in her project, Clodio's offence was tacitly forgiven, his visits were permitted, his familiarities were again suffered, and his hopes revived. He had long entertained an opinion that she loved him, in which, however, it is probable, that his own vanity and her indiscretion concurred to deceive him ; but this opinion, though it implied the strongest obligation to treat her with generosity and tenderness, only determined him again to attempt her ruin, as it encouraged him with a probability of success. Having, therefore, resolved to obtain her as a mistress, or at once to give her up, he thought he had little more to do than to convince her that he had taken such a resolution, justify it by some plausible sophistry, and give her some time to deliberate upon a final determination. With this view, he went a short journey into the country ; having put a letter into her hand at parting, in which he acquainted her, that he had often reflected, with inexpressible regret, upon her resentment of his conduct in a late instance ; but that the delicacy and the ardour of his affection were insuperable obstacles to his marriage: that where there was no liberty, there could be no hap-

piness : that he should become indifferent to the endearments of love, when they could no longer be distinguished from the officiousness of duty : that while they were happy in the possession of each other, it would be absurd to suppose they would part ; and that if this happiness should cease, it would not only ensure but aggravate their misery to be inseparably united : that this event was less probable, in proportion as their cohabitation was voluntary ; but that he would make such provision for her upon the contingency, as a wife would expect upon his death. He conjured her not to determine under the influence of prejudice and custom, but according to the laws of reason and nature. ‘ After mature deliberation,’ said he, ‘ remember that the whole value of my life depends upon your will. I do not request an explicit consent, with whatever transport I might behold the lovely confusion which it might produce. I shall attend you in a few days, with the anxiety, though not with the guilt, of a criminal who waits for the decision of his judge. If my visit is admitted, we will never part ; if it is rejected, I can see you no more.’

No. 124. SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1754.

—*Incedis per ignes
Suppositos cineri doloso.*

HOR. CAR. ii. 1. 7.

With heedless feet on fires you go,
That hid in treacherous ashes glow.

FLAVILLA had too much understanding as well as virtue to deliberate a moment upon this proposal.

She gave immediate orders that Clodio should be admitted no more. But his letter was a temptation to gratify her vanity, which she could not resist : she showed it first to her mother and then to the whole circle of her female acquaintance, with all the exultation of a hero who exposes a vanquished enemy at the wheels of his chariot in a triumph ; she considered it as an indisputable evidence of her virtue, as a reproof of all who had dared to censure the levity of her conduct, and a license to continue it without apology or restraint.

It happened that Flavilla, soon after this accident, was seen in one of the boxes at the playhouse by Mercator, a young gentleman who had just returned from his first voyage as captain of a large ship in the Levant trade, which had been purchased for him by his father, whose fortune enabled him to make a genteel provision for five sons, of whom Mercator was the youngest, and who expected to share his estate, which was personal, in equal proportions at his death.

Mercator was captivated with her beauty, but discouraged by the splendour of her appearance, and the rank of her company. He was urged rather by curiosity than hope, to inquire who she was ; and he soon gained such a knowledge of her circumstances, as relieved him from despair.

As he knew not how to get admission to her company, and had no design upon her virtue, he wrote in the first ardour of his passion to her mother ; giving a faithful account of his fortune and dependence, and entreating that he might be permitted to visit Flavilla as a candidate for her affection. The old lady, after having made some inquiries, by which the account that Mercator had given her was confirmed, sent him an invitation, and received his first visit alone. She told him, that as Flavilla had no fortune, and as a considerable part of his own was

dependent upon his father's will, it would be extremely imprudent to endanger the disappointment of his expectations, by a marriage which would make it more necessary that they should be fulfilled ; that he ought, therefore, to obtain his father's consent, before any other step was taken, lest he should be embarrassed by engagements which young persons almost insensibly contract, whose complacency in each other is continually gaining strength by frequent visits and conversation. To this counsel, so salutary and perplexing, Mercator was hesitating what to reply, when Flavilla came in, an accident which he was now only solicitous to improve. Flavilla was not displeased either with his person or his address ; the frankness and gaiety of her disposition soon made him forget that he was a stranger : a conversation commenced, during which they became yet more pleased with each other ; and having thus surmounted the difficulty of a first visit, he thought no more of the old lady, as he believed her auspices were not necessary to his success.

His visits were often repeated, and he became every hour more impatient of delay : he pressed his suit with that contagious ardour, which is caught at every glance, and produces the consent which it solicits. At the same time, indeed, a thought of his father would intervene : but being determined to gratify his wishes at all events, he concluded with a sagacity almost universal on these occasions, that of two evils, to marry without his consent was less than to marry against it ; and one evening, after the lovers had spent the afternoon by themselves, they went out in a kind of frolic, which Mercator had proposed in the vehemence of his passion, and to which Flavilla had consented in the giddiness of her indiscretion, and were married at May Fair.

In the first interval of recollection after this pre-

cipitate step, Mercator considered, that he ought to be the first who acquainted his father of the new alliance which had been made in his family : but as he had not fortitude enough to do it in person, he expressed it in the best terms he could conceive by a letter : and after such an apology for his conduct as he had been used to make to himself, he requested that he might be permitted to present his wife for the parental benediction, which alone was wanting to complete his felicity.

The old gentleman, whose character I cannot better express than in the fashionable phrase which has been contrived to palliate false principles and dissolute manners, had been a gay man, and was well acquainted with the town. He had often heard Flavilla toasted by rakes of quality, and had often seen her at public places. Her beauty and her dependence, the gaiety of her dress, the multitude of her admirers, the levity of her conduct, and all the circumstances of her situation, had concurred to render her character suspected ; and he was disposed to judge of it with yet less charity, when she had offended him by marrying his son, whom he considered as disgraced and impoverished, and whose misfortune, as it was irretrievable, he resolved not to alleviate, but increase ; a resolution, by which fathers, who have foolish and disobedient sons, usually display their own kindness and wisdom. As soon as he had read Mercator's letter, he cursed him for a fool, who had been gulled, by the artifices of a strumpet, to screen her from public infamy, by fathering her children, and secure her from a prison by appropriating her debts. In an answer to his letter, which he wrote only to gratify his resentment, he told him, that ' if he had taken Flavilla into keeping, he would have overlooked it ; and if her extravagance had distressed him, he would have satisfied his creditors ; but that

his marriage was not to be forgiven ; that he should never have another shilling of his money ; and that he was determined to see him no more.' Mercator, who was more provoked at this outrage than grieved at his loss, disdained to reply ; and believing that he had now most reason to be offended, could not be persuaded to solicit a reconciliation.

He hired a genteel apartment for his wife of an upholsterer, who, with a view to let lodgings, had taken and furnished a large house near Leicester-fields, and, in about two months, left her to make another voyage.

He had received visits of congratulation from her numerous acquaintance, and had returned them as a pledge of his desire that they should be repeated. But a remembrance of the gay multitude, which, while he was at home, had flattered his vanity, as soon as he was absent, alarmed his suspicion : he had, indeed, no particular cause of jealousy ; but his anxiety arose merely from a sense of the temptation to which she was exposed, and the impossibility of his superintending her conduct.

In the mean time, Flavilla continued to flutter round the same giddy circle, in which she had shone so long : the number of her visitants was rather increased than diminished, the gentlemen attended with yet greater assiduity, and she continued to encourage their civilities by the same indiscreet familiarity : she was one night at the masquerade, and another at an opera ; sometimes at a rout, and sometimes rambling with a party of pleasure in short excursions from town ; she came home sometimes at midnight, sometimes in the morning, and sometimes she was absent several nights together.

This conduct was the cause of much speculation and uneasiness to the good man and woman of the house. At first they suspected that Flavilla was no

better than a woman of pleasure ; and that the person who had hired the lodging for her as his wife, and had disappeared upon pretence of a voyage to sea, had been employed to impose upon them, by concealing her character, in order to obtain such accomodation for her as she could not so easily have procured if it had been known : but as these suspicions made them watchful and inquisitive, they soon discovered, that many ladies by whom she was visited were of good character and fashion. Her conduct, however, supposing her to be a wife, was still inexcusable, and still endangered their credit and subsistence ; hints were often dropped by the neighbours to the disadvantage of her character ; and an elderly maiden lady, who lodged in the second floor, had given warning ; the family was disturbed at all hours in the night, and the door was crowded all day with messengers and visitants to Flavilla.

One day, therefore, the good woman took an opportunity to remonstrate, though in the most distant and respectful terms, and with the utmost diffidence and caution. She told Flavilla, ‘ that she was a fine young lady, that her husband was abroad, that she kept a great deal of company, and that the world was censorious ; she wished that less occasion for scandal was given ; and hoped to be excused the liberty she had taken, as she might be ruined by those slanders which could have no influence upon the great, and which, therefore, they were not solicitous to avoid.’ This address, however ambiguous, and however gentle, was easily understood and fiercely resented. Flavilla, proud of her virtue, and impatient of control, would have despised the counsel of a philosopher, if it had implied an impeachment of her conduct ; before a person so much her inferior, therefore, she was under no restraint : she answered, with a mixture of contempt and indignation, that ‘ those only who did

not know her would dare to take any liberty with her character ; and warned her to propagate no scandalous report at her peril.'

Flavilla immediately rose from her seat, and the woman departed without reply, though she was scarce less offended than her lodger, and from that moment she determined, when Mercator returned, to give him warning.

Mercator's voyage was prosperous ; and after an absence of about ten months, he came back. The woman to whom her husband left the whole management of her lodgings, and who persisted in her purpose, soon found an opportunity to put it in execution. Mercator, as his part of the contract had been punctually fulfilled, thought he had some cause to be offended, and insisted to know her reasons for compelling him to leave her house. These his hostess, who was, indeed, a friendly woman, was very unwilling to give ; and as he perceived that she evaded his question, he became more solicitous to obtain an answer. After much hesitation, which, perhaps, had a worse effect than any tale which malice could have invented, she told him, that ' Madam kept a great deal of company, and often staid out very late ; that she had always been used to quiet and regularity ; and was determined to let her apartment to some person in a more private station.'

At this account Mercator changed countenance ; for he inferred from it just as much more than truth, as he believed it to be less. After some moments of suspense, he conjured her to conceal nothing from him, with an emotion which convinced her that she had already said too much. She then assured him, that ' he had no reason to be alarmed ; for that she had no exception to his lady, but those gaieties which her station and the fashion sufficiently authorized.' Mercator's suspicions, however, were not wholly

removed; and he began to think he had found a *confidante* whom it would be his interest to trust: he, therefore, in the folly of his jealousy, confessed, 'that he had some doubts concerning his wife, which it was of the utmost importance to his honour and his peace to resolve: he entreated that he might continue in the apartment another year: that, as he should again leave the kingdom in a short time, she would suffer no incident, which might confirm either his hopes or his fears, to escape her notice in his absence; and that at his return she would give him such an account as would, at least, deliver him from the torment of suspense, and determine his future conduct.'

There is no sophistry more general than that by which we justify a busy and scrupulous inquiry after secrets, which, to discover, is to be wretched without hope of redress; and no service to which others are so easily engaged as to assist in the search. To communicate suspicions of matrimonial infidelity, especially to a husband, is, by a strange mixture of folly and malignity, deemed not only an act of justice but of friendship; though it is too late to prevent an evil, which, whatever be its guilt, can diffuse wretchedness only in proportion as it is known. It is no wonder, therefore, that the general kindness of Mercator's *confidante* was, on this occasion, overborne; she was flattered by the trust that had been placed in her, and the power with which she was invested; she consented to Mercator's proposal, and promised that she would, with the utmost fidelity, execute her commission.

Mercator, however, concealed his suspicions from his wife; and, indeed, in her presence they were forgotten. Her manner of life he began seriously to disapprove; but being well acquainted with her tem-

per, in which great sweetness was blended with a high spirit, he would not imbitter the pleasure of a short stay by altercation, chiding, and tears: but when her mind was melted into tenderness at his departure, he clasped her in an ecstasy of fondness to his bosom, and entreated her to behave with reserve and circumspection; 'because,' said he, 'I know that my father keeps a watchful eye upon your conduct, which may, therefore, confirm or remove his displeasure, and either intercept or bestow such an increase of my fortune as will prevent the pangs of separation, which must, otherwise, so often return, and, in a short time unite us to part no more.' To this caution she had then no power to reply; and they parted with mutual protestations of unalterable love.

No. 125. TUESDAY, JANUARY 15, 1754.

— *Uxorem, Posthume, ducis?*
Dic quæ Tisiphone, quibus exagitare colubris?

JUV. SAT. VI. 28.

A sober man, like thee, to change his life!
 What fury could possess thee with a wife?

DRYDEN.

FLAVILLA, soon after she was thus left in a kind of widowhood a second time, found herself with child; and within somewhat less than eight months after Mercator's return from his first voyage, she happened to stumble as she was going up stairs, and being immediately taken ill, was brought to bed before the next morning. The child, though its birth had been

precipitated more than a month, was not remarkably small, nor had any infirmity which endangered its life.

It was now necessary, that the vigils of whist and the tumults of balls and visits should, for a while, be suspended ; and in this interval of languor and retirement Flavilla first became thoughtful. She often reflected upon Mercator's caution when they last parted, which had made an indelible impression upon her mind, though it had produced no alteration in her conduct : notwithstanding the manner in which it was expressed, and the reason upon which it was founded, she began to fear that it might have been secretly prompted by jealousy. The birth, therefore, of her first child in his absence, at a time when, if it had not been premature, it could not possibly have been his, was an incident which greatly alarmed her : but there was yet another, for which it was still less in her power to account, and which, therefore, alarmed her still more.

It happened that some civilities which she received from a lady who sat next her at an opera, and whom she had never seen before, introduced a conversation, which so much delighted her, that she gave her a pressing invitation to visit her : this invitation was accepted, and in a few days the visit was paid. Flavilla was not less pleased at the second interview than she had been at the first ; and without making any other inquiry concerning the lady than where she lived, took the first opportunity to wait on her. The apartment in which she was received was the ground floor of an elegant house, at a small distance from St. James's. It happened that Flavilla was placed near the window ; and a party of the horse-guards riding through the street, she expected to see some of the royal family, and hastily threw up the

sash. A gentleman who was passing by at the same instant turned about at the noise of the window, and Flavilla no sooner saw his face than she knew him to be the father of Mercator. After looking first stedfastly at her, and then glancing his eye at the lady whom she was visiting, he affected a contemptuous sneer and went on. Flavilla, who had been thrown into some confusion, by the sudden and unexpected sight of a person, who she knew considered her as the disgrace of his family and the ruin of his child, now changed countenance, and hastily retired to another part of the room: she was touched both with grief and anger at this silent insult, of which, however, she did not then suspect the cause. It is, indeed, probable, that the father of Mercator would no where have looked upon her with complacency; but as soon as he saw her companion, he recollected that she was the favourite mistress of an old courtier, and that this was the house in which he kept her in great splendour, though she had been by turns a prostitute to many others. It happened that Flavilla, soon after this accident, discovered the character of her new acquaintance; and never remembered by whom she had been seen in her company, without the utmost regret and apprehension.

She now resolved to move in a less circle, and with more circumspection. In the mean time, her little boy, whom she suckled, grew very fast; and it could no longer be known by his appearance, that he had been born too soon. His mother frequently gazed at him till her eyes overflowed with tears; and though her pleasures were now become domestic, yet she feared lest that which had produced should destroy them. After much deliberation, she determined that she would conceal the child's age from

its father ; believing it prudent to prevent a suspicion, which, however ill-founded, it might be difficult to remove, as her justification would depend wholly upon the testimony of her dependents : and her mother's and her own would necessarily become doubtful, when every one would have reason to conclude, that it would still have been the same supposing the contrary to have been true.

Such was the state of Flavilla's mind, and her little boy was six months old, when Mercator returned. She received him with joy, indeed, but it was mixed with a visible confusion ; their meeting was more tender, but on her part it was less cheerful ; she smiled with inexpressible complacency, but at the same time the tears gushed from her eyes, and she was seized with an universal tremor. Mercator caught the infection ; and caressed first his Flavilla, and then his boy, with an excess of fondness and delight that before he had never expressed. The sight of the child made him more than ever wish a reconciliation with his father ; and having heard, at his first landing, that he was dangerously ill, he determined to go immediately and attempt to see him, promising that he would return to supper. He had, in the midst of his caresses, more than once inquired the age of his son, but the question had been always evaded ; of which, however, he took no notice, nor did it produce any suspicion.

He was now hastening to inquire after his father ; but as he passed through the hall, he was officiously laid hold of by his landlady. He was not much disposed to inquire how she had fulfilled his charge ; but perceiving by her looks that she had something to communicate, which was at least in her own opinion of importance, he suffered her to take him into her parlour. She immediately shut the door, and

reminded him, that she had undertaken an office with reluctance which he had pressed upon her ; and that she had done nothing in it to which he had not bound her by a promise ; that she was extremely sorry to communicate her discoveries ; but that he was a worthy gentleman, and, indeed, ought to know them. She then told him, ‘ that the child was born within less than eight months after his last return from abroad ; that it was said to have come before its time, but that having pressed to see it she was refused.’ This, indeed, was true, and confirmed the good woman in her suspicion ; for Flavilla, who had still resented the freedom which she had taken in her remonstrance, had kept her at a great distance : and the servants, to gratify the mistress, treated her with the utmost insolence and contempt.

At this relation, Mercator turned pale. He now recollected, that his question concerning the child’s birth had been evaded ; and concluded, that he had been shedding tears of tenderness and joy over a strumpet and a bastard, who had robbed him of his patrimony, his honour, and his peace. He started up with the furious wildness of sudden frenzy ; but she with great difficulty prevailed upon him not to leave the room. He sat down and remained some time motionless, with his eyes fixed on the ground, and his hands locked in each other. In proportion as he believed his wife to be guilty, his tenderness for his father revived ; and he resolved, with yet greater zeal, to prosecute his purpose of immediately attempting a reconciliation.

In this state of confusion and distress, he went to the house ; where he learned that his father had died early in the morning, and that his relations were then assembled to read his will. Fulvius, a brother of Mercator’s mother, with whom he had always

been a favourite, happening to pass from one room to another, heard his voice. He accosted him with great ardour of friendship ; and, soothing him with expressions of condolence and affection, insisted to introduce him to the company. Mercator tacitly consented : he was received at least with civility by his brothers, and, sitting down among them, the will was read. He seemed to listen like the rest ; but was, indeed, musing over the story which he had just heard, and lost in the speculation of his own wretchedness. He waked as from a dream, when the voice of the person who had been reading was suspended ; and finding that he could no longer contain himself, he started up and would have left the company.

Of the will which had been read before him, he knew nothing : but his uncle believing that he was moved with grief and resentment at the manner in which he had been mentioned in it, and the bequest only of a shilling, took him into another room ; and, to apologize for his father's unkindness, told him, that ' the resentment which he expressed at his marriage, was every day increased by the conduct of his wife, whose character was now become notoriously infamous ; for that she had been seen at the lodgings of a known prostitute, with whom she appeared to be well acquainted.' This account threw Mercator into another agony ; from which he was, however, at length recovered by his uncle, who, as the only expedient by which he could retrieve his misfortune and sooth his distress, proposed that he should no more return to his lodgings, but go home with him ; and that he would himself take such measures with his wife, as could scarce fail of inducing her to accept a separate maintenance, assume another name, and trouble him no more. Mercator, in

the bitterness of his affliction, consented to this proposal, and they went away together.

Mercator, in the mean time, was expected by Flavilla with the most tender impatience. She had put her little boy to bed, and decorated a small room in which they had been used to sup by themselves, and which she had shut up in his absence ; she counted the moments as they passed, and listened to every carriage and every step that she heard. Supper now was ready : her impatience was increased ; terror was at length mingled with regret, and her fondness was only busied to afflict her : she wished, she feared, she accused, she apologized, and she wept. In the height of these eager expectations and this tender distress, she received a billet which Mercator had been persuaded by his uncle to write, in which he upbraided her in the strongest terms, with abusing his confidence and dishonouring his bed ; ‘ of this,’ he said, ‘ he had now obtained sufficient proof to do justice to himself, and that he was determined to see her no more.’

To those whose hearts have not already acquainted them with the agony which seized Flavilla upon the sight of this billet, all attempts to describe it would be not only ineffectual but absurd. Having passed the night without sleep, and the next day without food, disappointed in every attempt to discover what was become of Mercator, and doubting, if she should have found him, whether it would be possible to convince him of her innocence ; the violent agitation of her mind produced a slow fever, which, before she considered it as a disease, she communicated to the child, while she cherished it at her bosom, and wept over it as an orphan, whose life she was sustaining with her own.

After Mercator had been absent about ten days,

his uncle, having persuaded him to accompany some friends to a country-seat at the distance of near sixty miles, went to his lodgings in order to discharge the rent, and try what terms he could make with Flavilla, whom he hoped to intimidate with threats of a prosecution and divorce: but when he came, he found that Flavilla was sinking very fast under her disease, and that the child was dead already. The woman of the house, into whose hands she had just put her repeating watch and some other ornaments as a security for her rent, was so touched with her distress, and so firmly persuaded of her innocence, by the manner in which she had addressed her, and the calm solemnity with which she absolved those by whom she had been traduced, that as soon as she had discovered Fulvius's business, she threw herself on her knees, and entreated, that if he knew where Mercator was to be found, he would urge him to return, that if possible the life of Flavilla might be preserved, and the happiness of both be restored by her justification. Fulvius, who still suspected appearances, or at least was in doubt of the cause that had produced them, would not discover his nephew; but, after much entreaty and expostulation, at last engaged upon his honour for the conveyance of a letter. The woman, as soon as she had obtained this promise, ran up and communicated it to Flavilla; who, when she had recovered from the surprise and tumult which it occasioned, was supported in her bed, and in about half an hour, after many efforts and many intervals, wrote a short billet, which was sealed and put into the hands of Fulvius.

Fulvius immediately enclosed and despatched it by the post, resolving, that in a question so doubtful, and of such importance, he would no further interpose. Mercator, who the moment he cast his eye

upon the letter knew both the hand and seal, after pausing a few moments in suspense, at length tore it open, and read these words :

‘ Such has been my folly, that, perhaps, I should not be acquitted of guilt in any circumstances but those in which I write. I do not, therefore, but for your sake, wish them other than they are. The dear infant, whose birth has undone me, now lies dead at my side, a victim to my indiscretion and your resentment. I am scarce able to guide my pen. But I most earnestly entreat to see you, that you may at least have the satisfaction to hear me attest my innocence with the last sigh, and seal our reconciliation on my lips while they are yet sensible of the impression.’

Mercator, whom an earthquake would have less affected than this letter, felt all his tenderness revive in a moment, and reflected with unutterable anguish upon the rashness of his resentment. At the thought of his distance from London, he started as if he had felt a dagger in his heart : he lifted up his eyes to heaven, with a look that expressed at once an accusation of himself, and a petition for her ; and then rushing out of the house, without taking leave of any, or ordering a servant to attend him, he took post horses at a neighbouring inn, and in less than six hours was in Leicester-fields. But notwithstanding his speed, he arrived too late ; Flavilla had suffered the last agony, and her eyes could behold him no more. Grief and disappointment, remorse and despair, now totally subverted his reason. It became necessary to remove him by force from the body ; and after a confinement of two years in a mad-house he died.

May every lady, on whose memory compassion shall record these events, tremble to assume the le-

city of Flavilla ; for, perhaps, it is in the power of no man, in Mercator's circumstances, to be less jealous than Mercator.

No. 126. SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1754

— *Steriles nec legit arenas
Ut caneret paucis, mersitque hoc pulvere verum.*

LUCAN.

Canst thou believe the vast eternal Mind
Was e'er to Syrtes and Libyan sands confined?
That he would choose this waste, this barren ground,
To teach the thin inhabitants around,
And leave his truth in wilds and deserts drown'd?

THERE has always prevailed among that part of mankind that addict their minds to speculation, a propensity to talk much of the delights of retirement ; and some of the most pleasing compositions produced in every age contain descriptions of the peace and happiness of a country life.

I know not whether those who thus ambitiously repeat the praises of solitude, have always considered, how much they depreciate mankind by declaring, that whatever is excellent or desirable is to be obtained by departing from them ; that the assistance which we may derive from one another, is not equivalent to the evils which we have to fear ; that the kindness of a few is overbalanced by the malice of many ; and that the protection of society is too dearly purchased, by encountering its dangers and enduring its oppressions.

These specious representations of solitary happiness, however opprobrious to human nature, have so far spread their influence over the world, that almost every man delights his imagination with the hopes of obtaining some time an opportunity of retreat. Many, indeed, who enjoy retreat only in imagination, content themselves with believing, that another year will transport them to rural tranquillity, and die while they talk of doing what, if they had lived longer, they would never have done. But many likewise there are, either of greater resolution or more credulity, who in earnest try the state which they have been taught to think thus secure from cares and dangers ; and retire to privacy, either that they may improve their happiness, increase their knowledge, or exalt their virtue.

The greater part of the admirers of solitude, as of all other classes of mankind, have no higher or remoter view than the present gratification of their passions. Of these some, haughty and impetuous, fly from society only because they cannot bear to repay to others the regard which themselves exact ; and think no state of life eligible, but that which places them out of the reach of censure or controul, and affords them opportunities of living in a perpetual compliance with their own inclinations, without the necessity of regulating their actions by any other man's convenience or opinion.

There are others of minds more delicate and tender, easily offended by every deviation from rectitude, soon disgusted by ignorance or impertinence, and always expecting from the conversation of mankind more elegance, purity, and truth, than the mingled mass of life will easily afford. Such men are in haste to retire from grossness, falsehood, and brutality ; and hope to find in private habitations at least a negative felicity, an exemption from the shocks

and perturbations with which public scenes are continually distressing them.

To neither of these votaries will solitude afford that content, which she has been taught so lavishly to promise. The man of arrogance will quickly discover, that by escaping from his opponents, he has lost his flatterers; that greatness is nothing where it is not seen, and power nothing where it cannot be felt: and he, whose faculties are employed in too close an observation of failings and defects, will find his condition very little mended by transferring his attention from others to himself; he will probably soon come back in quest of new objects, and be glad to keep his captiousness employed on any character rather than his own.

Others are seduced into solitude merely by the authority of great names, and expect to find those charms in tranquillity which have allured statesmen and conquerors to the shades: these likewise are apt to wonder at their disappointment, for want of considering, that those whom they aspire to imitate, carried with them to their country-seats minds full fraught with subjects of reflection, the consciousness of great merit, the memory of illustrious actions, the knowledge of important events, and the seeds of mighty designs to be ripened by future meditation. Solitude was to such men a release from fatigue, and an opportunity of usefulness. But what can retirement confer upon him who, having done nothing, can receive no support from his own importance; who, having known nothing, can find no entertainment in reviewing the past; and who, intending nothing, can form no hopes from prospects of the future: he can, surely, take no wiser course than that of losing himself again in the crowd, and filling the vacuities of his mind with the news of the day.

Others consider solitude as the parent of philosophy, and retire in expectation of greater intimacies with science, as Numa repaired to the groves when he conferred with Egeria. These men have not always reason to repent. Some studies require a continued prosecution of the same train of thought, such as is too often interrupted by the petty avocations of common life : sometimes, likewise, it is necessary, that a multiplicity of objects be at once present to the mind ; and every thing, therefore, must be kept at a distance, which may perplex the memory, or dissipate the attention.

But though learning may be conferred by solitude, its application must be attained by general converse. He has learned to no purpose that is not able to teach ; and he will always teach unsuccessfully, who cannot recommend his sentiments by his diction or address.

Even the acquisition of knowledge is often much facilitated by the advantages of society : he that never compares his notions with those of others, readily acquiesces in his first thoughts, and very seldom discovers the objections which may be raised against his opinions ; he therefore often thinks himself in possession of truth, when he is only fondling an error long since exploded. He that has neither companions nor rivals in his studies, will always applaud his own progress, and think highly of his performances, because he knows not that others have equalled or excelled him. And I am afraid it may be added, that the student who withdraws himself from the world, will soon feel that ardour extinguished which praise or emulation had enkindled, and take the advantage of secrecy to sleep, rather than to labour.

There remains yet another set of recluses, whose intention entitles them to higher respect, and whose motives deserve a more serious consideration. These

retire from the world, not merely to bask in ease or gratify curiosity ; but that, being disengaged from common cares, they may employ more time in the duties of religion ; that they may regulate their actions with stricter vigilance, and purify their thoughts by more frequent meditation.

To men thus elevated above the mists of mortality, I am far from presuming myself qualified to give directions. On him that appears ' to pass through things temporal,' with no other care than ' not to lose finally the things eternal,' I look with such veneration as inclines me to approve his conduct in the whole, without a minute examination of its parts ; yet I could never forbear to wish, that while vice is every day multiplying seducements, and stalking forth with more hardened effrontery, virtue would not withdraw the influence of her presence, or forbear to assert her natural dignity by open and undaunted perseverance in the right. Piety practised in solitude, like the flower that blooms in the desert, may give its fragrance to the winds of heaven, and delight those unbodied spirits that survey the works of God and the actions of men ; but it bestows no assistance upon earthly beings, and, however free from taints of impurity, yet wants the sacred splendour of beneficence.

Our Maker, who, though he gave us such varieties of temper and such difference of powers, yet designed us all for happiness, undoubtedly intended that we should obtain that happiness by different means. Some are unable to resist the temptations of importunity, or the impetuosity of their own passions incited by the force of present temptations : of these it is undoubtedly the duty to fly from enemies which they cannot conquer, and to cultivate, in the calm of solitude, that virtue which is too tender to endure the tempests of public life. But there are others, whose

passions grow more strong and irregular in privacy ; and who cannot maintain an uniform tenor of virtue, but by exposing their manners to the public eye, and assisting the admonitions of conscience with the fear of infamy : for such it is dangerous to exclude all witnesses of their conduct, till they have formed strong habits of virtue, and weakened their passions by frequent victories. But there is a higher order of men, so inspirited with ardour, and so fortified with resolution, that the world passes before them without influence or regard : these ought to consider themselves as appointed the guardians of mankind : they are placed in an evil world, to exhibit public examples of good life ; and may be said, when they withdraw to solitude, to desert the station which Providence assigned them.

T

No. 127. TUESDAY, JANUARY 22, 1754.

— *Veteres ita miratur laudatque.*—

HOR. EPIST. ii. l. 64.

The wits of old he praises and admires.

‘ It is very remarkable,’ says Addison, ‘ that notwithstanding we fall short at present of the ancients in poetry, painting, oratory, history, architecture, and all the noble arts and sciences which depend more upon genius than experience ; we exceed them as much in doggerel, humour, burlesque, and all the trivial arts of ridicule.’ As this fine observation stands at present only in the form of a general assertion, it

deserves, I think, to be examined by a deduction of particulars, and confirmed by an allegation of examples, which may furnish an agreeable entertainment to those who have ability and inclination to remark the revolutions of human wit.

That Tasso, Ariosto, and Camoens, the three most celebrated of modern epic poets, are infinitely excelled in propriety of design, of sentiment, and style, by Homer and Virgil, it would be serious trifling to attempt to prove : but Milton, perhaps, will not so easily resign his claim to equality, if not to superiority. Let it, however, be remembered, that if Milton be enabled to dispute the prize with the great champions of antiquity, it is entirely owing to the sublime conceptions he has copied from the Book of God. These, therefore, must be taken away, before we begin to make a just estimate of his genius ; and from what remains, it cannot, I presume, be said, with candour and impartiality, that he has excelled Homer, in the sublimity and variety of his thoughts, or the strength and majesty of his diction.

Shakspeare, Corneille, and Racine, are the only modern writers of tragedy, that we can venture to oppose to Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. The first is an author so uncommon and eccentric, that we can scarcely try him by dramatic rules. In strokes of nature and character, he yields not to the Greeks : in all other circumstances that constitute the excellence of the drama, he is vastly inferior. Of the three moderns, the most faultless is the tender and exact Racine : but he was ever ready to acknowledge, that his capital beauties were borrowed from his favourite Euripides ; which, indeed, cannot escape the observation of those who read with attention his Phædra and Andromache. The pompous and truly Roman sentiments of Corneille, are chiefly drawn from Lucan and Tacitus ; the former of whom, by a strange

perversion of taste, he is known to have preferred to Virgil. His diction is not so pure and mellifluous, his characters not so various and just, nor his plots so regular, so interesting and simple, as those of his pathetic rival. It is by this simplicity of fable alone, when every single act, and scene, and speech, and sentiment, and word, concur to accelerate the intended event, that the Greek tragedies kept the attention of the audience immoveably fixed upon one principal object, which must be necessarily lessened, and the ends of the drama defeated, by the mazes and intricacies of modern plots.

The assertion of Addison with respect to the first particular, regarding the higher kinds of poetry, will remain unquestionably true, till nature in some distant age, for in the present, enervated with luxury, she seems incapable of such an effort, shall produce some transcendent genius of power to eclipse the *Iliad* and the *Œdipus*.

The superiority of the ancient artists in painting, is not perhaps so clearly manifest. They were ignorant, it will be said, of light, of shade, and perspective; and they had not the use of oil colours, which are happily calculated to blend and unite without harshness and discordance, to give a boldness and relief to the figures, and to form those middle tints which render every well-wrought piece a closer resemblance of nature. Judges of the truest taste do, however, place the merit of colouring far below that of justness of design and force of expression. In these two highest and most important excellencies, the ancient painters were eminently skilled, if we trust the testimonies of Pliny, Quintilian, and Lucian; and to credit them we are obliged, if we would form to ourselves any idea of these artists at all, for there is not one Grecian picture remaining: and the Romans, some few of whose works have descended to this

age, could never boast of a Parrhasius or Apelles, a Zeuxis, Timanthes, or Protogenes, of whose performances the two accomplished critics above-mentioned speak in terms of rapture and admiration. The statues that have escaped the ravages of time, as the Hercules and Laocoön for instance, are still a stronger demonstration of the power of the Grecian artists in expressing the passions ; for what was executed in marble, we have presumptive evidence to think, might also have been executed in colours. Carlo Marat, the last valuable painter of Italy, after copying the head of the Venus in the Medicean collection three hundred times, generously confessed, that he could not arrive at half the grace and perfection of his model. But to speak my opinion freely on a very disputable point, I must own that if the moderns approach the ancients in any of the arts here in question, they approach them nearest in the art of painting. The human mind can with difficulty conceive any thing more exalted, than the last Judgement of Michael Angelo, and the Transfiguration of Raphael. What can be more animated than Raphael's Paul preaching at Athens ? What more tender and delicate than Mary holding the child Jesus, in his famous Holy Family ? What more graceful than the Aurora of Guido ? What more deeply moving than the Massacre of the Innocents, by Le Brun ?

But no modern orator can dare to enter the lists with Demosthenes and Tully. We have discourses, indeed, that may be admired for their perspicuity, purity, and elegance ; but can produce none that abound in a sublime which whirls away the auditor like a mighty torrent, and pierces the inmost recesses of his heart like a flash of lightning ; which irresistibly and instantaneously convinces, without leaving him leisure to weigh the motives of conviction. The

sermons of Bourdaloüe, the funeral orations of Bossuet, particularly that on the death of Henrietta, and the pleadings of Pelisson for his disgraced patron Fouquet, are the only pieces of eloquence I can recollect, that bear any resemblance to the Greek or Roman orator ; for in England we have been particularly unfortunate in our attempts to be eloquent, whether in parliament, in the pulpit, or at the bar. If it be urged, that the nature of modern politics and laws excludes the pathetic and the sublime, and confines the speaker to a cold argumentative method, and a dull detail of proof and dry matters of fact ; yet, surely, the religion of the moderns abounds in topics so incomparably noble and exalted, as might kindle the flames of genuine oratory in the most frigid and barren genius ; much more might this success be reasonably expected from such geniuses as Britain can enumerate : yet no piece of this sort, worthy applause or notice, has ever yet appeared.

The few, even among professed scholars, that are able to read the ancient historians in their inimitable originals, are startled at the paradox of Bolingbroke, who boldly prefers Guicciardini to Thucydides ; that is, the most verbose and tedious to the most comprehensive and concise of writers, and a collector of facts to one who was himself an eye-witness and a principal actor in the important story he relates. And, indeed, it may well be presumed, that the ancient histories exceed the modern from this single consideration, that the latter are commonly compiled by recluse scholars, unpractised in business, war, and politics ; whilst the former are many of them written by ministers, commanders, and princes themselves. We have, indeed, a few flimsy memoirs, particularly in a neighbouring nation, written by persons deeply interested in the transactions they describe ; but these, I imagine, will not be

compared to The Retreat of the Ten Thousand which Xenophon himself conducted and related, nor to The Gallic War of Cæsar, nor the precious fragments of Polybius, which our modern generals and ministers would not be discredited by diligently perusing, and making them the models of their conduct as well as of their style. Are the reflections of Machiavel so subtle and refined as those of Tacitus? Are the portraits of Thuanus so strong and expressive as those of Sallust and Plutarch? Are the narrations of Davila so lively and animated, or do his sentiments breathe such a love of liberty and virtue, as those of Livy and Herodotus?

The supreme excellence of the ancient architecture, the last particular to be touched, I shall not enlarge upon, because it has never once been called in question, and because it is abundantly testified by the awful ruins of amphitheatres, aqueducts, arches, and columns, that are the daily objects of veneration, though not of imitation. This art, it is observable, has never been improved in later ages in one single instance; but every just and legitimate edifice is still formed according to the five old established orders, to which human wit has never been able to add a sixth of equal symmetry and strength.

Such, therefore, are the triumphs of the ancients, especially of the Greeks, over the moderns. They may, perhaps, be not unjustly ascribed to a genial climate, that gave such a happy temperament of body as was most proper to produce fine sensations; to a language most harmonious, copious, and forcible; to the public encouragements and honours bestowed on the cultivators of literature; to the emulation excited among the generous youth, by exhibitions of their performances at the solemn games; to their inattention to the arts of lucre and commerce, which engross and debase the minds of the moderns; and,

above all, to an exemption from the necessity of overloading their natural faculties with learning and languages, with which we, in these later times, are obliged to qualify ourselves for writers, if we expect to be read.

It is said by Voltaire, with his usual liveliness, 'We shall never again behold the time, when a duke de la Rouchefoucault might go from the conversation of a Pascal or Arnauld, to the theatre of Corneille.' This reflection may be more justly applied to the ancients, and it may with much greater truth be said ; 'The age will never again return, when a Pericles, after walking with Plato in a portico built by Phidias, and painted by Apelles, might repair to hear a pleading of Demosthenes, or a tragedy of Sophocles.'

I shall next examine the other part of Addison's assertion, that the moderns excel the ancients in all the arts of ridicule, and assign the reasons of this supposed excellence.

Z

No. 128. SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1754.

*Ille sinistrorsum, hic dextrorsum abiit ; unus utriusque
Error, sed variis illudit partibus.—*

HOR. SAT. ii. 3. 50.

When in a wood we leave the certain way,
One error fools us, though we various stray,
Some to the left, and some to t'other side.

FRANCIS.

It is common among all the classes of mankind, to charge each other with trifling away life : every man

looks on the occupation or amusement of his neighbour, as something below the dignity of our nature, and unworthy of the attention of a rational being.

A man who considers the paucity of the wants of nature, and who, being acquainted with the various means by which all manual occupations are now facilitated, observes what numbers are supported by the labour of a few, would, indeed, be inclined to wonder, how the multitudes who are exempted from the necessity of working either for themselves or others, find business to fill up the vacuities of life. The greater part of mankind neither card the fleece, dig the mine, fell the wood, nor gather in the harvest; they neither tend herds nor build houses; in what then are they employed?

This is certainly a question, which a distant prospect of the world will not enable us to answer. We find all ranks and ages mingled together in a tumultuous confusion, with haste in their motions and eagerness in their looks; but what they have to pursue or avoid, a more minute observation must inform us.

When we analyse the crowd into individuals, it soon appears that the passions and imaginations of men will not easily suffer them to be idle: we see things coveted merely because they are rare, and pursued because they are fugitive; we see men conspire to fix an arbitrary value on that which is worthless in itself, and then contend for the possession. One is a collector of fossils, of which he knows no other use than to show them; and when he has stocked his own repository, grieves that the stones which he has left behind him should be picked up by another. The florist nurses a tulip, and repines that his rival's beds enjoy the same showers and sunshine with his own. This man is hurrying to a con-

cert, only lest others should have heard the new musician before him ; another bursts from his company to the play, because he fancies himself the patron of an actress : some spend the morning in consultations with their tailor, and some in directions to their cook : some are forming parties for cards, and some laying wagers at a horse-race.

It cannot, I think, be denied, that some of these lives are passed in trifles, in occupations by which the busy neither benefit themselves nor others, and by which no man could be long engaged, who seriously considered what he was doing, or had knowledge enough to compare what he is with what he might be made. However, as people who have the same inclination generally flock together, every trifler is kept in countenance by the sight of others as unprofitably active as himself ; by kindling the heat of competition, he in time thinks himself important ; and by having his mind intensely engaged, he is secured from weariness of himself.

Some degree of self approbation is always the reward of diligence ; and I cannot therefore but consider the laborious cultivation of petty pleasures, as a more happy and more virtuous disposition, than that universal contempt and haughty negligence, which is sometimes associated with powerful faculties, but is often assumed by indolence when it disowns its name, and aspires to the appellation of greatness of mind.

It has been long observed, that drollery and ridicule is the most easy kind of wit : let it be added, that contempt and arrogance is the easiest philosophy. To find some objection to every thing, and to dissolve in perpetual laziness under pretence that occasions are wanting to call forth activity, to laugh at those who are ridiculously busy, without setting an

example of more rational industry, is no less in the power of the meanest than of the highest intellects.

Our present state has placed us at once in such different relations, that every human employment, which is not a visible and immediate act of goodness, will be in some respect or other subject to contempt: but it is true, likewise, that almost every act, which is not directly vicious, is in some respect beneficial and laudable. ‘I often,’ says Bruyere, ‘observe from my window, two beings of erect form and amiable countenance, endowed with the powers of reason, able to clothe their thoughts in language, and convey their notions to each other. They rise early in the morning, and are every day employed till sunset in rubbing two smooth stones together, or, in other terms, in polishing marble.’

‘If lions could paint,’ says the fable, ‘in the room of these pictures which exhibit men vanquishing lions, we should see lions feeding upon men.’ If the stone-cutter could have written like Bruyere, what would he have replied?

‘I look up,’ says he, ‘every day from my shop, upon a man whom the idlers, who stand still to gaze upon my work, often celebrate as a wit and a philosopher. I often perceive his face clouded with care, and am told that his taper is sometimes burning at midnight. The sight of a man who works so much harder than myself, excited my curiosity. I heard no sound of tools in his apartment, and therefore could not imagine what he was doing; but was told at last, that he was writing descriptions of mankind, who when he had described them would live just as they had lived before; that he sat up whole nights to change a sentence, because the sound of a letter was too often repeated; that he was often disquieted with doubts, about the propriety of a word which

every body understood ; that he would hesitate between two expressions equally proper, till he could not fix his choice but by consulting his friends ; that he will run from one end of Paris to the other, for an opportunity of reading a period to a nice ear ; that if a single line is heard with coldness and inattention, he returns home dejected and disconsolate ; and that by all this care and labour, he hopes only to make a little book, which at last will teach no useful art, and which none who has it not will perceive himself to want. I have often wondered for what end such a being as this was sent into the world ; and should be glad to see those who live thus foolishly, seized by an order of the government, and obliged to labour at some useful occupation.'

Thus, by a partial and imperfect representation, may every thing be made equally ridiculous. He that gazed with contempt on human beings rubbing stones together, might have prolonged the same amusement by walking through the city, and seeing others with looks of importance heaping one brick upon another ; or by rambling into the country, where he might observe other creatures of the same kind driving in a piece of sharp iron into the clay, or, in the language of men less enlightened, ploughing the field.

As it is thus easy by a detail of minute circumstances to make every thing little, so it is not difficult by an aggregation of effects to make every thing great. The polisher of marble may be forming ornaments for the palaces of virtue and the schools of science ; or providing tables on which the actions of heroes and the discoveries of sages shall be recorded, for the incitement and instruction of future generations. The mason is exercising one of the principal arts by which reasoning beings are distinguished

from the brute, the art to which life owes much of its safety and all its convenience, by which we are secured from the inclemency of the seasons, and fortified against the ravages of hostility; and the ploughman is changing the face of nature, diffusing plenty and happiness over kingdoms, and compelling the earth to give food to her inhabitants.

Greatness and littleness are terms merely comparative; and we err in our estimation of things, because we measure them by some wrong standard. The trifler proposes to himself only to equal or excel some other trifler, and is happy or miserable as he succeeds or miscarries: the man of sedentary desire and unactive ambition sits comparing his power with his wishes; and makes his inability to perform things impossible, an excuse to himself for performing nothing. Man can only form a just estimate of his own actions by making his power the test of his performance, by comparing what he does with what he can do. Whoever steadily perseveres in the exertion of all his faculties, does what is great with respect to himself; and what will not be despised by Him who has given to all created beings their different abilities: he faithfully performs the task of life, within whatever limits his labours may be confined, or how soon soever they may be forgotten.

We can conceive so much more than we can accomplish, that whoever tries his own actions by his imagination, may appear despicable in his own eyes. He that despises for its littleness any thing really useful, has no pretensions to applaud the grandeur of his conceptions; since nothing but narrowness of mind hinders him from seeing, that, by pursuing the same principles, every thing limited will appear contemptible.

He that neglects the care of his family, while his benevolence expands itself in scheming the happi-

ness of imaginary kingdoms, might, with equal reason, sit on a throne dreaming of universal empire, and of the diffusion of blessings over all the globe : yet even this globe is little, compared with the system of matter within our view ; and that system barely something more than non-entity, compared with the boundless regions of space, to which neither eye nor imagination can extend.

From conceptions, therefore, of what we might have been, and from wishes to be what we are not, conceptions that we know to be foolish, and wishes which we feel to be vain, we must necessarily descend to the consideration of what we are. We have powers very scanty in their utmost extent, but which in different men are differently proportioned. Suitably to these powers we have duties prescribed, which we must neither decline for the sake of delighting ourselves with easier amusements, nor overlook in idle contemplation of greater excellence or more extensive comprehension.

In order to the right conduct of our lives, we must remember, that we are not born to please ourselves. He that studies simply his own satisfaction, will always find the proper business of his station too hard or too easy for him. But if we bear continually in mind, our relation to the Father of being, by whom we are placed in the world, and who has allotted us the part which we are to bear in the general system of life, we shall be easily persuaded to resign our own inclinations to unerring wisdom, and do the work decreed for us with cheerfulness and diligence.

T

No. 129. TUESDAY, JANUARY 29, 1754.

*Quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas,
Gaudia.*—

JUV. SAT. i. 85.

Whate'er excites our hatred, love, or joy,
Or hope, or fear, these themes my muse employ.

“ TO THE ADVENTURER.

“ SIR,

“ LEONARDO DA VINCI, one of the most accomplished masters in the art of painting, was accustomed to delineate instantly in his pocket-book every face in which he discovered any singularity of air or feature. By this method he obtained a vast collection of various countenances; and escaped that barren uniformity and resemblance, so visible in the generality of history pieces, that the spectator is apt to imagine all the figures are of one family.

“ As a moralist should imitate this practice, and sketch characters from the life, at the instant in which they strike him, I amused myself yesterday in the pump-room, by contemplating the different conditions and characters of the persons who were moving before me, and particularly the various motives that influenced them to crowd to the city.

“ Aphrodisius, a young nobleman of great hopes and large property, fell into a course of early debauchery at Westminster school; and at the age of sixteen privately kept an abandoned woman of the town, to whose lodgings he stole in the intervals of school hours, and who soon communicated to him a

disease of peculiar power to poison the springs of life, and prevent the maturity of manhood. His body is enervated and emaciated, his cheek yellow and bloodless, his hand palsied, and his mind gloomy and dejected. It being thought, however, absolutely necessary for the welfare of his family that he should marry, he has been betrothed, in this dreadful condition, to a lady whose beauty and vivacity are in their meridian : and his physicians have ordered him to these salutary waters to try if it be possible for him to recover a little health before the marriage is celebrated. Can we wonder at the diminished race of half-formed animals, that crawl about our streets in the shape of men, when matches so unequal and so unnatural are not only permitted, but enjoined as a test of filial duty, and the condition of parental favour :

Invalidique patrum referant jejunia nati.

VIRG. GEORG. iii. 128.

— From the faint embrace
Unmanly sons arise, a puny race !

“ Inertio is a plump and healthy old bachelor, a senior fellow of a rich society in one of our universities, whose chief business in life is to ride before dinner for a good appetite, and after it for a good digestion. Not only his situation but his taste has determined him to continue in a state of celibacy ; ‘ for,’ says he, ‘ at present I can afford to drink port and keep a couple of geldings ; but if I should rashly encumber myself with madam and her brats, I must descend to walk on foot and drink ale.’ He was much alarmed at missing his regular annual fit of the gout, and, on that account, having waited for it with impatience and uneasiness a month longer than the expected time, he hurried to this city in

hopes of acquiring it by the efficacy of the waters. I found him yesterday extremely dejected, and on my entering his chamber, 'Life,' said he, is full of vexations and disappointments: what a dreadful accident!' I imagined that some selected friend, some brother of his choice, was dead, or that the college treasury was burnt: but he immediately undeceived me by adding—'I was presented with the finest, the fattest collar of brawn, and expected it at dinner this day: but the rascally carrier has conveyed it to a wrong place, fifty miles off, and before I can receive it, it will be absolutely unfit for eating.'

"Here, likewise, is the learned and ingenious Crito. Crito is a genius of a superior order, who hath long instructed and entertained his country by many incomparable works of literature and morality; and who in a Grecian commonwealth would have had a statue erected, and have been maintained at the public expense; but in this kingdom he has with great difficulty gained a precarious competence, by incessant labour and application. These uninterrupted and unrewarded studies, have at length impaired his health, and undermined a constitution naturally vigorous and happy: and as Crito has never been able to lay up a sum sufficient to procure him the assistance which the debility of sickness and age require, he was obliged to insure his life, and borrow at exorbitant interest a few pounds to enable him to perform this journey to Bath, which alone could restore his health and spirits; and now, as his money and credit are exhausted, he will be compelled to abandon this place, when his cure is only half effected; and must retire to languish in a little lodging in London, while his readers and admirers content themselves with lamenting his distress, and wondering how it comes to pass that nothing has been done for a man of such distinguished abilities and integrity.

“ Doctor Pamper is possessed of three large ecclesiastical preferments: his motive for coming hither is somewhat singular; it is, because his parishes cannot furnish him with a set of persons that are equal to him in the knowledge of whist; he is, therefore, necessitated every season to frequent this place, where alone he can meet with gamesters that are worth contending with.

“ Spumosius, who is one of the liveliest of free-thinkers, had not been three months at the Temple before he became irresistibly enamoured of the beauty of virtue. He always carried a Shaftesbury in his pocket, and used to read and explain the striking passages to large circles at the coffee-house: he was of opinion that for purity and perspicuity, elegance of style and force of reasoning, the *Characteristics* were incomparable, and were models equally proper for regulating our taste and our morals. He discovered a delicate artificial connexion in these discourses, which to vulgar eyes appear to be loose and incoherent rhapsodies: nay, he clearly perceived, that each treatise depended on the foregoing, and altogether composed one uniform whole, and the noblest system of truth and virtue that had been imparted to mankind. He quarrelled irreconcilably with his dearest friend, who happened to hint, that the style was affected and unharmonious, the metaphors far-fetched and violent, and frequently coarse and illiberal, the arguments inconclusive and unfair, the raillery frigid and insipid, and totally different from the Attic irony of Socrates, which the author presumed to propose for his pattern. Spumosius always disdained to practise virtue on the mean and mercenary motives of reward and punishment; and was convinced, that so excellent a creature as man might be kept in order by the silken cords of delicacy and decorum. He, therefore, fre-

quently sneered at the priestly notions of heaven and hell, as fit only to be entertained by vulgar and sordid minds. But being lately attacked by a severe distemper, he betrayed fears that were not compatible with the boldness of his former professions ; and, terrified at the approach of death, has had recourse to various remedies, and is at last arrived here, as full of doubt as of disease, but feeling more acute pain in his mind than can possibly be inflicted on his body.

“ Mr. Gull was lately a soap-boiler at Chester ; but having accumulated a vast fortune by trade, he is now resolved to be polite, and enjoy his money with taste. He has brought his numerous family of awkward girls hither, only because he has heard that people of fashion do, at this time of the year, generally take a trip to Bath : and for the same reason he intends in the spring to make a journey to Paris, and will, I dare say, commence virtuoso on his return, and be a professed judge of dress, pictures, and furniture.

“ I must not forget to inform you that we have the company of captain Garish, a wit and a critic, who pretends he is perfectly acquainted with the best writers of the age, and whose opinion on every new work is deemed decisive in the Pump-room. The prefaces of Dryden and the French critics are the sources from which his immense literature is derived. Dacier’s Plutarch has enabled him to talk familiarly of the most celebrated Greeks and Romans, and Bayle’s Dictionary finished him for a scholar. Sometimes he vouchsafes to think the Adventurer tolerable ; but he generally exclaims, ‘ How grave and sententious ! Good heavens ; what, more Greek ! This circumstance will ruin the credit of the paper. They will not take my advice, for you must know I am intimate with all the authors of it ;

they are ten in number ; and some of them——
But as I have been intrusted with their secrets, I must disclose no more. To tell you the truth, I have given them a few essays myself, which I have written for my amusement upon guard.'

" If these portraits, which are faithfully copied from the life, should amuse you, I may, perhaps, take an opportunity of adding to the collection.

" I am, Mr. ADVENTURER,

" Yours,

" PHILOMEDES."

' Bath, Dec. 29.'

Z

NO. 130. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1754.

Qui non est hodie, cras minus aptus erit.

The man will surely fail who dares delay,
And lose to-morrow that has lost to-day.

It was said by Raleigh, when some of his friends lamented his confinement under a sentence of death, which he knew not how soon he might suffer, ' that the world itself was only a larger prison, out of which some were every day selected for execution.' That there is a time when every man is struck with a sense of this awful truth, I do not doubt ; and, perhaps, a hasty speculatist would conclude that its influence would be stronger in proportion as it more frequently occurred : but upon every mind that is become familiar with calamity, calamity loses its force ; and misery grows less only by its continuance, because those who have long suffered lose their sensibility.

If he who lies down at night in the vigour and

health of five-and-twenty, should rise in the morning with the infirmities of fourscore, it is not improbable that he would sink under a sense of his condition ; regret of enjoyments which could never return would preclude all that remained, and the last mournful effects of decay would be hastened and aggravated by anticipation. But those who have been enfeebled by degrees, who have been shaken ten years by the palsy, or crippled by the gout, frequently totter about upon their crutches with an air of wag-gish jocularly, are always ready to entertain their company with a jest, meet their acquaintance with a toothless grin, and are the first to toast a young beauty when they can scarce lift the glass to their lips. Even criminals, who knew that in the morning they were to die, have often slept in the night ; though very few of those who have been committed for a capital offence which they knew would be easily proved, have slept the first night after they were confined. Danger so sudden and so imminent alarms, confounds, and terrifies ; but after a time, stupor supplies the want of fortitude ; and as the evil approaches, it is in effect less terrible, except in the moment when it arrives ; and then, indeed, it is common to lament that insensibility, which before, perhaps, was voluntarily increased by drunkenness or dissipation, by solitary intemperance or tumultuous company.

There is some reason to believe, that ‘ this power of the world to come,’ as it is expressed in the sublimity of Eastern metaphor, is generally felt at the same age. The dread of death has seldom been found to intrude upon the cheerfulness, simplicity and innocence of children ; they gaze at a funeral procession with as much vacant curiosity as at any other show, and see the world change before them without the least sense of their own share in the vicissi-

tude. In youth, when all the appetites are strong, and every gratification is heightened by novelty, the mind resists mournful impressions with a kind of elastic power, by which the signature that is forced upon it is immediately effaced: when this tumult first subsides, while the attachment of life is yet strong, and the mind begins to look forward, and concert measures by which those enjoyments may be secured which it is solicitous to keep, or others obtained to atone for the disappointments that are past; then death starts up like a spectre in all his terrors, the blood is chilled at his appearance, he is perceived to approach with a constant and irresistible pace, retreat is impossible, and resistance is vain.

The terror and anguish which this image produces, whenever it first rushes upon the mind, are always complicated with a sense of guilt and remorse; and generally produce some hasty and zealous purposes of more uniform virtue and more ardent devotion, of something that may secure us not only from the 'worm that never dies, and the fire that is not quenched,' but from total mortality, and admit hope to the regions beyond the grave.

This purpose is seldom wholly relinquished, though it is not always executed with vigour and perseverance: the reflection which produced it often recurs, but it still recurs with less force; desire of immediate pleasure becomes predominant; appetite is no longer restrained; and either all attempts to secure future happiness are deferred 'to a more convenient season,' or some expedients are sought to render sensuality and virtue compatible, and to obtain every object of hope without lessening the treasures of possession. Thus vice naturally becomes the disciple of infidelity; and the wretch who dares not aspire to the heroic virtue of a Christian, listens with eagerness to every objection against the authority of that

law by which he is condemned, and labours in vain to establish another that will acquit him : he forms many arguments to justify natural desires ; he learns at length to impose upon himself ; and assents to principles which yet in his heart he does not believe : he thinks himself convinced that virtue must be happiness, and then dreams that happiness is virtue.

These frauds, though they would have been impossible in the hour of conviction and terror, are yet practised with great ease when it is past, and contribute very much to prevent its return. It is, indeed, scarce possible that it should return with the same force, because the power of novelty is necessarily exhausted in the first onset. Some incidents, however, there are which renew the terror ; and they seldom fail to renew the purpose : upon the death of a friend, a parent, or a wife, the comforts and the confidence of sophistry are at an end ; the moment that suspends the influence of temptation, restores the power of conscience, and at once rectifies the understanding. He, who has been labouring to explain away those duties which he had not fortitude to practise, then sees the vanity of the attempt ; he regrets the time that is past, and resolves to improve that which remains : but if the first purpose of reformation has been ineffectual, the second is seldom executed ; as the sense of danger by which it is produced is not so strong, the motive is less ; and as the power of appetite is increased by habitual gratification, the opposition is more ; the new conviction wears off ; the duties are again neglected as unnecessary, which are found to be unpleasant ; the lethargy of the soul returns, and as the danger increases she becomes less susceptible of fear.

Thus the dreadful condition of him, ‘ who looks back after having put his hand to the plough,’ may be resolved into natural causes ; and it may be af-

firmed, upon mere philosophical principles, that there is a call which is repeated no more, and an apostasy from which it is extremely difficult to return.

Let those who still delay that which yet they believe to be of eternal moment, remember that their motives to effect it will still grow weaker, and the difficulty of the work perpetually increase ; to neglect it now, therefore, is a pledge that it will be neglected for ever : and if they are roused by this thought, let them instantly improve its influence ; for even this thought, when it returns, will return with less power, and though it should rouse them now, will, perhaps, rouse them no more. But let them not confide in such virtue as can be practised without a struggle, and which interdicts the gratification of no passion but malice ; nor adopt principles which could never be believed at the only time when they could be useful ; like arguments which men sometimes form when they slumber, and the moment they awake discover to be absurd.

Let those who, in the anguish of an awakened mind, have regretted the past, and resolved to redeem it in the future, persist invariably to do whatever they then wished to have done. Let this be established as a constant rule of action, and opposed to all the cavils of sophistry and sense ; for this wish will inevitably return when it must for ever be ineffectual, at that awful moment when ‘ the shadow of death shall be stretched over them, and that night commence in which no man can work.’

No. 131. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1754.

—Misc*Ergo aliquid nostris de moribus.—*

JUV. SAT. XIV. 322.

And mingle something of our times to please.

DRYDEN, JUN.

FONTENELLE, in his panegyric on Sir Isaac Newton, closes a long enumeration of that great philosopher's virtues and attainments, with an observation, that 'he was not distinguished from other men by any singularity either natural or affected.'

It is an eminent instance of Newton's superiority to the rest of mankind, that he was able to separate knowledge from those weaknesses by which knowledge is generally disgraced ; that he was able to excel in science and wisdom, without purchasing them by the neglect of little things ; and that he stood alone, merely because he had left the rest of mankind behind him, not because he deviated from the beaten track.

Whoever, after the example of Plutarch, should compare the lives of illustrious men, might set this part of Newton's character to view with great advantage, by opposing it to that of Bacon, perhaps the only man, of later ages, who has any pretensions to dispute, with him, the palm of genius and science.

Bacon, after he had added to a long and careful contemplation of almost every other object of knowledge a curious inspection into common life, and after having surveyed nature as a philosopher, had ex-

amined 'men's business and bosoms,' as a statesman ; yet, failed so much in the conduct of domestic affairs, that, in the most lucrative post to which a great and wealthy kingdom could advance him, he felt all the miseries of distressful poverty, and committed all the crimes to which poverty incites. Such were, at once, his negligence and rapacity, that, as it is said, he would gain by unworthy practices that money, which, when so acquired, his servants might steal from one end of the table, while he sat studious and abstracted at the other.

As scarcely any man has reached the excellence, very few have sunk to the weakness of Bacon : but almost all the studious tribe, as they obtain any participation of his knowledge, feel, likewise, some contagion of his defects ; and obstruct the veneration which learning would procure, by follies greater or less, to which only learning could betray them.

It has been formerly remarked by The Guardian, that the world punishes, with too great severity, the error of those, who imagine that the ignorance of little things may be compensated by the knowledge of great ; for so it is, that as more can detect petty failings than can distinguish or esteem great qualifications, and as mankind is, in general, more easily disposed to censure than to admiration, contempt is often incurred by slight mistakes, which real virtue or usefulness cannot counterbalance.

Yet such mistakes and inadvertences, it is not easy for a man deeply immersed in study to avoid ; no man can become qualified for the common intercourses of life by private meditation ; the manners of the world are not a regular system, planned by philosophers upon settled principles, in which every cause has a congruous effect, and one part has a just reference to another. Of the fashions prevalent in every country, a few have arisen, perhaps, from particular tem-

peratures of the climate ; a few more from the constitution of the government ; but the greater part have grown up by chance, been started by caprice, been contrived by affectation, or borrowed without any just motives of choice from other countries.

Of all these, the savage that hunts his prey upon the mountains, and the sage that speculates in his closet, must necessarily live in equal ignorance ; yet by the observation of these trifles it is, that the ranks of mankind are kept in order, that the address of one to another is regulated, and the general business of the world carried on with facility and method.

These things, therefore, though small in themselves, become great by their frequency ; and he very much mistakes his own interest, who, to the unavoidable unskilfulness of abstraction and retirement, adds a voluntary neglect of common forms, and increases the disadvantages of a studious course of life by an arrogant contempt of those practices, by which others endeavour to gain favour, and multiply friendships.

A real and interior disdain of fashion and ceremony, is, indeed, not very often to be found : much the greater part of those who pretend to laugh at foppery and formalities, secretly wish to have possessed those qualifications which they pretend to despise ; and because they find it difficult to wash away the tincture which they have so deeply imbibed, endeavour to harden themselves in a sullen approbation of their own colour. Neutrality is a state, into which the busy passions of man cannot easily subside ; and he who is in danger of the pangs of envy, is generally forced to recreate his imagination with an effort of contempt.

Some, however, may be found, who, supported by the consciousness of great abilities, and elevated by a long course of reputation and applause, voluntarily consign themselves to singularity, affect to cross the

roads of life, because they know that they shall not be jostled, and indulge a boundless gratification of will, because they perceive that they shall be quietly obeyed. Men of this kind are generally known by the name of Humourists, an appellation by which he that has obtained it, and can be contented to keep it, is set free, at once, from the shackles of fashion; and can go in or out, sit or stand, be talkative or silent, gloomy or merry, advance absurdities, or oppose demonstration, without any other reprehension from mankind, than that it is his way, that he is an odd fellow, and must be let alone.

This seems to many an easy passport through the various factions of mankind; and those on whom it is bestowed, appear too frequently to consider the patience with which their caprices are suffered, as an undoubted evidence of their own importance, of a genius to which submission is universally paid, and whose irregularities are only considered as consequences of its vigour. These peculiarities, however, are always found to spot a character, though they may not totally obscure it; and he who expects from mankind, that they should give up established customs, in compliance with his single will, and exacts that deference which he does not pay, may be endured, but can never be approved.

Singularity is, I think, in its own nature, universally and invariably displeasing. In whatever respect a man differs from others, he must be considered by them as either worse or better: by being better, it is well known that a man gains admiration oftener than love, since all approbation of his practice must necessarily condemn him that gives it; and though a man often pleases by inferiority, there are few who desire to give such pleasure. Yet the truth is, that singularity is almost always regarded as a brand of slight reproach; and where it is associated with ac-

knowledge merit, serves as an abatement, or an alloy of excellence, by which weak eyes are reconciled to its lustre, and by which, though kindness is not gained, at least envy is averted.

But let no man be in haste to conclude his own merit so great or conspicuous, as to require or justify singularity: it is as hazardous for a moderate understanding to usurp the prerogatives of genius, as for a common form to play over the airs of uncontested beauty. The pride of men will not patiently endure to see one, whose understanding or attainments are but level with their own, break the rules by which they have consented to be bound, or forsake the direction which they submissively follow. All violation of established practice implies in its own nature a rejection of the common opinion, a defiance of common censure, and an appeal from general laws to private judgement: he, therefore, who differs from others without apparent advantage, ought not to be angry if his arrogance is punished with ridicule; if those, whose example he superciliously overlooks, point him out to derision, and hoot him back again into the common road.

The pride of singularity is often exerted in little things, where right and wrong are indeterminable, and where, therefore, vanity is without excuse. But there are occasions on which it is noble to dare to stand alone. To be pious among infidels, to be disinterested in a time of general venality, to lead a life of virtue and reason in the midst of sensualists, is a proof of a mind intent on nobler things than the praise or blame of men, of a soul fixed in the contemplation of the highest good, and superior to the tyranny of custom and example.

In moral and religious questions only, a wise man will hold no consultations with fashion, because these duties are constant and immutable, and depend not

on the notions of men, but the commands of Heaven: yet even of these, the external mode is to be in some measure regulated by the prevailing taste of the age in which we live; for he is certainly no friend to virtue, who neglects to give it any lawful attraction, or suffers it to displease the eye, or alienate the affections, for want of innocent compliance with fashionable decoration.

It is yet remembered of the learned and pious Nelson, that he was remarkably elegant in his manners, and splendid in his dress. He knew, that the eminence of his character drew many eyes upon him; and he was careful not to drive the young or the gay away from religion, by representing it as an enemy to any distinction or enjoyment in which human nature may innocently delight.

In this censure of singularity, I have, therefore, no intention to subject reason or conscience to custom or example. To comply with the notions and practices of mankind is in some degree the duty of a social being; because by compliance only he can please, and by pleasing only he can become useful: but as the end is not to be lost for the sake of the means, we are not to give up virtue to complaisance; for the end of complaisance is only to gain the kindness of our fellow-beings, whose kindness is desirable only as instrumental to happiness, and happiness must be always lost by departure from virtue.

T

No. 132. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1754.

— *Ferimur per opaca locorum.*

VIRG. *ÆN.* ii. 725.

— Driven through the palpable obscure.

CARAZAN, the merchant of Bagdat, was eminent throughout all the East for his avarice and his wealth: his origin was obscure, as that of the spark which, by the collision of steel and adamant, is struck out of darkness; and the patient labour of persevering diligence alone had made him rich. It was remembered, that when he was indigent he was thought to be generous; and he was still acknowledged to be inexorably just. But whether in his dealings with men he discovered a perfidy which tempted him to put his trust in gold, or whether in proportion as he accumulated wealth he discovered his own importance to increase, Carazan prized it more as he used it less; he gradually lost the inclination to do good, as he acquired the power; and as the hand of time scattered snow upon his head, the freezing influence extended to his bosom.

But though the door of Carazan was never opened by hospitality, nor his hand by compassion, yet fear led him constantly to the mosque at the stated hours of prayers; he performed all the rites of devotion with the most scrupulous punctuality, and had thrice paid his vows at the temple of the prophet. That devotion which arises from the love of God, and necessarily includes the love of man, as it connects gratitude with beneficence, and exalts that which was moral to divine, confers new dignity upon goodness, and is the object not only of affection but reverence. On the contrary, the devotion of the selfish, whether it be thought to avert the punishment which every one wishes to be inflicted, or to ensure it by the complication of hypocrisy with guilt, never fails to excite indignation and abhorrence. Carazan, therefore, when he had locked his door, and, turning round with a look of circumspective suspicion, pro-

ceeded to the mosque, was followed by every eye with silent malignity ; the poor suspended their supplication when he passed by ; and though he was known by every man, yet no man saluted him.

Such had long been the life of Carazan, and such was the character which he had acquired, when notice was given by proclamation, that he was removed to a magnificent building in the centre of the city, that his table should be spread for the public, and that the stranger should be welcome to his bed. The multitude soon rushed like a torrent to his door, where they beheld him distributing bread to the hungry and apparel to the naked, his eye softened with compassion, and his cheek glowing with delight. Every one gazed with astonishment at the prodigy ; and the murmur of innumerable voices increasing like the sound of approaching thunder, Carazan beckoned with his hand ; attention suspended the tumult in a moment, and he thus gratified the curiosity which had procured him audience.

‘ To Him, who touches the mountains, and they smoke, the Almighty and the Most Merciful, be everlasting honour ! he has ordained sleep to be the minister of instruction, and his visions have reprov-
ed me in the night. As I was sitting alone in my haram, with my lamp burning before me, computing the produce of my merchandise, and exulting in the increase of my wealth, I fell into a deep sleep, and the hand of him who dwells in the third heaven was upon me. I beheld the angel of death coming forward like a whirlwind, and he smote me before I could deprecate the blow. At the same moment I felt myself lifted from the ground, and transported with astonishing rapidity through the regions of the air. The earth was contracted to an atom beneath ; and the stars glowed round me with a lustre that obscured the sun. The gate of Paradise was now

in sight ; and I was intercepted by a sudden brightness which no human eye could behold : the irrevocable sentence was now to be pronounced ; my day of probation was past : and from the evil of my life nothing could be taken away, nor could any thing be added to the good. When I reflected that my lot for eternity was cast, which not all the powers of nature could reverse, my confidence totally forsook me ; and while I stood trembling and silent, covered with confusion and chilled with horror, I was thus addressed by the radiance that flamed before me :

‘ Carazan, thy worship has not been accepted ; because it was not prompted by love of God : neither can thy righteousness be rewarded, because it was not produced by love of man : for thy own sake only hast thou rendered to every man his due ; and thou hast approached the Almighty only for thyself. Thou hast not looked up with gratitude, nor around thee with kindness. Around thee, thou hast indeed beheld vice and folly ; but if vice and folly could justify thy parsimony, would they not condemn the bounty of Heaven ? If not upon the foolish and the vicious, where shall the sun diffuse his light, or the clouds distil their dew ? Where shall the lips of the spring breathe fragrance, or the hand of autumn diffuse plenty ? Remember, Carazan, that thou hast shut compassion from thine heart, and grasped thy treasures with a hand of iron : thou hast lived for thyself ; and, therefore, henceforth for ever thou shalt subsist alone. From the light of heaven, and from the society of all beings, shalt thou be driven ; solitude shall protract the lingering hours of eternity, and darkness aggravate the horrors of despair.’ At this moment I was driven by some secret and irresistible power through the glowing system of creation, and passed innumerable worlds in a moment.

As I approached the verge of nature, I perceived the shadows of total and boundless vacuity deepen before me, a dreadful region of eternal silence, solitude, and darkness ! Unutterable horror seized me at the prospect, and this exclamation burst from me with all the vehemence of desire : ‘ O ! that I had been doomed for ever to the common receptacle of impenitence and guilt ! their society would have alleviated the torment of despair, and the rage of fire could not have excluded the comfort of light. Or if I had been condemned to reside in a comet, that would return but once in a thousand years to the regions of light and life ; the hope of these periods, however distant, would cheer me in the dread interval of cold and darkness, and the vicissitude would divide eternity into time.’ While this thought passed over my mind, I lost sight of the remotest star, and the last glimmering of light was quenched in utter darkness. The agonies of despair every moment increased, as every moment augmented my distance from the last habitable world. I reflected with intolerable anguish, that when ten thousand thousand years had carried me beyond the reach of all but that Power who fills infinitude, I should still look forward into an immense abyss of darkness, through which I should still drive without succour and without society, further and further still, for ever and for ever. I then stretched out my hands towards the regions of existence, with an emotion that awaked me. Thus have I been taught to estimate society, like every other blessing, by its loss. My heart is warmed to liberality ; and I am zealous to communicate the happiness which I feel, to those from whom it is derived ; for the society of one wretch, whom in the pride of prosperity I would have spurned from my door, would, in the dreadful solitude to which I was con-

demned, have been more highly prized than the gold of Afric, or the gems of Golconda.'

At this reflection upon his dream, Carazan became suddenly silent, and looked upward in ecstasy of gratitude and devotion. The multitude were struck at once with the precept and example; and the caliph, to whom the event was related, that he might be liberal beyond the power of gold, commanded it to be recorded for the benefit of posterity.

NO. 133. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1754.

*At vestri proavi Plautinos et numeros et
Laudavère sales; nimium patienter utrumque,
Ne dicam stultè, mirati: si modo ego et vos
Scimus inurbanum lepido seponere dicto.*

HOR. ARS POET. 270.

'And yet our sires with joy could Plautus hear;
Gay were his jests, his numbers charmed their ear.'
Let me not say too lavishly they praised;
But sure their judgement was full cheaply pleased,
If you or I with taste are haply bless'd,
To know a clownish from a courtly jest.

FRANCIS.

THE fondness I have so frequently manifested for the ancients, has not so far blinded my judgement as to render me unable to discern, or unwilling to acknowledge, the superiority of the moderns in pieces of humour and ridicule. I shall therefore confirm the general assertion of Addison, part of which hath already been examined.

Comedy, satire, and burlesque, being the three chief branches of ridicule, it is necessary for us to compare together the most admired performances of the ancients and moderns in these three kinds of writing, to qualify us justly to censure or commend, as the beauties or blemishes of each party may deserve.

As Aristophanes wrote to please the multitude, at a time when the licentiousness of the Athenians was boundless, his pleasantries are coarse and unpolite, his characters extravagantly forced, and distorted with unnatural deformity, like the monstrous caricaturas of Callot.

He is full of the grossest obscenity, indecency, and inurbanity ; and as the populace always delight to hear their superiors abused and misrepresented, he scatters the rankest calumnies on the wisest and worthiest personages of his country. His style is unequal, occasioned by a frequent introduction of parodies on Sophocles and Euripides. It is, however, certain, that he abounds in artful allusions to the state of Athens at the time when he wrote ; and perhaps he is more valuable, considered as a political satirist, than a writer of comedy.

Plautus has adulterated a rich vein of genuine wit and humour, with a mixture of the basest buffoonery. No writer seems to have been born with a more forcible or more fertile genius for comedy. He has drawn some characters with incomparable spirit : we are indebted to him for the first good miser, and for that worn-out character among the Romans, a boastful Thraso. But his love degenerates into lewdness ; and his jests are insupportably low and illiberal, and fit only for the 'dregs of Romulus' to use and to hear : he has furnished examples of every species of true and false wit, even down to a quibble and a pun. Plautus lived in an age when the Romans were but just

emerging into politeness ; and I cannot forbear thinking, that if he had been reserved for the age of Augustus, he would have produced more perfect plays than even the elegant disciple of Menander.

Delicacy, sweetness, and correctness, are the characteristics of Terence. His polite images, are all represented in the most clear and perspicuous expression ; but his characters are too general and uniform, nor are they marked with those discriminating peculiarities that distinguish one man from another : there is a tedious and disgusting sameness of incidents in his plots, which, as hath been observed in a former paper, are too complicated and intricate. It may be added, that he superabounds in soliloquies ; and that nothing can be more inartificial or improper than the manner in which he hath introduced them.

To these three celebrated ancients I venture to oppose singly the matchless Moliere, as the most consummate master of comedy that former or later ages have produced. He was not content with painting obvious and common characters, but set himself closely to examine the numberless varieties of human nature : he soon discovered every difference, however minute, and by a proper management could make it striking ; his portraits, therefore, though they appear to be new, are yet discovered to be just. The *Tartuffe* and the *Misanthrope* are the most singular, and yet, perhaps, the most proper and perfect characters that comedy can represent ; and his *Miser* excels that of any other nation. He seems to have hit upon the true nature of comedy ; which is, to exhibit one singular and unfamiliar character, by such a series of incidents as may best contribute to show its singularities. All the circumstances in the *Misanthrope* tend to manifest the peevish and captious disgust of the hero ; all the circumstances in the *Tartuffe* are calculated to show the treachery of an accomplished

hypocrite. I am sorry that no English writer of comedy can be produced as a rival to Moliere, although it must be confessed, that Falstaff and Morose are two admirable characters, excellently supported and displayed ; for Shakspeare has contrived all the incidents to illustrate the gluttony, lewdness, cowardice, and boastfulness of the fat old knight : and Jonson has with equal art displayed the oddity of a whimsical humourist, who could endure no kind of noise.

Will it be deemed a paradox to assert, that Congreve's dramatic persons have no striking and natural characteristic? His Fondlewife and Foresight are but faint portraits of common characters, and Ben is a forced and unnatural caricature. His plays appear not to be legitimate comedies, but strings of repartees and sallies of wit, the most poignant and polite, indeed, but unnatural and ill placed. The trite and trivial character of a fop hath strangely engrossed the English stage, and given an insipid similarity to our best comic pieces : originals can never be wanting in such a kingdom as this, where each man follows his natural inclinations and propensities, if our writers would really contemplate nature, and endeavour to open those mines of humour which have been so long and so unaccountably neglected.

If we proceed to consider the satirists of antiquity, I shall not scruple to prefer Boileau and Pope to Horace and Juvenal ; the arrows of whose ridicule are more sharp, in proportion as they are more polished. That reformers should abound in obscenities, as is the case of the two Roman poets, is surely an impropriety of the most extraordinary kind ; the courtly Horace also sometimes sinks into mean and farcical abuse, as in the first lines of the seventh satire of the first book ; but Boileau and Pope have given to their

satire the cestus of Venus : their ridicule is concealed and oblique ; that of the Romans direct and open. The tenth satire of Boileau on women is more bitter, and more decent and elegant, than the sixth of Juvenal on the same subject ; and Pope's epistle to Mrs. Blount far excels them both, in the artfulness and delicacy with which it touches female foibles. I may add, that the imitations of Horace by Pope, and of Juvenal by Johnson, are preferable to their originals in the appositeness of their examples, and in the poignancy of their ridicule. Above all, the *Lutrin*, the *Rape of the Lock*, the *Dispensary*, and the *Dunciad*, cannot be paralleled by any works that the wittiest of the ancients can boast of ; because, by assuming the form of the epopea, they have acquired a dignity and gracefulness, which all satires delivered merely in the poet's own person must want, and with which the satirists of antiquity were wholly unacquainted ; for the *Batrachomyomachia* of Homer cannot be considered as the model of these admirable pieces.

Lucian is the greatest master of burlesque among the ancients ; but the *Travels of Gulliver*, though indeed evidently copied from his *True History*, do as evidently excel it. Lucian sets out with informing his readers, that he is in jest, and intends to ridicule some of the incredible stories in Ctesias and Herodotus : this introduction surely enfeebles his satire, and defeats his purpose. The *True History* consists only of the most wild, monstrous, and miraculous persons and accidents : Gulliver has a concealed meaning, and his dwarfs and giants convey tacitly some moral or political instruction. The *Charon*, or the *Prospect*, *Ἐπισκοποῦντες*, one of the dialogues of Lucian, has likewise given occasion to that agreeable French satire, entitled, '*Le Diable Boiteux*,' or '*The Lame Devil*,' which has highly

improved on its original by a greater variety of characters and descriptions, lively remarks, and interesting adventures. So if a parallel be drawn between Lucian and Cervantes, the ancient will still appear to disadvantage: the burlesque of Lucian principally consists in making his gods and philosophers speak and act like the meanest of the people; that of Cervantes arises from the solemn and important air with which the most idle and ridiculous actions are related; and is, therefore, much more striking and forcible. In a word, *Don Quixotte*, and its copy *Hudibras*, the *Splendid Shilling*, the *Adventures of Gil Blas*, the *Tale of a Tub*, and *The Rehearsal*, are pieces of humour which antiquity cannot equal, much less excel.

Theophrastus must yield to La Bruyere for his intimate knowledge of human nature; and the Athenians never produced a writer whose humour was so exquisite as that of Addison, or who delineated and supported a character with so much nature and true pleasantry as that of Sir Roger de Coverley. It ought, indeed, to be remembered, that every species of wit written in distant times and in dead languages, appears with many disadvantages to present readers, from their ignorance of the manners and customs alluded to and exposed; but the grossness, the rudeness, and indelicacy of the ancients will, notwithstanding, sufficiently appear, even from the sentiments of such critics as Cicero and Quintilian, who mention corporal defects and deformities as proper objects of raillery.

If it be now asked to what can we ascribe this superiority of the moderns in all the species of ridicule? I answer, to the improved state of conversation. The great geniuses of Greece and Rome were formed during the times of a republican government: and though it be certain, as Longinus as-

serts, that democracies are the nurseries of true sublimity, yet monarchies and courts are more productive of politeness. The arts of civility, and the decencies of conversation, as they unite men more closely, and bring them more frequently together, multiply opportunities of observing those incongruities and absurdities of behaviour, on which ridicule is founded. The ancients had more liberty and seriousness, the moderns had more luxury and laughter.

Z

No. 134. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1754.

— *Virtutibus obstat*
Res angusta domi.—

JUV. SAT. iii. 164.

Rarely they rise by virtue's aid, who lie
 Plunged in the depth of helpless poverty.

DRYDEN.

“ TO THE ADVENTURER.

“ SIR,

“ As I was informed by your bookseller, upon whom I called a few days ago to make a small purchase for my daughter, that your whole work would be comprised in one hundred and forty papers, I can no longer delay to send you the account of her life, which I gave you some reason to expect when I related my own*. This account she gave in that dreadful night, the remembrance of which still freezes me with horror ; the night in which I had hired her as

* No. 86.

a prostitute, and could not have been deterred from incest, but by an event so extraordinary, that it was almost miraculous. I have, indeed, frequently attempted to relate a story which I can never forget, but I was always dissatisfied with my own expressions : nor could I ever produce in writing a narrative which appeared equal to the effect that it wrought upon my mind when I heard it. I have, therefore, prevailed upon the dear injured girl to relate it in her own words, which I shall faithfully transcribe.

“The first situation that I remember was in a cellar, where, I suppose, I had been placed by the parish officers, with a woman who kept a little dairy. My nurse was obliged to be often abroad, and I was then left to the care of a girl, who was just old enough to lug me about in her arms, and who, like other petty creatures in office, knew not how to show her authority but by the abuse of it. Such was my dread of her power and resentment, that I suffered almost whatever she inflicted without complaint ; and when I was scarcely four years old, had learned so far to surmount the sense of pain and suppress my passions, that I have been pinched black and blue without wincing, and patiently suffered her to impute to me many trivial mischiefs which her own perverseness or carelessness had produced.

“This situation, however, was not without its advantages ; for instead of a hard crust and small beer, which would probably have been the principal part of my subsistence, if I had been placed with a person of the same rank, but of a different employment, I had always plenty of milk ; which, though it had been skimmed for cream, was not sour, and which, indeed, was wholesome food ; upon which I thrived very fast, and was taken notice of by every

body for the freshness of my looks, and the clearness of my skin.

“ Almost as soon as I could speak plain, I was sent to the parish school to learn to read ; and thought myself as fine in my blue gown and badge, as a court beauty in a birth-night suit. The mistress of the school was the widow of a clergyman, whom I have often heard her mention with tears, though he had been long dead when I first came under her tuition, and left her in such circumstances as made her solicit an employment, of which before she would have dreaded the labour, and scorned the meanness. She had been very genteelly educated, and had acquired a general knowledge of literature after her marriage ; the communication of which enlivened their hours of retirement, and afforded such a subject of conversation, as added to every other enjoyment the pleasures of beneficence and gratitude.

“ There was something in her manner, which won my affection and commanded my reverence. I found her a person very different from my nurse, and I watched her looks with such ardour and attention, that I was sometimes able, young as I was, to anticipate her commands. It was natural that she should love the virtue which she had produced, nor was it incongruous that she should reward it. I perceived, with inexpressible delight, that she treated me with peculiar tenderness ; and when I was about eight years old, she offered to take my education wholly upon herself, without putting the parish to any further charge for my maintenance. Her offer was readily accepted, my nurse was discharged, and I was taken home to my mistress, who called me her little maid, a name which I was ambitious to deserve, because she did not, like a tyrant, exact my obedience as a slave, but like a parent invited me to the duty of a child. As our family consisted only of my mis-

tress and myself, except sometimes a charwoman, we were always alone in the intervals of business ; and the good matron amused herself by instructing me, not only in reading, writing, and the first rules of arithmetic, but in various kinds of needlework ; and, what was yet of more moment, in the principles of virtue and religion, which in her life appeared to be so amiable, that I wanted neither example nor motive. She gave me also some general notions of the decorum practised among persons of a higher class ; and I was thus acquainted, while I was yet a child, and in an obscure station, with some rudiments of good breeding.

“ Before I was fifteen, I began to assist my benefactress in her employment, and by some plain work which she had procured me, I furnished myself with decent clothes. By an insensible and spontaneous imitation of her manner, I had acquired such a carriage, as gained me more respect in a yard-wide stuff, than is often paid by strangers to an upper servant in a rich silk.

“ Such was now the simplicity and innocence of my life, that I had scarce a wish unsatisfied ; and I often reflected upon my own happiness, with a sense of gratitude that increased it. But, alas ! this felicity was scarce sooner enjoyed than lost : the good matron, who was in the most endearing sense my parent and my friend, was seized with a fever, which in a few days put an end to her life, and left me alone in the world without alliance or protection, overwhelmed with grief, and distracted with anxiety. The world, indeed, was before me ; but I trembled to enter it alone. I knew no art by which I could subsist myself, and I was unwilling to be condemned to a state of servitude, in which no such art could be learned. I therefore applied again to the officers of the parish, who, as a testimony of respect to my

patroness, condescended still to consider me as their charge, and with the usual sum bound me apprentice to a mantua-maker, whose business, of which, indeed, she had but little, was among persons that were something below the middle class, and who, as I verily believe, had applied to the churchwardens for an apprentice, only that she might silence a number of petty duns, and obtain new credit with the money that is given as a consideration for necessary clothes.

“The dwelling of my new mistress was two back rooms in a dirty street near the Seven Dials. She received me, however, with great appearance of kindness; we breakfasted, dined, and supped together; and though I could not but regret the alteration of my condition, yet I comforted myself with reflecting, that in a few years I should be mistress of a trade by which I might become independent, and live in a manner more agreeable to my inclinations. But my indentures were no sooner signed, than I suffered a new change of fortune. The first step my mistress took was to turn away her maid, a poor slave, who was covered only with rags and dirt, and whose ill qualities I foolishly thought were the only cause of her ill treatment. I was now compelled to light fires, go of errands, wash linen, and dress victuals; and, in short, to do every kind of household drudgery, and to sit up half the night, that the task of hemming and running seams, which had been assigned me, might be performed.

“Though I suffered all this without murmur or complaint, yet I became pensive and melancholy; the tears would often steal silently from my eyes, and my mind was sometimes so abstracted in the contemplation of my own misery, that I did not hear what was said to me. But my sensibility produced resentment,

instead of pity ; my melancholy drew upon me the reproach of sullenness ; I was stormed at for spoiling my work with snivelling I knew not why, and threatened that it should not long be without cause ; a menace which was generally executed the moment it was uttered ; my arms and neck continually bore the marks of the yard, and I was in every respect treated with the most brutal unkindness.

“ In the mean time, however, I applied myself to learn the business as my last resource, and the only foundation of my hope. My diligence and assiduity atoned for the want of instruction, and it might have been truly said, that I stole the knowledge which my mistress had engaged to communicate. As I had a taste for dress, I recommended myself to the best customers, and frequently corrected a fault of which they complained, and which my mistress was not able to discover. The countenance and courtesy which this gained, though it encouraged my hope of the future, yet it made the present less tolerable. My tyrant treated me with yet more inhumanity, and my sufferings were so great, that I frequently meditated an escape, though I knew not whither to go, and though I foresaw that the moment I became a fugitive, I should forfeit all my interest, justify every complaint, and incur a disgrace which I could never obliterate.

“ I had now groaned under the most cruel oppression something more than four years ; the clothes, which had been the purchase of my own money, I had worn out, and my mistress thought it her interest not to furnish me with any better than would just serve me to go out on her errands, and follow her with a bundle. But as so much of my time was past, I thought it highly reasonable, and indeed necessary, that I should make a more decent appearance, that

I should attend the customers, take their orders and their measure, or at least fit on the work. After much premeditation, and many attempts, I at length surmounted my fears, and in such terms and manner as I thought least likely to give offence, I entreated that I might have such clothes as might answer the purpose, and proposed to work so many hours extraordinary as would produce the money they should cost. But this request, however modest, was answered only with reproaches and insult. ‘I wanted, forsooth, to be a gentlewoman : yes, I should be equipped to set up for myself. This she might have expected, for taking a beggar from the parish ; but I should see that she knew how to mortify my pride, and disappoint my cunning.’ I was at once grieved and angered at this treatment, and, I believe, for the first time, expressed myself with some indignation and resentment. My resentment, however, she treated with derision and contempt, as an impotent attempt to throw off her authority ; and declaring that she would soon show me who was mistress, she struck me so violent a blow that I fell from my chair. Whether she was frightened at my fall, or whether she suspected I should alarm the house, she did not repeat her blow, but contented herself with reviling the poverty and wretchedness which she laboured to perpetuate.

“I burst into tears of anguish and resentment, and made no reply ; but from this moment my hatred became irreconcilable, and I secretly determined at all events to escape from a slavery, which I accused myself for having already endured too long.

No. 135. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1754.

—*Latet anguis in herbâ.*

VIRG. ECL. iii. 93.

Beneath the grass conceal'd a serpent lies.

“IT happened, that the next morning I was sent with some work as far as Chelsea: it was about the middle of May. Upon me, who had long toiled in the smoke and darkness of London, and had seen the sun-shine only upon a chimney or a wall, the freshness of the air, the verdure of the fields, and the song of the birds, had the power of enchantment. I could not forbear lingering in my walk: and every moment of delay made me less willing to return; not, indeed, by increasing my enjoyment, but my fear: I was tenacious of the present, because I dreaded the future; and increased the evil which I approached at every step, by a vain attempt to retain and possess that which at every step I was leaving behind. I found, that not to look forward with hope, was not to look round with pleasure; and yet I still loitered away the hours which I could not enjoy, and returned in a state of anxious irresolution, still taking the way home, because I knew not where else to go, but still neglecting the speed which alone could make home less dreadful. My torment increased as my walk became shorter, and when I had returned as far as the lower end of the Mall, in St. James's Park, I was quite overwhelmed with regret and despair, and, sitting down on one of the benches, I burst into tears.

“ As my mind was wholly employed on my own distress, and my apron held up to my eyes, it was some time before I discovered an elderly lady who had sat down by me. The moment I saw her, such is the force of habit, all thoughts of my own wretchedness gave way to a sense of indecorum ; and as she appeared, by her dress, to be a person in whose company it was presumption in me to sit, I started up in great confusion, and would have left the seat. This, however, she would not suffer ; but taking hold of my gown, and gently drawing me back, addressed me with an accent of tenderness, and soothed me with pity before she knew my distress. It was so long since I had heard the voice of kindness, that my heart melted as she spoke with gratitude and joy. I told her all my story, to which she listened with great attention, and often gazed stedfastly in my face. When my narrative was ended, she told me that the manner in which I had related it, was alone sufficient to convince her that it was true ; that there was an air of simplicity and sincerity about me, which had prejudiced her in my favour as soon as she saw me ; and that, therefore, she was determined to take me home ; that I should live with her till she had established me in my business, which she could easily do by recommending me to her acquaintance ; and that, in the mean time, she would take care to prevent my mistress from being troublesome.

“ It is impossible to express the transport that I felt at this unexpected deliverance. I was utterly unacquainted with the artifices of those who are hackneyed in the ways of vice ; and the remembrance of the disinterested kindness of my first friend, by whom I had been brought up, came fresh into my mind : I therefore, indulged the hope of having found such another without scruple ; and uttering some incoherent expressions of gratitude which was too great to

be formed into compliment, I accepted the offer, and followed my conductress home. The house was such as I had never entered before, the rooms were spacious, and the furniture elegant. I looked round with wonder, and, blushing with a sense of my own meanness, would have followed the servant who opened the door into the kitchen, but her mistress prevented me. She saw my confusion, and encouraged me with a smile, took me up stairs into a kind of dressing-room, where she immediately furnished me with clean shoes and stockings, a cap, handkerchief, ruffles, and apron, and a night-gown of a genteel Irish stuff, which had not been much worn, though it was spotted and stained in many places: they belonged, she said, to her cousin, a young lady for whom she had undertaken to provide; and insisted upon my putting them on, that I might sit down with her family at dinner; 'for,' said she, 'I have no acquaintance, to whom I could recommend a mantua-maker that I kept in my kitchen.'

"I perceived that she watched me with great attention while I was dressing, and seemed to be greatly delighted with the alteration in my appearance when I had done. 'I see,' said she, 'that you was made for a gentlewoman, and a gentlewoman you shall be, or it shall be your own fault.' I could only courtesy in answer to this compliment; but notwithstanding the appearance of diffidence and modesty in the blush which I felt burn upon my cheek, yet my heart secretly exulted in a proud confidence that it was true. When I came down stairs, I was introduced by my patroness, who told me her name was Wellwood, to the young lady her cousin, and three others; to whom, soon after we were seated, she related my story, intermixing much invective against my mistress, and much flattery to me, with neither of which, if the truth be confessed, I was much displeased.

“ After dinner, as I understood that company was expected, I entreated leave to retire, and was showed up stairs into a small chamber very neatly furnished, which I was desired to consider as my own. As the company staid till it was very late, I drank tea and supped alone, one of the servants being ordered to attend me.

“ The next morning, when I came down stairs to breakfast, Mrs. Wellwood presented me with a piece of printed cotton, sufficient for a sack and coat, and about twelve yards of slight silk for a night-gown, which, she said, I should make up myself as a specimen of my skill. I attempted to excuse myself from accepting this benefaction, with much hesitation and confusion ; but I was commanded with a kind frown, and in a peremptory tone, to be silent. I was told, that, when business came in, I should pay all my debts ; that in the mean time, I should be solicitous only to set up ; and that a change of genteel apparel might be considered as my stock in trade, since without it, my business could neither be procured nor transacted.

“ To work, therefore, I went ; my clothes were made and worn ; many encomiums were lavished upon my dexterity and my person ; and thus I was entangled in the snare that had been laid for me, before I discovered my danger. I had contracted debts which it was impossible I should pay ; the power of the law could now be applied to effect the purposes of guilt ; and my creditor could urge me to her purpose, both by hope and fear.

“ I had now been near a month in my new lodging ; and great care had hitherto been taken to conceal whatever might shock my modesty, or acquaint me with the danger of my situation. Some incidents, however, notwithstanding this caution, had fallen under my notice, that might well have alarmed me ;

but as those who are waking from a pleasing dream, shut their eyes against the light, and endeavour to prolong the delusion by slumbering again, I checked my suspicions the moment they rose, as if danger that was not known would not exist ; without considering that inquiry alone could confirm the good, and enable me to escape the evil.

“ The house was often filled with company, which divided into separate rooms ; the visits were frequently continued till midnight, and sometimes till morning ; I had, however, always desired leave to retire, which had hitherto been permitted, though not without reluctance ; but at length I was pressed to make tea, with an importunity that I could not resist. The company was very gay, and some familiarities passed between the gentlemen and ladies, which threw me into confusion and covered me with blushes ; yet I was still zealous to impose upon myself, and, therefore, was contented with the supposition, that they were liberties allowed among persons of fashion, many of whose polite levities I had heard described and censured by the dear monitor of my youth, to whom I owed all my virtue and all my knowledge. I could not, however, reflect without solicitude and anxiety, that since the first week of my arrival I had heard no more of my business. I had, indeed, frequently ventured to mention it ; and still hoped that when my patroness had procured me a little set of customers among her friends, I should be permitted to venture into a room of my own ; for I could not think of carrying it on where it would degrade my benefactress, of whom it could not without an affront be said, that she let lodgings to a mantua maker ; nor could I without indecorum distribute directions where I was to be found, till I had moved to another house. But whenever I introduced this subject of conversation, I was either

rallied for my gravity, or gently reproached with pride, as impatient of obligation : sometimes I was told, with an air of merriment, that my business should be pleasure ; and sometimes I was entertained with amorous stories, and excited, by licentious and flattering descriptions, to a relish of luxurious idleness and expensive amusements. In short, my suspicions gradually increased ; and my fears grew stronger, till my dream was at an end, and I could slumber no more. The terror that seized me, when I could no longer doubt into what hands I had fallen, is not to be expressed, nor, indeed, could it be concealed : the effect which it produced in my aspect and behaviour, afforded the wretch who attempted to seduce me, no prospect of success ; and as she despaired of exciting me by the love of pleasure to voluntary guilt, she determined to effect her purpose by surprise, and drive me into her toils by desperation.

“ It was not less my misfortune than reproach, that I did not immediately quit a place in which I knew myself devoted to destruction. This, indeed, Mrs. Wellwood was very assiduous to prevent : the morning after I had discovered her purpose, the talk about my business was renewed ; and as soon as we had breakfasted, she took me out with her in a hackney-coach, under pretence of procuring me a lodging ; but she had still some plausible objection against all that we saw. Thus she contrived to busy my mind, and keep me with her the greatest part of the day ; at three we returned to dinner, and passed the afternoon without company. I drank tea with the family ; and in the evening, being uncommonly drowsy, I went to bed near two hours sooner than usual.

NO. 136. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1754.

— *Quis talia fando*—

Temperet à lacrymis ?

VIRG. ÆN. ii. 6.

And who can hear this tale without a tear ?

“ To the transactions of this night I was not conscious ; but what they had been the circumstances of the morning left me no room to doubt. I discovered with astonishment, indignation, and despair, which for a time suspended all my faculties, that I had suffered irreparable injury in a state of insensibility ; not so much to gratify the wretch by whom I had been abused, as that I might with less scruple admit another, and by reflecting that it was impossible to recover what I had lost, become careless of all that remained. Many artifices were used to sooth me ; and when these were found to be ineffectual, attempts were made to intimidate me with menaces. I knew not exactly what passed in the first fury of my distraction, but at length it quite exhausted me. In the evening, being calm through mere languor and debility, and no precaution having been taken to detain me, because I was not thought able to escape, I found means to steal down stairs, and get into the street without being missed. Wretched as I was, I felt some emotions of joy when I first found myself at liberty ; though it was no better than the liberty of an exile in a desert, where having escaped from the dungeon and the wheel, he must yet, without a miracle, be destroyed by savages or hunger. It was not long, indeed, before I reflected, that I

knew no house that would receive me, and that I had no money in my pocket. I had not, however, the least inclination to go back. I sometimes thought of returning to my old mistress, the mantua-maker ; but the moment I began to anticipate the malicious inference she would draw from my absence and appearance, and her triumph in the mournful necessity that urged me to return, I determined rather to suffer any other evil that could befall me.

“ Thus destitute and forlorn, feeble and dispirited, I continued to creep along till the shops were all shut, and the deserted streets became silent. The busy crowds, which had almost borne me before them, were now dissipated ; and every one was retired home, except a few wretched outcasts like myself, who were either huddled together in a corner, or strolling about not knowing whither they went. It is not easy to conceive the anguish with which I reflected upon my condition : and, perhaps, it would scarcely have been thought possible, that a person who was not a fugitive from justice, nor an enemy to labour, could be thus destitute even of the little that is essential to life, and in danger of perishing for want in the midst of a populous city, abounding with accommodations for every rank, from the peer to the beggar. Such, however, was my lot. I found myself compelled by necessity to pass the night in the street, without hope of passing the next in any other place, or, indeed, of procuring food to support me till it arrived. I had now fasted the whole day ; my languor increased every moment ; I was weary and fainting ; my face was covered with a cold sweat, and my legs trembled under me : but I did not dare to sit down, or to walk twice along the same street, lest I should have been seized by the watch, or insulted by some voluntary vagabond in the rage or

wantonness of drunkenness or lust. I knew not, indeed, well how to vary my walk ; but imagined that, upon the whole, I should be more safe in the city, than among the brothels in the Strand, or in streets which being less frequented are less carefully watched : for though I scarce ventured to consider the law as my friend, yet I was more afraid of those who should attempt to break the peace, than those who were appointed to keep it. I went forward, therefore, as well as I was able, and passed through St. Paul's Church-yard as the clock struck one ; but such was my misfortune, that the calamity which I dreaded overtook me in the very place to which I had fled to avoid it. Just as I was crossing at the corner into Cheapside, I was laid hold on by a man not meanly dressed, who would have hurried me down towards the Old Change. I knew not what he said, but I strove to disengage myself from him without making any reply : my struggles, indeed, were weak ; and the man still keeping his hold, and perhaps mistaking the feebleness of my resistance for some inclination to comply, proceeded to indecencies, for which I struck him with the sudden force that was supplied by rage and indignation ; but my whole strength was exhausted in the blow, which the brute instantly returned, and repeated till I fell. Instinct is still ready in the defence of life however wretched ; and though the moment before I had wished to die, yet in this distress I spontaneously cried out for help. My voice was heard by a watchman, who immediately ran towards me, and finding me upon the ground, lifted up his lantern, and examined me with an attention, which made me reflect with great confusion upon the disorder of my dress, which before had not once occurred to my thoughts ; my hair hung loosely about my shoulders, my stays were but half-laced, and the rest of my clothes were

carelessly thrown on in the tumult and distraction of mind, which prevented my attending to trivial circumstances, when I made my escape from Well-wood's. My general appearance, and the condition in which I was found, convinced the watchman that I was a strolling prostitute; and finding that I was not able to rise without assistance, he also concluded that I was drunk; he, therefore, set down his lantern, and calling his comrade to assist him, they lifted me up. As my voice was faltering, my looks wild, and my whole frame so feeble that I tottered as I stood, the man was confirmed in his first opinion; and seeing my face bloody, and my eyes swelled, he told me with a sneer, that to secure me from further ill treatment, he would provide a lodging for me till the morning; and accordingly they dragged me between them to the Compter, without any regard to my entreaties or distress.

"I passed the night in agonies, upon which even now I shudder to look back; and in the morning I was carried before a magistrate. The watchman gave an account of his having found me very drunk, crying out murder, and breeding a riot in the street at one o'clock in the morning: 'I was scarcely yet sober,' he said, 'as his worship might see, and had been pretty handsomely beaten; but he supposed it was for an unsuccessful attempt to pick a pocket, at which I must have been very dexterous, indeed, to have succeeded in that condition.

"This account, however injurious, was greatly confirmed by my appearance: I was almost covered with kennel dirt, my face was discoloured, my speech was inarticulate, and I was so oppressed with faintness and terror, that I could not stand without a support. The magistrate, however, with great kindness, called upon me to make my defence, which I attempted by relating the truth; but the story was

told with so much hesitation, and was in itself so wild and improbable, so like the inartificial tales that are hastily formed as an apology for detected guilt, that it could not be believed ; and I was told, that except I could support my character by some credible witness, I should be committed to Bridewell.

“ I was thunderstruck at this menace ; and had formed ideas so dreadful of the place to which I was to be sent, that my dungeon at the mantua-maker’s became a palace in the comparison ; and to return thither, with whatever disadvantages, was now the utmost object of my hope. I, therefore, desired that my mistress might be sent for, and flattered myself that she would at least take me out of a house of correction, if it were only for the pleasure of tormenting me herself.

“ In about two hours the messenger returned, and with him my tyrant, who eyed me with such malicious pleasure, that my hopes failed me the moment I saw her, and I almost repented that she was come. She was, I believe, glad of an opportunity effectually to prevent my obtaining any part of her business, which she had some reason to fear ; and, therefore, told the justice who examined her, that ‘ she had taken me a beggar from the parish four years ago, and taught me her trade ; but that I had been always sullen, mischievous, and idle ; and it was more than a month since I had clandestinely left her service, in decent and modest apparel fitting my condition ; and that she would leave his worship to judge, whether I came honestly by the tawdry rags which I had on my back.’ This account, however correspondent with my own, served only to confirm those facts which condemned me : it appeared, incontestably, that I had deserted my service ; and been debauched in a brothel, where I had been furnished with clothes, and continued more than a

month. That I had been ignorant of my situation, prostituted without my consent, and at last had escaped to avoid further injury, appeared to be fictitious circumstances, invented to palliate my offence: the person whom I had accused lived in another county; and it was necessary for the present to bring the matter to a short issue: my mistress, therefore, was asked whether she would receive me again, upon my promise of good behaviour; and upon her preremptory refusal, my mittimus was made out, and I was committed to hard labour. The clerk, however, was ordered to take a memorandum of my charge against Wellwood, and I was told that inquiry should be made about her.

“After I had been confined about a week, a note was brought me without date or name, in which I was told, ‘that my malice against those who would have been my benefactors was disappointed; that if I would return to them, my discharge should be procured, and I should still be kindly received; but that if I persisted in my ingratitude, it should not be unrevenged.’ From this note I conjectured, that Wellwood had found means to stop an inquiry into her conduct, which she had discovered to have been begun upon my information, and had thus learned where I was to be found: I, therefore, returned no answer, but that I was contented with my situation, and prepared to suffer whatever Providence should appoint.

“During my confinement, I was not treated with great severity; and at the next court, as no particular crime was alleged against me, I was ordered to be discharged. As my character was now irretrievably lost, as I had no friend who would afford me shelter, nor any business to which I could apply, I had no prospect but again to wander about the streets, without lodging and without food. I there-

fore entreated that the officers of the parish to which I belonged might be ordered to receive me into the workhouse, till they could get me a service, or find me some employment by which my labour would procure me a subsistence. This request, so reasonable and so uncommon, was much commended, and immediately granted ; but as I was going out at the gate with my pass in my hand, I was met by a bailiff, with an emissary of Wellwood's, and arrested for a debt of twenty pounds. As it was no more in my power to procure bail than to pay the money, I was immediately dragged to Newgate. It was soon known that I had not a farthing in my pocket, and that no money either for fees or accommodations could be expected ; I was, therefore, turned over to a place called the common side, among the most wretched and the most profligate of human beings. In Bridewell, indeed, my associates were wicked ; but they were overawed by the presence of their taskmaster, and restrained from licentiousness by perpetual labour : but my ears were now violated every moment by oaths, execrations, and obscenity ; the conversation of Mother Wellwood, her inmates, and her guests, was chaste and holy to that of the inhabitants of this place ; and in comparison with their life, that to which I had been solicited was innocent. Thus I began insensibly to think of mere incontinence without horror ; and, indeed, became less sensible of more complicated enormities, in proportion as they became familiar. My wretchedness, however, was not alleviated, though my virtue became less. I was without friends and without money ; and the misery of confinement in a noisome dungeon, was aggravated by hunger and thirst, and cold and nakedness. In this hour of trial, I was again assailed by the wretch, who had produced it only to facilitate her success. And let not those, before whom

the path of virtue has been strewed with flowers, and every thorn removed by prosperity, too severely censure me, to whom it was a barren and rugged road in which I had long toiled with labour and anguish, if at last, when I was benighted in a storm, I turned at the first light, and hasted to the nearest shelter : let me not be too severely censured, if I now accepted liberty and ease and plenty, upon the only terms on which they could be obtained. I consented, with whatever reluctance and compunction, to return, and complete my ruin in the place where it was begun. The action of debt was immediately withdrawn, my fees were paid, and I was once more removed to my lodging near Covent-Garden. In a short time I recovered my health and beauty ; I was again dressed and adorned at the expense of my tyrant, whose power increased in proportion to my debt ; the terms of prostitution were prescribed me ; and out of the money, which was the price not only of my body but my soul, I scarce received more than I could have earned by weeding in a field. The will of my creditor was my law, from which I knew not how to appeal. My slavery was most deplorable, and my employment most odious ; for the principles of virtue and religion, which had been implanted in my youth, however they had been choked by weeds, could never be plucked up by the root ; nor did I ever admit a dishonourable visit, but my heart sunk, my lips quivered, and my knees smote each other.

“ From this dreadful situation I am at length delivered. But while I lift up my heart in gratitude to Him, who alone can bring good out of evil, I desire it may be remembered, that my deviation to ill was natural, my recovery almost miraculous. My first step to vice was the desertion of my service ; and of this, all my guilt and misery were the consequence. Let none, therefore, quit the post that is

assigned them by Providence, or venture out of the straight way; the bye-path, though it may invite them by its verdure, will inevitably lead them to a precipice; nor can it, without folly and presumption, be pronounced of any, that their first deviation from rectitude will produce less evil than mine.

“Such, Mr. Adventurer, is the story of my child, and such are her reflections upon it; to which I can only add, that he who abandons his offspring, or corrupts them by his example, perpetrates greater evil than a murderer, in proportion as immortality is of more value than life.

“I am, SIR,

“Your humble servant,

“AGAMUS.”

No. 137. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1754.

Τί δ' ἔπειτα.

PYTHAG.

What have I been doing?

As man is a being very sparingly furnished with the power of prescience, he can provide for the future only by considering the past; and as futurity is all in which he has any real interest, he ought very diligently to use the only means by which he can be enabled to enjoy it, and frequently to revolve the experiments which he has hitherto made upon life, that he may gain wisdom from his mistakes, and caution from his miscarriages.

Though I do not so exactly conform to the precepts of Pythagoras, as to practise every night this solemn recollection, yet I am not so lost in dissipa-

tion as wholly to omit it; nor can I forbear sometimes to inquire of myself, in what employments my life has passed away. Much of my time has sunk into nothing, and left no trace by which it can be distinguished; and of this I now only know, that it was once in my power, and might once have been improved.

Of other parts of life memory can give some account; at some hours I have been gay, and at others serious; I have sometimes mingled in conversation, and sometimes meditated in solitude; one day has been spent in consulting the ancient sages, and another in writing *Adventurers*.

At the conclusion of any undertaking, it is usual to compute the loss and profit. As I shall soon cease to write *Adventurers*, I could not forbear lately to consider what has been the consequence of my labours; and whether I am to reckon the hours laid out in these compositions, as applied to a good and laudable purpose, or suffered to fume away in useless evaporations.

That I have intended well, I have the attestation of my own heart: but good intentions may be frustrated when they are executed without suitable skill, or directed to an end unattainable in itself.

Some there are who leave writers very little room for self-congratulation; some who affirm, that books have no influence upon the public, that no age was ever made better by its authors, and that to call upon mankind to correct their manners, is, like Xerxes, to scourge the wind or shackle the torrent.

This opinion they pretend to support by unfailling experience. The world is full of fraud and corruption, rapine and malignity: interest is the ruling motive of mankind, and every one is endeavouring to increase his own stores of happiness by perpetual

accumulation, without reflecting upon the numbers whom his superfluity condemns to want : in this state of things a book of morality is published, in which charity and benevolence are strongly enforced ; and it is proved beyond opposition, that men are happy in proportion as they are virtuous, and rich as they are liberal. The book is applauded, and the author is preferred ; he imagines his applause deserved, and receives less pleasure from the acquisition of reward than the consciousness of merit. Let us look again upon mankind : interest is still the ruling motive, and the world is yet full of fraud and corruption, malevolence and rapine.

The difficulty of confuting this assertion arises merely from its generality and comprehension : to overthrow it by a detail of distinct facts, requires a wider survey of the world than human eyes can take : the progress of reformation is gradual and silent, as the extension of evening shadows ; we know that they were short at noon, and are long at sun-set, but our senses were not able to discern their increase : we know of every civil nation, that it was once savage, and how was it reclaimed but by precept and admonition ?

Mankind are universally corrupt, but corrupt in different degrees ; as they are universally ignorant, yet with greater or less irradiations of knowledge. How has knowledge or virtue been increased and preserved in one place beyond another, but by diligent inculcation and rational enforcement ?

Books of morality are daily written, yet its influence is still little in the world ; so the ground is annually ploughed, and yet multitudes are in want of bread. But, surely, neither the labours of the moralist nor of the husbandman are vain : let them for a while neglect their tasks, and their usefulness will

be known ; the wickedness that is now frequent would become universal, the bread that is now scarce would wholly fail.

The power, indeed, of every individual is small, and the consequence of his endeavours imperceptible in a general prospect of the world. Providence has given no man ability to do much, that something might be left for every man to do. The business of life is carried on by a general co-operation ; in which the part of any single man can be no more distinguished, than the effect of a particular drop when the meadows are floated by a summer shower : yet every drop increases the inundation, and every hand adds to the happiness or misery of mankind.

That a writer, however zealous or eloquent, seldom works a visible effect upon cities or nations, will readily be granted. The book which is read most, is read by few, compared with those that read it not ; and of those few, the greater part peruse it with dispositions that very little favour their own improvement.

It is difficult to enumerate the several motives which procure to books the honour of perusal: spite, vanity, and curiosity, hope and fear, love and hatred, every passion which incites to any other action, serves at one time or other to stimulate a reader.

Some are fond to take a celebrated volume into their hands, because they hope to distinguish their penetration by finding faults which have escaped the public ; others eagerly buy it in the first bloom of reputation, that they may join the chorus of praise, and not lag, as Falstaff terms it, in ‘ the rearward of the fashion.’

Some read for style, and some for argument ; one has little care about the sentiment, he observes only how it is expressed ; another regards not the conclusion, but is diligent to mark how it is inferred :

they read for other purposes than the attainment of practical knowledge ; and are no more likely to grow wise by an examination of a treatise of moral prudence, than an architect to inflame his devotion by considering attentively the proportions of a temple.

Some read that they may embellish their conversation, or shine in dispute ; some that they may not be detected in ignorance, or want the reputation of literary accomplishments : but the most general and prevalent reason of study is the impossibility of finding another amusement equally cheap or constant, equally independent on the hour or the weather. He that wants money to follow the chase of pleasure through her yearly circuit, and is left at home when the gay world rolls to Bath or Tunbridge ; he whose gout compels him to hear from his chamber, the rattle of chariots transporting happier beings to plays and assemblies, will be forced to seek in books a refuge from himself.

The author is not wholly useless, who provides innocent amusements for minds like these. There are in the present state of things so many more instigations to evil than incitements to good, that he who keeps men in a neutral state, may be justly considered as a benefactor to life.

But, perhaps, it seldom happens, that study terminates in mere pastime. Books have always a secret influence on the understanding : we cannot at pleasure obliterate ideas ; he that reads books of science, though without any fixed desire of improvement, will grow more knowing ; he that entertains himself with moral or religious treatises, will imperceptibly advance in goodness ; the ideas which are often offered to the mind, will at last find a lucky moment when it is disposed to receive them.

It is, therefore, urged without reason, as a discouragement to writers, that are there already books

sufficient in the world ; that all the topics of persuasion have been discussed, and every important question clearly stated and justly decided ; and that, therefore, there is no room to hope, that pigmies should conquer where heroes have been defeated, or that the petty copiers of the present time should advance the great work of reformation, which their predecessors were forced to leave unfinished.

Whatever be the present extent of human knowledge, it is not only finite, and therefore in its own nature capable of increase ; but so narrow, that almost every understanding may, by a diligent application of its powers, hope to enlarge it. It is, however, not necessary, that a man should forbear to write, till he has discovered some truth unknown before ; he may be sufficiently useful, by only diversifying the surface of knowledge, and luring the mind by a new appearance to a second view of those beauties which it had passed over inattentively before. Every writer may find intellects correspondent to his own, to whom his expressions are familiar, and his thoughts congenial ; and, perhaps, truth is often more successfully propagated by men of moderate abilities, who, adopting the opinions of others, have no care but to explain them clearly, than by subtile speculatists and curious searchers, who exact from their readers powers equal to their own, and, if their fabrics of science be strong, take no care to render them accessible.

For my part, I do not regret the hours which I have laid out in these little compositions. That the world has grown apparently better since the publication of the *Adventurer*, I have not observed ; but am willing to think, that many have been affected by single sentiments, of which it is their business to renew the impression ; that many have caught hints

of truth, which it is now their duty to pursue ; and that those who have received no improvement, have wanted not opportunity but intention to improve.

T

No. 138. SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1754.

*Quid purè tranqillet, honos, an dulce lucellum,
An secretum iter, et fallentis semita vitæ ?*

HOR. EPIST. i. 18. 102.

Whether the tranquil mind and pure,
Honours, or wealth, our bliss ensure ;
Or down through life unknown to stray,
Where lonely leads the silent way.

FRANCIS.

HAVING considered the importance of authors to the welfare of the public, I am led, by a natural train of thought, to reflect on their condition with regard to themselves ; and to inquire what degree of happiness or vexation is annexed to the difficult and laborious employment of providing instruction or entertainment for mankind.

In estimating the pain or pleasure of any particular state, every man, indeed, draws his decisions from his own breast, and cannot with certainty determine, whether other minds are affected by the same causes in the same manner. Yet by this criterion we must be content to judge, because no other can be obtained ; and, indeed, we have no reason to think it very fallacious, for excepting here and there an anomalous mind, which either does not feel like

others, or dissembles its sensibility, we find men un-animously concur in attributing happiness or misery to particular conditions, as they agree in acknowledging the cold of winter and the heat of autumn.

If we apply to authors themselves for an account of their state, it will appear very little to deserve envy; for they have in all ages been addicted to complaint. The neglect of learning, the ingratitude of the present age, and the absurd preference by which ignorance and dulness often obtain favour and rewards, have been from age to age topics of invective; and few have left their names to posterity, without some appeal to future candour from the perverseness and malice of their own times.

I have, nevertheless, been often inclined to doubt, whether authors, however querulous, are in reality more miserable than their fellow-mortals. The present life is to all a state of infelicity; every man, like an author, believes himself to merit more than he obtains, and solaces the present with the prospect of the future; others, indeed, suffer those disappointments in silence, of which the writer complains, to show how well he has learnt the art of lamentation.

There is at least one gleam of felicity, of which few writers have missed the enjoyment: he whose hopes have so far overpowered his fears, as that he has resolved to stand forth a candidate for fame, seldom fails to amuse himself, before his appearance, with pleasing scenes of affluence or honour; while his fortune is yet under the regulation of fancy, he easily models it to his wish, suffers no thoughts of critics or rivals to intrude upon his mind, but counts over the bounties of patronage, or listens to the voice of praise.

Some there are, that talk very luxuriously of the second period of an author's happiness, and tell of the

tumultuous raptures of invention, when the mind riots in imagery, and the choice stands suspended between different sentiments.

These pleasures, I believe, may sometimes be indulged to those, who come to a subject of disquisition with minds full of ideas, and with fancies so vigorous, as easily to excite, select, and arrange them. To write is, indeed, no unpleasing employment, when one sentiment readily produces another, and both ideas and expressions present themselves at the first summons; but such happiness, the greatest genius does not always obtain; and common writers know it only to such a degree, as to credit its possibility. Composition is, for the most part, an effort of slow diligence and steady perseverance, to which the mind is dragged by necessity or resolution, and from which the attention is every moment starting to more delightful amusements.

It frequently happens, that a design which, when considered at a distance, gave flattering hopes of facility, mocks us in the execution with unexpected difficulties; the mind which, while it considered it in the gross, imagined itself amply furnished with materials, finds sometimes an unexpected barrenness and vacuity, and wonders whither all those ideas are vanished, which a little before seemed struggling for emission.

Sometimes many thoughts present themselves; but so confused and unconnected, that they are not without difficulty reduced to method, or concatenated in a regular and dependent series: the mind falls at once into a labyrinth, of which neither the beginning nor end can be discovered, and toils and struggles without progress or extrication.

It is asserted by Horace, that 'if matter be once got together, words will be found with very little

difficulty : a position which, though sufficiently plausible to be inserted in poetical precepts, is by no means strictly and philosophically true. If words were naturally and necessarily consequential to sentiments, it would always follow, that he who has most knowledge must have most eloquence, and that every man would clearly express what he fully understood : yet we find, that to think and to discourse are often the qualities of different persons : and many books might surely be produced, where just and noble sentiments are degraded and obscured by unsuitable diction.

Words, therefore, as well as things, claim the care of an author. Indeed of many authors, and those not useless or contemptible, words are almost the only care : many make it their study, not so much to strike out new sentiments, as to recommend those which are already known to more favourable notice by fairer decorations : but every man, whether he copies or invents, whether he delivers his own thoughts or those of another, has often found himself deficient in the power of expression, big with ideas which he could not utter, obliged to ransack his memory for terms adequate to his conceptions, and at last unable to impress upon his reader the image existing in his own mind.

It is one of the common distresses of a writer, to be within a word of a happy period, to want only a single epithet to give amplification its full force, to require only a correspondent term in order to finish a paragraph with elegance, and make one of its members answer to the other : but these deficiencies cannot always be supplied ; and after long study and vexation, the passage is turned anew, and the web unwoven that was so nearly finished.

But when thoughts and words are collected and

adjusted, and the whole composition at last concluded, it seldom gratifies the author, when he comes coolly and deliberately to review it, with the hopes which had been excited in the fury of the performance: novelty always captivates the mind; as our thoughts rise fresh upon us, we readily believe them just and original, which, when the pleasure of production is over, we find to be mean and common, or borrowed from the works of others, and supplied by memory rather than invention.

But though it should happen that the writer finds no such faults in his performance, he is still to remember, that he looks upon it with partial eyes: and when he considers, how much men who could judge of others with great exactness, have often failed of judging of themselves, he will be afraid of deciding too hastily in his own favour, or of allowing himself to contemplate with too much complacency, treasure that has not yet been brought to the test, nor past the only trial that can stamp its value.

From the public, and only from the public, is he to await a confirmation of his claim, and a final justification of self-esteem; but the public is not easily persuaded to favour an author. If mankind were left to judge for themselves, it is reasonable to imagine, that of such writings, at least, as describe the movements of the human passions, and of which every man carries the archetype within him, a just opinion would be formed; but whoever has remarked the fate of books, must have found it governed by other causes than general consent arising from general conviction. If a new performance happens not to fall into the hands of some, who have courage to tell, and authority to propagate their opinion, it often remains long in obscurity, and perhaps perishes unknown and unexamined. A few, a very few, com-

monly constitute the taste of the time ; the judgement which they have once pronounced, some are too lazy to discuss, and some too timorous to contradict : it may, however, be, I think, observed, that their power is greater to depress than exalt, as mankind are more credulous of censure than of praise.

This perversion of the public judgment is not to be rashly numbered amongst the miseries of an author ; since it commonly serves, after miscarriage, to reconcile him to himself. Because the world has sometimes passed an unjust sentence, he readily concludes the sentence unjust by which his performance is condemned ; because some have been exalted above their merits by partiality, he is sure to ascribe the success of a rival, not to the merit of his work, but the zeal of his patrons. Upon the whole, as the author seems to share all the common miseries of life, he appears to partake likewise of its lenitives and abatements.

T

No. 139. TUESDAY, MARCH 5, 1754.

*Ipse viam tantùm potui docuisse repertam
Aonas ad montes, longeque ostendere Musas,
Plaudentes celsæ choreas in vertice rupis.*

VIDA,

I only pointed out the paths that lead
The panting youth to steep Parnassus' head,
And show'd the tuneful Muses from afar,
Mix'd in a solemn choir, and dancing there.

FITT.

HE that undertakes to superintend the morals and the taste of the public, should attentively consider;

what are the peculiar irregularities and defects that characterize the times : for though some have contended, that men have always been vicious and foolish in the same degree ; yet their vices and follies are known to have been not only different but opposite in their kind. The disease of the time has been sometimes a fever, and sometimes a lethargy ; and he, therefore, who should always prescribe the same remedy, would be justly scorned as a quack, the dispenser of a nostrum, which, however efficacious, must, if indiscriminately applied, produce as much evil as good. There was a time, when every man, who was ambitious of religion or virtue, enlisted himself in a crusade, or buried himself in a hermitage ; and he who should then have declaimed against lukewarmness and scepticism, would have acted just as absurdly as he who should warn the present age against priestcraft and superstition, or set himself gravely to prove the lawfulness of pleasure, to lure the hermit from his cell, and deliver the penitent from suicide.

But as vicious manners have not differed more than vicious taste, there was a time when every literary character was disgraced by an impertinent ostentation of skill in abstruse science, and an habitual familiarity with books written in the dead languages ; every man, therefore, was a pedant, in proportion as he desired to be thought a scholar. The preacher and the pleader strung together classical quotations with the same labour, affectation, and insignificance ; truths, however obvious, and opinions however indisputable, were illustrated and confirmed by the testimonies of Tully or Horace ; and Seneca and Epictetus were solemnly cited, to evince the certainty of death or the fickleness of fortune. The discourses of Taylor are crowded with extracts from the writers of the porch and the academy ; and

it is scarcely possible to forbear smiling at a marginal note of Lord Coke, in which he gravely acquaints his reader with an excellence that he might otherwise have overlooked: 'This,' says he, 'is the thirty-third time that Virgil hath been quoted in this work.' The mixture, however, is so preposterous, that to those who can read Coke with pleasure, these passages will appear like a dancer who should intrude on the solemnity of a senate; and to those who have a taste only for polite literature, like a fountain or a palm-tree in the deserts of Arabia.

It appears by the essays of Montaigne and La Motte le Vayer, that this affectation extended to France; but the absurdity was too gross to remain long after the revival of literature. It was ridiculed here so early as the 'Silent Woman' of Ben Jonson; and afterwards more strongly and professedly in the character of Hudibras, who decorates his flimsy orations with gaudy patches of Latin, and scraps of tissue from the schoolmen. The same task was also undertaken in France by Balzac, in a satire called 'Barbon.'

Wit is more rarely disappointed of its purpose than wisdom; and it is no wonder that this species of pedantry, in itself so ridiculous and despicable, was soon brought into contempt by those powers, against which truth and rectitude have not always maintained their dignity. The features of learning began insensibly to lose their austerity, and her air became engaging and easy: philosophy was now decorated by the graces.

The abstruse truths of astronomy were explained by Fontenelle to a lady by moonlight; justness and propriety of thought and sentiment were discussed by Bouhours amid the delicacies of a garden; and Algarotti introduced the Newtonian theory of light and colours to the toilet. Addison remarks that

Socrates was said to have brought philosophy down from heaven to inhabit among men: 'And I,' says he, 'shall be ambitious to have it said of me, that I have brought philosophy out of closets and libraries, schools and colleges, to dwell in clubs and assemblies, at tea-tables, and in coffee-houses.'

But this purpose has in some measure been defeated by its success; and we have been driven from one extreme, with such precipitation, that we have not stopped in the medium, but gone on to the other.

Learning has been divested of the peculiarities of a college dress, that she might mix in polite assemblies, and be admitted to domestic familiarity; but by this means she has been confounded with ignorance and levity. Those who before could distinguish her only by the singularity of her garb, cannot now distinguish her at all; and whenever she asserts the dignity of her character, she has reason to fear that ridicule, which is inseparably connected with the remembrance of her dress; she is therefore in danger of being driven back to the college, where, such is her transformation, she may at last be refused admittance; for, instead of learning having elevated conversation, conversation has degraded learning; and the barbarous and inaccurate manner in which an extemporary speaker expresses a hasty conception, is now contended to be the rule by which an author should write. It seems, therefore, that to correct the taste of the present generation, literary subjects should be again introduced among the polite and gay, without labouring too much to disguise them like common prattle; and that conversation should be weeded of folly and impertinence, of commonplace rhetoric, jingling phrases, and trite repartee, which are echoed from one visitor to another without the labour of thought, and have been suffered by better understandings in the dread of an imputation

of pedantry. I am of opinion, that with this view Swift wrote his 'Polite Conversation;' and where he has plucked up a weed, the writers who succeed him should endeavour to plant a flower. With this view, criticism has in this paper been intermixed with subjects of greater importance; and it is hoped that our fashionable conversation will no longer be the disgrace of rational beings; and that men of genius and literature will not give the sanction of their example to popular folly, and suffer their evenings to pass in hearing or in telling the exploits of a pointer, discussing a method to prevent wines from being pricked, or solving a difficult case in back-gammon.

I would not, however, be thought solicitous to confine the conversation even of scholars to literary subjects, but only to prevent such subjects from being totally excluded. And it may be remarked, that the present insignificance of conversation has a very extensive effect: excellence that is not understood will never be rewarded, and without hope of reward few will labour to excel; every writer will be tempted to negligence, in proportion as he despises the judgment of those who are to determine his merit; and as it is no man's interest to write that which the public is not disposed to read, the productions of the press will always be accommodated to popular taste, and, in proportion as the world is inclined to be ignorant, little will be taught them. Thus the Greek and Roman architecture are discarded for the novelties of China; the ruins of Palmyra, and the copies of the capital pictures of Correggio, are neglected for gothic designs, and burlesque political prints; and the tinsel of a burletta has more admirers than the gold of Shakspeare, though it now receives new splendour from the mint, and, like a medal, is illustrious, not only for intrinsic worth, but for beauty of expression.

Perhaps it may be thought, that if this be indeed the state of learning and taste, an attempt to improve it by a private hand is romantic, and the hope of success chimerical : but to this I am not solicitous to give other answer, than that such an attempt is consistent with the character in which this paper is written ; and that the Adventurer can assert, upon classical authority, that in brave attempts it is glorious even to fail.

Z

No. 140. SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1754.

Desine Mænaios, jam desine, tibia, versus.

VIRG. ECL. viii. 68.

Now cease, my pipe, now cease, Mænalian strains.

WARTON.

WHEN this work was first planned, it was determined, that whatever might be the success, it should not be continued as a paper, till it became unwieldy as a book : for no immediate advantage would have induced the Adventurer to write what, like a newspaper, was designed but for a day ; and he knew, that the pieces of which it would consist, might be multiplied till they were thought too numerous to collect, and too costly to purchase, even by those who should allow them to be excellent in their kind. It was soon agreed, that four volumes, when they should be printed in a pocket size, would circulate better than more, and that scarce any of the purposes of publication could be effected by less ; the work, therefore,

was limited to four volumes, and four volumes are now completed.

A moral writer, of whatever abilities, who labours to reclaim those to whom vice has become habitual, and who are become veterans in infidelity, must surely labour to little purpose. Vice is a gradual and easy descent, where it first deviates from the level of innocence: but the declivity at every pace becomes more steep, and those who descend, descend every moment with greater rapidity. As a moralist, therefore, I determined to mark the first insensible gradation to ill; to caution against those acts which are not generally believed to incur guilt, but of which indubitable vice and hopeless misery are the natural and almost necessary consequences.

As I was upon these principles to write for the young and the gay; for those who are entering the path of life, I knew that it would be necessary to amuse the imagination while I was approaching the heart; and that I could not hope to fix the attention, but by engaging the passions. I have, therefore, sometimes led them into the regions of fancy, and sometimes held up before them the mirror of life; I have concatenated events, rather than deduced consequences by logical reasoning; and have exhibited scenes of prosperity and distress, as more forcibly persuasive than the rhetoric of declamation.

In the story of Melissa, I have endeavoured to repress romantic hopes, by which the reward of laborious industry is despised; and have founded affluence and honour upon an act of generous integrity to which few would have thought themselves obliged. In the life of Opsinous, I have shown the danger of the first speculative defection, and endeavoured to demonstrate the necessary dependence of virtue upon religion. Amurath's first advance to cruelty was striking a dog. The wretchedness of Hassan was

produced merely by the want of positive virtue ; and that of Mirza by the solitariness of his devotion. The distress of lady Freeman arises from a common and allowed deviation from truth ; and in the two papers upon marriage, the importance of minute particulars is illustrated and displayed. With this clue, the reader will be able to discover the same design in almost every paper that I have written, which may easily be known from the rest by having no signature at the bottom *. Among these, however, Number forty-four was the voluntary contribution of a stranger, and Number forty-two† the gift of a friend ; so were the first hints on which I wrote the story of Eugenio, and the letter signed Tim Cogdie.

I did not, however, undertake to execute this scheme alone ; not only because I wanted sufficient leisure, but because some degree of sameness is produced by the peculiarities of every writer ; and it was thought that the conceptions and expression of another, whose pieces should have a general coincidence with mine, would produce variety, and by increasing entertainment facilitate instruction.

With this view the pieces that appear in the beginning of the work signed A, were procured ; but this resource soon failing, I was obliged to carry on the publication alone, except some casual supplies, till I obtained from the gentlemen who have distinguished their pieces by the letters T and Z‡ such assistance as I most wished. Of their views and expectations, some account has been already given in

* By signature is meant the letter, or mark, placed on the left hand side of the page ; not the subscribed names of the assumed characters in which several of the papers are written.

† Said, by mistake, to be number forty-seven, in former editions.

‡ The pieces signed Z, are by the Rev. Mr. Warton, whose translation of Virgil's Pastorals and Georgics, would alone sufficiently distinguish him as a genius and a scholar.

Number one hundred and thirty-seven, and Number one hundred and thirty-nine. But there is one particular, in which the critical pieces concur in the general design of this paper, which has not been mentioned: those who can judge of literary excellence, will easily discover the Sacred Writings to have a divine origin by their manifest superiority: he, therefore, who displays the beauties and defects of a classic author, whether ancient or modern, puts into the hands of those to whom he communicates critical knowledge, a new testimonial of the truth of Christianity.

Besides the assistance of these gentlemen, I have received some voluntary contributions which would have done honour to any collection: the allegorical letter from Night, signed S; the story of Fidelia in three parts, signed Y; the letter signed Tim Wildgoose; Number forty-four and Number ninety marked with a &, were sent by unknown hands.

But whatever was the design to which I directed my part of this work, I will not pretend, that the view with which I undertook it was wholly disinterested; or that I would have engaged in a periodical paper, if I had not considered, that though it would not require deep researches, and abstracted speculation, yet it would admit much of that novelty which nature can now supply, and afford me opportunity to excel, if I possessed the power; as the pencil of a master is as easily distinguished in still life, as in a Hercules or a Venus, a landscape or a battle. I confess, that to this work I was incited, not only by a desire to propagate virtue, but to gratify myself; nor has the private wish, which was involved in the public, been disappointed. I have no cause to complain that the *Adventurer* has been injuriously neglected; or that I have been denied that praise, the hope of which animated my labour, and cheered my

**G. Woodfall, Printer,
Angel Court, Skinner Street, London.**

WORLD.



—Facta est immensi copia Mundi.

OID. MET. II. 157.



No. 1——64.

CONTENTS.

VOL. XXII.

No.

- ORIGINAL Dedications—Historical
and Biographical Preface.
1. History of Gonzales de Castro—Mo-
desty of Young Men of Fashion—
of Quacks—the Author's Adver-
tisement—Design of the Paper MOORE
 2. Bashfulness of the Moderns—Fable
of Modesty and Assurance ———
 3. Inconveniencies of borrowing Money ———
 4. Story of Mr. and Mrs. Wilson ———
 5. The same concluded ———
 6. Progress made towards Nature in the
Theatres WALPOLE
 7. Offensive Manners of Whist-players
—Fretters and Growlers MOORE
 8. Recommendation of Theodore, King of
Corsica, to the Liberality of the
Public WALPOLE
 9. Personal Satire—Progress of Wit—
Pantomimes MOORE
 10. On the Change of the Style WALPOLE
 11. Happiness, an Allegory MOORE
 12. On the Taste or Whim for Chinese Ar-
chitecture and Furniture ... W. WHITEHEAD
 13. Letters of Advice to the Author MOORE
 14. On the Composition of Letters WALPOLE
 15. Absurd Taste in Gardening—'Squire
Mushroom's Villa..... COVENTRYE
 16. Scene of Domestic Happiness MOORE

No.	
17.	Account of the Races and Manner of Newmarket.....EARL OF BATH
18.	A Country Gentleman's Tour to Paris with his Family.....CHESTERFIELD
19.	On the Ignorance and Indecency of modern Romance Writers...W. WHITEHEAD
20.	Uses of Learning MOORE
21.	Letters on the World—a London Sunday—Fashionable Undress ... ———
22.	School Discipline recommended as a Cure for RamblingUNKNOWN
23.	Shameful Practice of exhibiting Lu- natics in Bedlam—Proposals for a new Bedlam for Men of Spirit about town MOORE
24.	On Nostrums and Specifics—Short WritingCHESTERFIELD
25.	Danger of reading Romances..... ———
26.	On Simplicity in Taste.....J. WARTON
27.	Account of the Erection of Three great Monasteries in London TILSON
28.	Old Women most proper Objects for LoveWALPOLE
29.	On the little Benefit accruing to Eng- lishmen from their Travels ..CHESTERFIELD
30.	Impropriety of wearing a Hat in Church—Cruelty of seducing the Affections MOORE
31.	Distresses of a credulous Clergyman ———
32.	Criticism treated as a Species of Dis- ease DODSLEY
33.	Remarks on the Author's Correspond- ents—Letter from a disappointed Bride MOORE
34.	On the Danger of repealing the Witch Act ———

No.		
35.	Letter from Nic Limbertongue, a Lover of Secrets	MOORE
36.	On mispending the Summer in Cards and Drinking	J. DUNCOMBE
37.	Mary Truman's Account of the Mis- eries of Dependence	SIR C. H. WILLIAMS
38.	On an expensive Taste in Furniture.	PARRATT
39.	Substance of Nic Limbertongue's Let- ters—Letter from an undressed Lady	MOORE
40.	Infelicities of Marriage, owing to the Husband's not giving way to the Wife	————
41.	Letter from an Old Maid—On the Miseries of a Woman of Fashion in the Country	————
42.	Varieties of good Sort of Men	————
43.	Punning Letter—On the Jew Bill—In- delicacy of Pantomimes	————
44.	Pride, the Source of every Guilt and Misery	UNKNOWN
45.	Essay on Posts	ROBERTS
46.	Letters on the Art of not knowing People	MOORE
47.	Courage of Sir Josiah Pumpkin—re- markable Duel in Moorfields	EARL OF CORK
48.	On Affectation—the Quality of Brent- ford	MOORE
49.	Ironical Recommendation of the pre- sent Times	CHESTERFIELD
50.	Various Reasons for coming to Lon- don—Anecdotes of Pope	CAMBRIDGE
51.	On Variety of Acquaintances—Inat- tention to their Qualifications.....	————
52.	Amanda's Story of her Seduction ...	MOORE
53.	On Uncharitableness to the Failings of the Fair Sex.....	————

No.	
54.	Essay on HearersCAMBRIDGE
55.	Proposals for a new Extinguisher ... ———
56.	Adventures of a Hearer ———
57.	On the Contempt usually bestowed on Parsons, Authors, and Cuckolds . MOORE
58.	Calamities which attend Male Beau- ty.....W. WHITEHEAD
59.	Architecture improved by a mixture of the Gothic and Chinese.....UNKNOWN
60.	On the Absurdity of giving Vails to ServantsHON. HAMILTON BOYLE
61.	Increase of Robberies by the Increase of the Metropolis—French Aca- demiesUNKNOWN
62.	Distinctions of Vis, Visit, and Visita- tion ———
63.	On the Sustenance of the Mind—In- stances of Idleness ———
64.	Instance of a Taste in Books without a Relish of Learning—Lord Fini- cal's Library ———

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Second Edition of the World was published in SIX VOLUMES ; to each of which was prefixed a Dedication. In all subsequent Editions it was re-published in four ; and three of the Dedications pre-fixed to the last Volume. They are here reprinted together, as hath been done with the Tatler, Spec-tator, and Guardian.

HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL

PREFACE

TO

THE WORLD.



THE work, on the history of which we now enter, differs from all its predecessors in its general style, and in the interest it creates, although the tendency may ultimately be the same. We have here no philosophy of morals, no indignant censure of the grosser vices, no critical disquisitions; and, in general, scarcely any thing serious. Irony is the predominant feature; a figure of rhetoric, and an expression of contempt, which requires delicacy in order to be successful, and pure intention in order to be safe. It does not appear, however, in itself to be more dangerous than any other species of wit; and, in this country, at least, if we except the political poets, there are few instances of very flagrant abuse. As employed in this paper,

VOL. XXII.

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it is employed for purposes to execute which, in the opinion of the writers, other methods had been tried without success. The authors of *The World* affected to consider the follies of their day as beneath their serious notice, and therefore tried what good might be done by turning them into ridicule, under the mask of defence or apology; and thus ingeniously demonstrated that every defence of what is in itself absurd and wrong, must either partake of the ridiculous, or be intolerable and repugnant to common sense and reason. With such intentions, notwithstanding their apparent good humour, they may, perhaps, in the apprehension of many readers, appear more severe censors of the foibles of the age, than any who have gone before them.

The design, as professed in the first paper, was, to ridicule, with novelty and good humour, the fashions, foibles, vices, and absurdities of that part of the human species which calls itself *The World*; and this the principal writers were enabled to execute with facility, from the knowledge incident to their rank in life, the elevated sphere in which they moved, their intercourse with a part of society not easily accessible to authors in general, and the good sense which prevented them from being blinded by the glare, or enslaved by the authority of fashion.

But although the continued use of irony may not be dangerous, they appear to have experienced that it is often liable to misconstruction. One of the most ingenious contributors*, who

* Richard Owen Cambridge, Esq., who died while the first edition of this work was in the press.

took a very lively interest in the success of the work, has delivered his opinion on this subject with shrewdness and candour. As an excuse for not having given a serious turn to the generality of these Essays, he observes, that papers of pleasantry, enforcing some lesser duty, or reprehending some fashionable folly, will be of more real use than the finest writing, or the most virtuous moral, which few or none will be at pains to read through; and he adds, most probably with a view to the *Adventurer* and *Rambler*, that the demand for moral Essays, “of which many excellent ones have been produced, had of late fallen very short of their acknowledged merit.”

But, after contending more amply for the plan adopted in these papers, he candidly allows, that there is a danger lest the habit of levity should tend to the admission of any thing contrary to the design of such a work. In writings of humour, figures are sometimes used of so delicate a nature, that it shall often happen that some people will see things in a direct contrary sense to what the author and the majority of readers understand them. To such the most innocent irony may appear irreligion or wickedness. But in the misapprehension of this figure, it is not always the reader that is to blame. A great deal of irony may seem very clear to the writer, which may not be so properly managed as to be safely trusted to the various capacities and apprehensions of all sorts of readers. In such cases, the conductor of a paper will be liable to various kinds of censure, though, in rea-

lity, nothing can be found against him but want of judgement *.

The justice of the latter part of these remarks will appear very obvious to those who have ever been engaged in periodical writing; and who, in addressing their inferiors, are sometimes apt to forget that they are their inferiors; and in chastising folly, do not always foresee the possibility that they may be read by the foolish. Yet the above apology, if it was so meant, for a periodical paper *entirely* ironical will not perhaps be thought sufficient, when we consider that it was a wide departure from the custom of its predecessors, which were models not only of excellence, but of success with the public. Variety, in this species of writing, had been found, by long experience, to be the chief claim on popular attention; and, perhaps, in the opinion of a very considerable and valuable part of mankind, it is not the most pleasing character we can give, when we say of an author that he is never serious. The progress of a paper like this, should resemble that of the human mind—it should have its times of reflection as well as of ridicule, since there are follies which ought to excite indignation as well as laughter.

With respect to what is said of “the demand for moral essays falling off,” the precise fact cannot now be ascertained. But the allusion, I conceive, was made to the publication of them in single sheets; for the Rambler, which was more remarkable than any other paper for uni-

* No. 104.

formity of serious discussion, was at least as successful in volumes as any of its contemporaries, except the *Adventurer*; and the greater popularity of the *Adventurer* may be fairly attributed to its variety, to the *seria mixta joci*, which seems the natural order, but which is wanting in the *World*. The latter, indeed, contains a few serious papers; but they are of very inferior merit, and contribute nothing to the literary character of the work, which rests entirely on its fund of ridicule. This, although it renders it less useful to the young and illiterate, will yet recommend it to those who understand the full force of irony, which, it must be confessed, has seldom been employed with more taste, delicacy, or elegance. The double dissimulation, or dissembling of dissimulation, necessary in this species of ridicule, is admirably preserved, while the disguise is always of sufficient thinness to discover the real purpose.

The *World* was projected by Mr. Edward Moore, in conjunction with Mr. Robert Dodsley, who fixed upon the name; and, by defraying the expence, and rewarding Mr. Moore, became, and for many years continued to be, the sole proprietor of the work.

Mr. Edward Moore was born at Abingdon, in Berkshire, March 22, 1711-12. He was the third son of the Rev. Thomas Moore, a dissenting minister of that place. On his father's death, which happened when he was only ten years of age, his education was superintended by his uncle, the Rev. John Moore, who kept an academy

at Bridgewater, and he was afterwards removed to the school of East Orchard, in Dorsetshire*.

He was originally bred a linen-draper, with a Mr. Gibson of that trade in London; and when he left this master, he resided some years in Ireland, as factor to a Mr. Johnson, a merchant in London. On his return, he entered into partnership in the linen-trade with an Irish gentleman; but the connexion not being very successful, was soon dissolved, and about this time his attachment to study, and probably a consciousness that he had some claim to literary reputation, induced him to become an author by profession. Like the majority of his contemporaries, he began with poetical attempts which gained him considerable fame, as in verse he had a very happy and pleasing manner. His "Fables for the Female Sex," first published in 1744, seem, not only in the freedom and ease of the versification, but also in the forcibleness of the moral and poignancy of satire, to approach nearer to the manner of Gay, than any of the numerous imitations of that author, which have been attempted since the publication of his Fables. In his "Trial of Selim, the Persian," which was a compliment to Lord Lyttleton, he showed himself a perfect master of the most elegant kind of panegyric, that which is couched under the appearance of accusation.

He wrote likewise for the stage; and here his

* These facts and dates were communicated by Mr. Toulmin to Dr. Anderson.

success has been generally considered as inferior to his merit. His *Foundling*, a Comedy, appeared in 1748, but was decried from a fancied resemblance to the *Conscious Lovers*, to which however, the author of the *Biographia Dramatica* is inclined to prefer it, as the intricacy of the plot is much more natural, the characters of a more sprightly turn, and drawn in general from higher life. His *Gil Blas*, also a comedy, is considered, by the same author, as less deserving of critical approbation, yet it would be difficult to find more lively dialogue, or more of that bustle and life which keep up the attention of an audience in our times. But the *Gamester*, a tragedy, first acted in 1753, is entitled to the highest praise for its moral tendency, as well as its dramatic excellence. Its being written in prose, was, indeed, an innovation, to which some objected, and others thought the *distress was too deep*. Of late years, however, it has been revived with the greatest success, for which it is undoubtedly, in some measure, indebted to the unrivalled powers of Mrs. Siddons, who has deepened the distress, without, it is to be feared, removing the cause.

In a letter now before me, to Dr. Warton, dated Feb. 17, 1753, the author gives the following account of the success of this play:

“I wrote to you this day se’nnight, with an account of the *Gamester* to the fourth night. I think I may say the tables are turned, for the play from that night has had a new character: and it is at present as much the fashion to speak very highly of it in fashionable companies, as it

was at first to condemn it. I am just come from the theatre, and though it is the tenth night, the house is as full as it can hold. But poor Garrick is ill, through too much fatigue; so that the play is to be interrupted till he is recovered. I wish I could tell you that the profits of it have answered my expectations; but I believe 400 pounds will be about the sum I shall clear by it."

Mr. Moore, May 17, 1750, married a lady of the name of Hamilton, daughter of Mr. Charles Hamilton, table-decker to the princesses, who had herself a poetical turn, and has been said to have assisted him in part of his writings. This lady, sometime after her husband's death, obtained the place of necessary-woman in the Queen's private apartments, and died a few years ago*.

In 1756, he published his poetical and dramatic works, by subscription, in an elegant quarto volume, dedicated to the Duke of Newcastle, the brother of his early patron, Mr. Pelham. The subscribers were numerous, and included many persons of the highest rank and most eminent talents, but he did not long enjoy the advantages of their liberality. He died of an inflammation on the lungs, the consequence

* In 1749, she addressed some verses to a female friend, of which Mr. Moore's name, by a small change to More, was the burthen. The last stanza runs thus :

You will wonder, my girl, who this dear one can be,
Whose merit can boast such a conquest o'er me :
His name you may guess, for I told it before,
It begins with an M, but I dare not say More.

The whole may be seen in the *Magazines* of the time.

of a fever improperly treated, Feb. 28, 1757. He left one son of the same name, who had a place in the Salt Office, but went afterwards into the naval service, and died at sea, in 1773.

Mr. Moore's abilities, his modest demeanour, and inoffensive manners, and his moral conduct, which is said to have been unexceptionable, recommended him to the men of genius and learning of the age, and procured him the patronage of Lord Lyttelton. Dr. Johnson, after mentioning that Mr. Moore courted the favour of this nobleman by an apologetical poem, called "The Trial of Selim," adds, that his Lordship paid him with "kind words, which, as is common, raised great hopes that at last were disappointed." But this is not the whole truth. Lord Lyttelton did for Moore what few patrons have done for authors; he engaged his friends to assist him in the way which a man not wholly dependent would perhaps prefer. Mr. Dodsley stipulated to pay Moore three guineas for every paper of the *World*, which he should write, or might be sent for publication, and was approved of. Lord Lyttelton, to render this bargain effectual, and an easy source of emolument to Moore, solicited the assistance of such men as are not often found willing to contribute the labours of the pen, men of high rank in the state, and men of fame and fashion, who cheerfully undertook to supply the paper, while Moore reaped the emolument, and perhaps for a time enjoyed the reputation of the whole. But when it came to be known, as the information would soon

be circulated in whispers*, that such men as the Earls of Chesterfield, Bath, and Cork, Messrs. Walpole, Cambridge, and Jenyns, were leagued in a scheme of authorship to amuse the town, and that the *World* was "the bow of Ulysses, in which it was the fashion for men of rank and genius to try their strength"†, we may easily suppose that it would excite the curiosity of the public in an uncommon degree.

The first paper was published Jan. 24, 1753; it was consequently contemporary with the *Adventurer*, which began Nov. 7, 1752, but as the *World* was published only once a week, it outlived the *Adventurer* nearly two years, during which time it ran its course also with the *Connoisseur*. It was on the same size and type, and at the same price with the *Rambler* and *Adventurer*, but the sale, in numbers, was superior to either. In No. 111, Lord Chesterfield states, that the number sold weekly was two thousand, which number, he adds, "exceeds the largest that was ever printed, even of the *Spectators*." In No. 49, he hints that "not above *three* thousand were sold." The sale was probably not regular, and would be greater on the days when rumour announced his Lordship as the writer. The *usual* number printed was 2,500, as stated in the above letter from Mr. Moore to Dr. War-ton.

* Lord Orford speaks of two of Lord Chesterfield's papers in his *Letters to Bentley*, Works, vol. v. p. 344; and I am possessed of a copy of Lord Chesterfield's papers, very splendidly bound in Morocco, a present from his Lordship to Dr. Chaunsey.

† Duncombe.

Notwithstanding the able assistance of his right honourable friends, Mr. Moore wrote sixty-one of these papers, and the second letter in No. 130. In his first paper, he declines prefixing mottoes, principally, "because the follies he intends to treat of, and the characters he means to exhibit, are such as the Greeks and Romans were entirely unacquainted with." But this excuse would have been as applicable to the Spectator as to the World: it is probable he had not much intimacy with classical learning, and it is certain that the mottoes which were sent were never rejected*. His style is easy and unaffected, and always appropriate to his subjects, which have great variety. If he had not more knowledge of the world than some of his predecessors, he could at least employ it very agreeably. He had professed that the paper should contain *novelty* of ridicule, and it must be allowed that he seldom betrays the servile copyist when treating of those subjects which had been handled by others. The few narratives he gives are pleasing and instructive, particularly the description of domestic happiness in No. 16, which in the original edition he had nearly spoiled by the introduction of so improbable a circumstance as a chariot. In Nos. 31 and 186, the almost ludicrous distresses of a credulous clergyman, which remind us, in some degree, of

* Some time after this, when he projected a Magazine, he told the Wartons, in confidence, that "he wanted a dull plodding fellow of one of the Universities, who understood Latin and Greek." Wooll's Life of Warton.

Parson Adams, are related with characteristic simplicity. The circumstance of the post-chaise might have been suggested by a similar story in "Greville's Maxims and Reflections," published about this time.

Moore excelled principally in assuming the serious manner for the purposes of ridicule, or of raising idle curiosity, as in No. 144; his irony, also, is admirably concealed, as in Nos. 139 and 145: the plot of the latter, if it may be so termed, is very artfully managed. However trite his subject, he enlivens it by original turns of thought. Some of the papers are mere exercises of humour, which have no direct moral in view, and for this he in one place offers an apology, or at least acknowledges that he aimed at no higher purpose than entertainment.

In the last paper, the conclusion of the work is made to depend on a fictitious accident which is supposed to have happened to the author, and occasioned his death. When the papers were collected in volumes, Mr. Moore superintended the publication, and actually died while this last paper was in the press: a circumstance somewhat singular, when we look at the contents of it, and which induces us to wish that death may be less frequently included among the topics of wit.

It has been the general opinion, for the honour of rank, that the papers written by men of that description in this work, are far superior to those of Moore, or of any of his assistants of "low degree." Whatever may be in this, it

cannot be denied, that the first in point of genius, taste, and elegance, are those we owe to the pen of

Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield, a name so well known that it is unnecessary in this place to detail the circumstances of his long and active life. A laudable spirit of ambition led him early to cultivate talents that were calculated to adorn society, and give dignity to the highest stations. That in one memorable instance he perverted these talents, has been again and again repeated, with just indignation, in every vehicle of public instruction; and his biographer has shrunk from the defence of his conduct in this instance, while he adverts to it with respectful delicacy. It is, indeed, utterly incapable of apology, and is, perhaps, as little to the credit of his understanding as of his morals, for it is not very clear that he comprehended the nature or utility of his own plan. He calls it the art of pleasing, or the acquisition of the graces. He speaks of it as a something above the common advantages of genius, virtue, or reputation, as if any thing consistent with honour or honesty could not be obtained by these.

That this nobleman, however, had a respect for pure morality and decorous manners, is sufficiently attested by the papers he contributed to the work before us. He was now at an advanced period of life. Few men had seen more of the world, or knew better how to expose the vices and follies which are sanctioned by high practice and fashion; and it is worthy of remark,

that when he wrote in *Fog's Journal**, and other papers established for political purposes, his lucubrations almost always turned on subjects of morals, manners, or taste.

His services in this paper were purely voluntary, but a circumstance occurred to his first contribution which had nearly disgusted him from sending a second. He sent his paper to the publisher without any notice from whence it came: it underwent a very slight inspection, and was at least delayed, if not rejected, on account of its length. Fortunately Lord Lyttelton saw it at Mr. Dodsley's, and knew the hand. Moore, when informed of this discovery, read the manuscript more attentively, discovered its beauties, and thought proper not only to publish it directly, but to introduce it with an apology for the delay, and a compliment to the author. It is not, however, greatly to the credit of Moore's discernment, that he did not at once see how little such a paper could suffer by a comparison with any which preceded it.

His Lordship then continued his correspondence occasionally, and wrote in all twenty-three papers, certainly equal, if not superior, in brilliancy of wit and novelty of thought, to the most popular productions of this kind. Of these, Nos. 49, 90, 91, 98, 105, and 151, are perhaps unrivalled, both for matter and manner. No. 148, on civility and good-breeding, contains the outline of the purer part of his celebrated system. Of this paper, Dr. Maty gives the following

* See preface to the *Guardian*, p. 48.

anecdote. Lord Chesterfield being at Bath, showed one of his last Worlds to his friend General Irwine, who dined with him almost every day. The General, in the course of conversation, mentioned good-breeding, when distinguished from mere civility, as a subject that deserved to be treated by him. His Lordship at first declined it, but on his friend's insisting, and urging the singular propriety of its being undertaken by a man who was so perfect a master of the thing, he suddenly called for pen and ink, and wrote this excellent piece off-hand, as he did all the others, without any rasure or interlineation. This paper, ever after, went by the name of General Irwine's paper*.

As it is always a matter of curiosity as well as utility to know how two persons of eminent, but very different talents, treat the same subject, No. 96, on passionate men, may be pointed out to be read with No. 11, of the Rambler.

Nos. 100 and 101 are connected with a small portion of literary history, of which it may be necessary to take some notice, although it can never be without regret that literary animosities are recollected or recorded. These papers were supposed to have been written to conciliate Dr. Johnson, then about to publish his Dictionary, whom Lord Chesterfield was conscious he had offended. The nature of this offence was for many years reported in various ways, but from Mr. Boswell's account it appears there was no particular incident which produced a quarrel,

* Maty's Life of Lord Chesterfield, prefixed to his Miscellaneous Works.

and that his Lordship's continued neglect provoked Dr. Johnson to decline his patronage; and when his Lordship now endeavoured to befriend his *magnum opus*, he wrote that celebrated letter, which, whatever may be thought of the provocation, must ever be considered as a model of dignified resentment. What effect it produced on Lord Chesterfield is doubtful. He certainly felt that it was necessary to offer some defence to his private friends; and it may be supposed, that he who was a friend to authors of much inferior merit, must have regretted that he had, by whatever appearance of neglect, dissolved a connexion that might have been mutually honourable. Whether the "respectable Hottentot," in his letters to his son, he meant for Dr. Johnson, is not quite so certain as it was once supposed. Sir David Dalrymple, Lord Hailes, a contemporary in the World, maintained, that it was intended for the portrait of a late noble Lord, distinguished for abstruse science. There are, however, traits in it applicable to Dr. Johnson, but not that of unmannerly eating, unless his lordship took it upon report, for Dr. Johnson declared to Mr. Boswell that "Lord Chesterfield never saw him eat in his life*." The late Earl of Orford, in his account of Lord Chesterfield, adverts to this affair in language not very consistent with liberality or truth, and he is not happy in what he per-

* I have been sometimes inclined to think that Lord Chesterfield's portrait, thus variously applied, was intended for Walter Harte, his son's tutor, whom he could not name with any propriety, while his son was under his care.

haps thought a principal excellence, his comparison of the bear and the dancing-master. Johnson would have submitted to the bear, if Lord Chesterfield had been content with no higher merit than that of a dancing-master.

The next author, in point of merit, as well as quantity of contribution, was Richard Owen Cambridge, Esq., whose papers are entitled to the highest praise for taste, wit, and moral tendency. These he wrote for the benevolent purpose of serving Mr. Moore, and without any expectation of seeing his name affixed to them. They were mostly off-hand compositions, which, from a mind fertile, well-informed, and elegant, is, perhaps, no great abatement of their excellence. It is said, that when Mr. Moore solicited leave of Mr. Cambridge to dedicate one of the volumes to him, he permitted it, upon condition that he should himself write the dedication. It was accordingly prefixed to the third volume of the second edition, and affords no inconsiderable proof of its author's modest and unobtrusive disposition. Mr. Moore was introduced to this gentleman by Lord Lyttelton, and found in him a kind friend and a potent auxiliary.

Of the twenty-one papers written by Mr. Cambridge, No. 54, on hearers, and its sequel, No. 56, No. 55, a proposal for an extinguisher, No. 72, and No. 107, may be selected as excellent specimens of easy and playful humour; but No. 76, on the character of an improver, is certainly not inferior, in original and pointed satire, to the choicest specimen that can be produced from the most popular of our Es-

sayists. No. 119, on the absurd taste in gardening, and No. 103, the history of a turtle feast, are also replete with strokes of good-natured raillery. In all his papers, Mr. Cambridge has demonstrated that the subjects proper for a work of this kind are inexhaustible, and that every age may be made to grow some singularity for the use of the wit and the satirist. Notwithstanding the Editor's professed intention of not prefixing mottoes to the *World*, Mr. Cambridge uniformly adheres to the ancient custom, and his intimate acquaintance with the Roman classics enabled him to select these with great felicity of application.

Since the death of this amiable man, a splendid edition of his works has been published by his son; who has prefixed a very elegant and affectionate tribute to the memory of his father. From this we learn, that he was born in London, February 14, 1717. He was descended from a family, that had been for several generations established in Gloucestershire: his father, being a younger brother, was bred to business as a Turkey merchant, and resided chiefly in London until the time of his death, which happened not long after the birth of his son, who, upon this event, was left to the care of his mother, and of her brother Thomas Owen, Esq., a gentleman who had retired from the profession of the law to Britwell Place, in Buckinghamshire, and who, having no children, adopted his nephew as his future representative.

Mr. Cambridge was sent early to Eton, where, among his principal friends and asso-

ciates, were Mr. Bryant, Mr. Gray, Mr. West, Mr. Aldworth Neville, Lord Sandwich, Honourable Horace Walpole, Dr. Barnard, afterwards Master and Provost of Eton, Doctor Cooke, the late Dean of Ely, besides many others, who became known in the world as men of taste and learning; with most of whom he formed a friendship which lasted through their respective lives.—Mr. Cambridge's attention to school exercises was not very assiduous; but the quickness of his parts enabled him to acquire, in a short time, and without much labour, what to others was tedious and difficult; and although the foremost in all juvenile sports, he found leisure to read several of the Greek and Roman historians, and to study the ancient dramatic writers and poets, in whose writings he found what was congenial to his own turn of mind, and fondness for observing and delineating the peculiarities of human character. He was regarded as a pattern of order and good behaviour; while his sweetness of temper, and constant desire to accommodate himself to others, gained him the love of all.

From Eton he was removed, in 1734, to Saint John's College, Oxford; where no day was passed without some acquisition of knowledge, either in literature, mechanics, the polite arts, or other useful improvements. He left Oxford before he was of sufficient standing for a degree; and, in 1737, became a member of the honourable society of Lincoln's Inn. Here he contracted an acquaintance and friendship with Isaac Hawkins Browne, Esq., the Honourable

Charles Yorke, Mr. Wray, an eminent antiquary, and one of the writers in the *Athenian Letters*, and with Thomas Edwards, Esq., the well-known author of the *Canons of Criticism*.

In the beginning of the year 1741, he married the daughter of George Trenchard, Esq. of Woolverton, in Dorsetshire, son to Sir John Trenchard, Secretary of State to King William. Upon his marriage, Mr. Cambridge settled for seven or eight years at his family seat of Whitminster, in Gloucestershire, the scenery around which he improved with great taste; and where, at his leisure hours, he formed the plan, collected the materials, and wrote the whole of his mock-heroic poem, '*The Scribleriad*'.—About the year 1748, the death of Mr. Owen put him in possession of that gentleman's property, which, though not very extensive, was an acceptable addition to the small income upon which he had hitherto lived; and, by his uncle's desire, he added the name of Owen to his own. Soon after this event, in 1751, he purchased a house at Twickenham, where he resided upwards of fifty years. He now published the '*Scribleriad*', a mock-heroic poem, designed to ridicule and expose false taste and false science, which was much read and admired, and fixed the author's character as a critic and a scholar. Several of his smaller pieces were published soon after, which brought their author into further notice and estimation; of these the most celebrated were, '*The Elegy written in an empty Assembly Room*', the '*Fa-keer*', and the '*Borough Hunter*'. But what

most contributed to establish his reputation for humour, and a just insight into character, united with an extensive acquaintance with living manners, were his Essays, published in the periodical paper, entitled 'The World'.

Among the many political objects which pressed hard on the public attention towards the end of the reign of George II, none appeared to Mr. Cambridge of greater magnitude than the state of our Asiatic colonies. He was among the few, who saw in its true light the rapid extension of our possessions in India, and viewed with sufficient foresight the importance of such an acquisition of territory, both in a commercial and political view. Finding how little this subject was in general understood, partly from the distance of the country, and still more from the dissimilarity of its whole system of government, religion, and manners, from our own, he conceived that it would be an interesting and useful undertaking, to give a general history of the rise and progress of the British power in India. This work was intended to commence with the establishment of the first European settlement in that country, and to be brought down to the period of its publication : but perceiving a general impatience for some authentic information relative to the events that had recently happened upon the coast of Coromandel, and thinking it important that the bold and artful attempts of France to wrest these possessions out of our hands, should be more generally known and attentively watched, he determined to postpone his original plan, and

publish, without delay, such an account of the recent transactions in that part of India, as would be most instructive, and serve to confute the gross misrepresentations made by the French, relative to those affairs. Colonel Lawrence's narrative, and other authentic papers, being offered to him for this purpose, he began with all expedition to arrange his materials in the best and most intelligible form, adding an introduction and preface of his own, with such maps and plates as were necessary to illustrate the subject: and in a very short time afterwards, the '*History of the War upon the Coast of Coromandel*', 4to, made its appearance.

On the publication of this work, in 1761, he resumed the intention of proceeding in his larger undertaking, having already obtained permission of the East India Company to have access to such of their papers as might be requisite. He had also a promise of Mr. Orme's papers: but that gentleman happening to return from India at this juncture, with an intention to publish himself the history which afterwards appeared, Mr. Cambridge considered that his own work would now be in a great measure superfluous, and therefore relinquished the further prosecution of his plan. In the mean time, his '*History of the War, &c.*' was very favourably received, and proved highly interesting, not only in this country, where it was reprinted in a smaller size without the plates, but in Ireland, and also in France; where a French translation, printed at Amsterdam, found a very general circulation, and was esteemed the fairest and

most correct representation of the French proceedings in India. It is now, indeed, in little request, the later accounts of India having made its republication unnecessary.

From this time, Mr. Cambridge appears to have occasionally amused himself with smaller poetical pieces; but principally was engaged in that mixture of social life, and philosophic retirement, which constitutes true felicity, and which enabled him to attain a good old age, with fewer privations and infirmities than most men. It was his rare lot to be happy in himself, happy in his family, and happy in his friends. Among the latter, he could enumerate most of the men of rank and genius of the last age; and he survived all the friends and companions of his early and mature years, if we except Mr. Bryant. He was, however, considerably advanced in his eighty-third year before he was sensible, to any considerable degree, of the infirmities of age; but a difficulty of hearing, which had for some time gradually increased, now rendered conversation troublesome, and frequently disappointing to him. His sight also began to fail, which deprived him of the enjoyment of his fine library. During a subsequent increase of feebleness, and with the discouraging prospect of still greater suffering, which he saw before him, his exemplary patience, and constant care to spare the feelings of his family, were eminently conspicuous; nor did the distressing infirmities, inseparably attendant on extreme debility, ever produce a murmur of complaint, or even a hasty or unguard-

ed expression. It is somewhat singular, and may be regarded as a proof of an unusually strong frame, that no symptom of disease took place; all the organs of life continued to execute their respective functions: until nature, being wholly exhausted, he expired, without a sigh, on the 17th September, 1802, leaving a widow, since dead, two sons, and a daughter.

The late Earl of Orford, better known by the name of Horace Walpole, contributed some papers to 'The World,' which have strong characteristics of his favourite manner and studies. He was the youngest son of Sir Robert Walpole, the first Earl of Orford, and born in the year 1716. In his early years he cultivated the *belles lettres* with great success, and in his travels laid the foundation of that knowledge of foreign literature and history which he was ever desirous of displaying. Although the son of a powerful minister, and probably destined for public life, he had less relish for that than for the calmer pursuits of taste and learning. He sat long in parliament, but was not highly distinguished as a speaker, unless on one memorable occasion, when, with great spirit, elegance, and filial piety, he addressed the house of commons in vindication of his father.

Mr. Walpole devoted the greatest part of his time and fortune to the embellishment of his singular and well-known villa at Strawberry-hill, and employed his intervals in composing many works which have long been favourites with the public, although they are of very opposite merits. He was alternately a poet, an

historian, a politician, an antiquary, and a writer of dramas and romances. Of all his works his own opinion appeared to be humble, but he was pertinacious in maintaining what he had asserted, and being possessed of keen powers of controversy, he betrayed all the irascibility of the author, while he affected to be considered only as a gentleman writing for his amusement. In his latter days, he determined to vindicate his claims to literary rank, and employed himself in preparing for the press that splendid and complete edition of his works, which was published the year after his death, and was bought up with avidity, as an important addition to every library.

Of his poetry, no very high character has been formed; yet, like his prose, it often surprises by unexpected flashes of wit, and epigrammatic turns of expression and illustration, in which he evidently delighted. His ‘Mysterious Mother’ is, indeed, of very superior merit, and has occasioned a general regret that he should have chosen a subject so unfit for public performance or private perusal. The ‘Castle of Otranto’ is his only original work in prose which displays great powers. It passed through many editions, and received new popularity when the story was dramatized in 1782 by Captain Jephson. It ought not to be less a favourite now, when a passion for the marvellous seems to prevail like an epidemic with the writers and readers of romance.

Of his compilations, the most useful is, “The Anecdotes of Painting and Engraving.” This

was avowedly formed from materials left by Vertue, but it is also evident that the arrangement, the principles, the taste, and every thing not technical, are Mr. Walpole's. It is a just complaint that he did not continue to improve and enlarge what had been so well received, what will ever be a standard book, and has, probably in no inconsiderable degree, led to the advancement of the arts in this country.

One of the predominant features in Mr. Walpole's character was a veneration for birth and rank, to which he certainly had pretensions in the long list of his ancestors, although among them, we find few distinguished benefactors to their country. This passion, however, which in his political career, he joined with principles that have not been thought connected with it, led him to a search after those illustrious examples in whom birth and rank have been allied with genius. His industry soon produced the pleasing and useful compilation, entitled, "A Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors," which although greatly enlarged in the edition published with his works, has been thought meagre by those who did not consider that he professed to give a catalogue only. To what size and importance might it not have swelled, had he given the lives of the authors on the scale usually allowed in biographical compilations? In this work, the chief excellence is in his characters: they are admirable as portraits, and, like portraits, they have some of the faults as well as beauties of the most celebrated masters.

The letters to General Conway and his other

friends, which he left for publication with his works, have been highly esteemed. They exhibit his taste, his disposition, his friendship, and all his peculiarities to the greatest advantage. It cannot be doubted that he valued those compositions, as he had kept copies of them for so many years, with a view to publication; and as he was always of opinion that the English made a very poor figure in letter-writing, it is not unfair to suppose that he might wish to remove this reproach, with what success, it is not necessary here to inquire. It must be observed, however, that his wit has many marks of effort and labour, that it recurs too often, and that he is too often disposed to treat serious subjects with unbecoming levity. If he was not an infidel, he was at least a sneerer, and while in one place he almost predicts the revolution in France, and in another execrates the atrocities with which it was accompanied, he seems unconscious that his own principles were not very remote from those which precipitated the destruction of the altar.

But although Walpole, like Pope, prepared those letters for publication, to give the public a very high idea of the excellence of his private character, the truth of his friendship, and his humility, other letters from him, which have since been published, and which he did not prepare for the press, have obliged the writer of the present article to retract the opinion he once formed. The evidence of his insincerity, of his vanity, and duplicity towards those whom he most highly flattered, is too full and clear to

admit of any hesitation in pronouncing that these degrading meannesses belonged to him in no common degree*.

Mr. Walpole had reached his 74th year, when the title of Earl of Orford came to him by the death of his nephew, but he scarcely ever used it, and never took his seat in the house of peers. He died March 2, 1797, aged eighty.

He wrote nine papers in the *World*, which excel in keen satire and shrewd remark. His researches as an antiquary enabled him to furnish whimsical comparisons between ancient and modern manners. Of No. 160, which, however, as well as No. 28, is objectionable on the score of indelicacy, he gives the following anecdote in one of his letters to General Conway; "My Lady A. flatters me extremely about my '*World*,' but it has brought me into a peck of troubles. In short, the good-natured town have been pleased to lend me a meaning, and call my Lord Bute, Sir Eustace. I need not say how ill the story tallies to what they apply it; but I do vow to you, that so far from once entering into my imagination, my only apprehension was, that I should be suspected of flattery for the compliment to the princess in the former part. It is the more cruel, because you know it is just the thing in the world on which one must not defend one's self. If I might, I can prove that the paper was writ last Easter,

* The reader may find one very gross instance of his treacherous correspondence, by consulting Stewart's *Life of Dr. Robertson*.

long before this history was ever mentioned, and flung by, because I did not like it. I mentioned it one night to my Lady Hervey, which was the occasion of its being printed *."

In No. 103, is a short character of Boncœur. "When Boncœur shivers on yon dreary hill, where for twenty years you have been vainly endeavouring to raise reluctant plantations, and yet professes that only some of the trees have been a little kept back by the late dry season, he is not polite, he is more, he is kind."—Boncœur here was Norborne Berkeley †, whose horse, sinking up to his middle in Wooburn-park, he would not allow that it was any thing more than a little damp. The "acquaintance of mine" was the author himself, and the last story of a highwayman happened almost literally to Mrs. Cavendish ‡.

Mr. Walpole's last paper, or 'World Extraordinary,' contains a highly laboured compliment to Mr. Henry Fox, afterwards Lord Holland, which has no connexion with the general purpose of the work, but was admitted, at the author's request, as an answer to No. 207, in which, under borrowed characters, a ministerial revolution is described, unfavourable to Mr. Fox.

For five papers in this work of very superior

* Orford's Works, vol. v. p. 46.

† Of Stoke Gifford, Esq. who claimed the Barony of Botetourt, and had his claims allowed in 1765. In 1768, he went out as Governor of Virginia.

‡ Orford's Works, vol. v. p. 305.

merit, we are indebted to Soame Jenyns, Esq. who, at the time of writing these, held the office and rank of one of the Lords Commissioners of the Board for Trade and Plantations.

Mr. Jenyns was born at 12 o'clock at night, in Great Ormond Street, London, in the year 1703-4. The day of his birth he could not ascertain; and, considering himself at liberty to choose his birth-day, he fixed in on New Year's Day. His father, Sir Roger Jenyns, Knt. was descended from the ancient and respectable family of the Jenynses, of Churchill in Somersetshire. His mother was one of the daughters of Sir Peter Soame, of Hayden in Essex, Bart. Under her care he was educated, till it became proper to consign him to the instruction of regular tutors. The Rev. Mr. Hill, and after him the Rev. Stephen White, were introduced into the family for this purpose; and, under their tuition, he made such progress as enabled him, when he entered as a fellow-commoner of St. John's College, Cambridge, to cultivate the higher studies with success and distinction.

In this college, where he lived nearly three years, his behaviour was most orderly and regular, his application diligent, and his conformity to the discipline of the college consequently easy. He was often heard to say, that he accounted the days he had lived there amongst those which were the happiest in his life; a declaration which would be more frequently made, if our universities were considered in their just character, as places where the opportunities of study are easy

and ample, and where no cares or anxieties can enter, but what have for their object improvement or emulation.

From the time he left Cambridge, his residence in winter was in London, and in the summer in the country with his father's family, as long as he lived. Soon after his father's death, at the general election in 1742, he was unanimously chosen one of the representatives for the county of Cambridge, from which time he sat in parliament until the year 1780. During these thirty-eight years, he represented either the county or the borough of Cambridge, except only for four years, when, on the call of a new parliament in 1754, he was returned for the borough of Dunwich, in Suffolk; but, on Lord Dupplin's going up to the House of Lords, Mr. Jenyns vacated his seat for Dunwich, and became again representative for the borough of Cambridge. In parliament he seldom spoke, although it was allowed that few men could comprehend the force of argument, or employ it with more advantage; but he was conscious he did not possess those requisites for public speaking which are necessary to command the attention of that assembly.

In the year 1755, his late Majesty appointed him one of the Lords Commissioners of the Board of Trade and Plantations, at which he continued to sit until an alteration was made in its constitution by parliament in 1780, and the business of it transferred to the great officers of state, and those who are on the list of his Majesty's most honourable privy-council. At this

time, the present Earl of Carlisle, Mr. William Eden, afterwards Lord Auckland, and Edward Gibbon, Esq., the celebrated historian, were members of this Board, and Richard Cumberland, Esq., was secretary.

Mr. Jenyns was twice married, first to Mary, the natural daughter of Colonel Soame, of Dereham, in Norfolk, from whom he separated on account of an unhappy disagreement. On her death, he married Elizabeth, daughter of Henry Grey, Esq. of Hackney, in the county of Middlesex, who survived him. He died of a fever, after a few days' illness, Dec. 18, 1787, at his house in Tilney Street, Audley Square, leaving no issue.

His promising talents were distinguished in early life by sprightly essays and poetical effusions, and many of the latter form a conspicuous part of Dodsley's collection. His first publication of the serious kind was "An Enquiry into the Nature and Origin of Evil," which made its appearance in 1757. This important and complex question, it is allowed, he treated in a new manner, but it did not prove much more satisfactory than preceding attempts. It produced, however, a critical dissertation or review, of unrivalled excellence, from the pen of Dr. Johnson. It may, indeed, be fairly questioned, whether this is not the very first of Dr. Johnson's compositions for strength of argument, keenness of reply, and brilliancy of wit. It forms, with great propriety, a part of his collected works; they who have not read it, may be said to want one most incontestible evidence of his genius.

That Mr. Jenyns felt the force of this powerful refutation may be easily supposed, but it were to be wished he had not expressed that feeling by a paltry epitaph on Dr. Johnson, which has been reprinted in his works, and surely might have been suppressed without injury to his memory.

In 1761, he published two volumes 12mo., containing some political essays, and a collection of poems. In 1767, he gave his opinion on a question at that time of great importance, and indeed hitherto unresolved as to any practical purpose, "The causes and consequences of the high price of provisions." In this pamphlet there were some acknowledged truths, but his views of the subject were not thought sufficiently comprehensive.

His most celebrated performance, "A view of the internal Evidence of the Christian Religion," appeared in 1776. Few publications have been more generally read and approved than this, yet his intentions were by some misrepresented and by others mistaken. The truth appears to have been, that at one time of his life he had read himself into infidelity, of which the public was reminded, and he had now studied himself back to Christianity, which was not so generally known. He certainly, however, was sincere, however mistaken in some of the arguments he produced, the improper tendency of which were ably pointed out in the answers of Dr. Maclaine, Mr. Taylor, and others.

And here it is observable, that in his return to Christianity, he seems to have accomplished

the wish, and taken the advice, of his potent antagonist Dr. Johnson, who, after transcribing a beautiful passage from the "Origin of Evil," adds, "I would not willingly detract from the beauty of this paragraph: and in gratitude to him who has so well inculcated such important truths, I will venture to admonish him, since the chief comfort of the old is the recollection of the past, so to employ his time and his thoughts, that when the imbecility of age shall come upon him, he may be able to recreate its languors by the remembrance of hours spent, not in presumptuous decisions, but modest inquiries, not in dogmatical limitations of Omnipotence, but in humble acquiescence and fervent adoration. Old age will show him, that much of the book now before us has no other use than to perplex the scrupulous, and to shake the weak, to encourage impious presumption, or stimulate idle curiosity."

His next work, however, "Disquisitions on several Subjects," published in 1782, was not altogether free from paradoxical and singular opinions, especially of the political kind, but many parts of this little book gave proofs of strong intellectual powers.

His biographer, Mr. Cole, has delineated his character as man, in the most favourable light. As an author, Mr. Burke said he was one of those who wrote the purest English; that is, the most simple and aboriginal language, the least qualified with foreign impregnation. He had a critical judgement, an elegant taste, and a rich vein of wit and humour; of the last-men-

tioned quality, his papers in the *World* are no inconsiderable proofs.

His first paper, No. 125, is chiefly valuable as a general sketch of the prevailing luxury and affectations of the age, and may be considered as a historical memoir of the "origin of those evils." Nos. 153 and 178 are humorous and well-drawn portraits of two country gentlemen, whose amusements and understandings formerly classed them as a distinct species of human beings. The conclusion of No. 153 has a stroke not unworthy of Addison.—"My friend said, that I must not positively go, till after to-morrow; for that he then expected the mayor and aldermen of his corporation, some of whom were facetious companions, and sung well. This determined me to set out that very evening; which I did with much satisfaction, and made all possible haste, in search of silence and solitude, to my lodgings, next door to a brazier's, at Charing Cross." No 157, on the conduct of masters and servants, is to be distinguished for the justice of its observations: but in No. 163, we have an excellent mixture of the serious and humorous, in a vindication of the transmigration of souls. This he afterwards expanded in one of his essays, and appears, at that time, to have been a believer in the doctrine, which certainly secures the law of retaliation beyond all others, and which all who deplore the cruelties inflicted on the innocent and helpless, will probably wish to be true.

Five papers of very considerable merit and novelty, Nos. 27, 67, 167, 172, and 193, were

written by J. Tilson, Esq. This gentleman, if I am not misinformed, was the son of Christopher Tilson, Esq., one of the chief clerks of the Treasury, who died Aug. 25, 1740, having enjoyed that situation fifty-eight years. His son James, our author, was Consul at Cadiz, where he died about the year 1760. No. 27, is a pleasant ridicule on the fashionable gaming-houses in St. James's and St. George's parishes under the name of Monasteries. Nos. 167 and 172 contain an excellent allegory, illustrative of happiness.

Five papers, chiefly of the serious kind, were contributed by Mr. Edward Loveybond, the author of some poetical pieces of approved merit. He was the son of a gentleman of fortune in the neighbourhood of Hampton*. Of his education little is known, but his writings show that he had not neglected to improve his talents. A collection of his poetry was published by his brother. The "Tears of Old May-Day," in No. 82 of the World, is esteemed one of his best compositions. Nos. 93 and 94 display some just notions of the danger of extremes, and the impediments to conversation. In Nos. 132 and 134 he opposes the common erroneous notions on the subject of Providence with considerable force of argument, and concludes with some ironical remarks, not ill applied.

No. 12, on the absurd whim for Chinese architecture and furniture, which prevailed much at that time, and of which there are still some

* Preface to his poems.

remains in the vicinity of the metropolis; No. 19, on the ignorance of novel writers, a subject too copious for one paper; and No. 58, on the calamities incident to male beauty, were the production of Mr. W. Whitehead, whose life was written by his friend the late Mr. Mason, with a minute detail of his literary progress. His principal devotion was paid to the Muses. The papers he wrote for the *World* are, we believe, his only attempts in prose. He held the office of Laureat from 1757 to his death in 1785, when he was succeeded by Mr. T. Warton. As a poet he is generally allowed to rank very high among the moderns. Of his dramatic works, the ‘*Roman Father*’ and the ‘*School for Lovers*’ were the most successful.

No. 79, on the mischiefs arising from putting romances into the hands of young ladies; No. 156, on insensibles; and No. 202, on regimentals, were written by Richard Berenger, Esq., who was for many years Gentleman of the Horse to his Majesty, and published in 1771 ‘*The History and Art of Horsemanship*,’ in two volumes quarto, illustrated with plates. Of the art the writer of this preface has little knowledge, but the history, of which the first volume consists, displays much research and acquaintance with the classics, and with writers of remote antiquity. The Canto on Shakspeare’s Birth-day, in No. 179, is ascribed to him in Dodsley’s collection, where it was reprinted, and where are other pieces by the same hand. Mr. Berenger was a gentleman of shining accomplishments and taste. It is he, I suspect,

whom Dr. Johnson "once named as the standard of true elegance"*. He died, September 9, 1782.

The absurd taste for Chinese architecture and ornaments is pursued in No. 117 by Mr. Marriott, to whom we are also indebted for the excellent vision of Parnassus in No. 121, and some humorous remarks on the genteel mania in No. 199. This gentleman was for many years better known as Sir James Marriott, Knt., LL.D. judge of the High Court of Admiralty, which he resigned a few years ago, and master of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, which he held from the year 1764, until his death, March 21, 1803, a few months before I had an opportunity to acknowledge the politeness with which he permitted me to mention his name as the author of these papers, and furnished a few corrections, which are noticed at the end of this Preface. Sir James twice represented the borough of Sudbury. He is the author of some Poems in Dodsley's collection, and of two law tracts.

The adventures of the Pumpkin family, zealous to defend their honour, in Nos. 47 and 63, which were intended to render the common pretences of duellists ridiculous, were written by John, Earl of Cork and Orrery. No. 161, partly serious and partly jocose, on the mischiefs of a too compliant disposition in a young man, is also ascribed to this nobleman in Dodsley's list; and Lord Orford, in his "Royal and Noble Authors," adds No. 185, the whimsical com-

* Thrale's Anecdotes, p. 156.

plaint of a husband whose wife is too much devoted to her father. The character of John, Earl of Cork, if it does not rise to great excellence, does not suffer much by a comparison with his ancestors, who had rendered themselves illustrious by bravery, genius, and wisdom. In a general taste for literature, or in the politer studies, says his biographer, he was by no means inferior to his ancestors. The Earl of Orford, who is not profuse in panegyric, allows that "though not the brightest of his race, he was ambitious of not degenerating; and united to the virtues of his family their love of science and of literature." In enumerating his works, Lord Orford mentions his 'Life of Swift' as a valuable present to the world. Mr. Duncombe celebrates his love for truth, and his piety. His 'Life of Swift,' however, has been severely attacked, on the score of veracity; yet, upon a mature comparison of the other lives of that extraordinary character, it seems to carry conviction by strong internal evidence of truth. Dr. Johnson has furnished us with a singular trait in the character of this nobleman, of which they who know the world will know the value. "My friend, the late Earl of Cork, had a great desire to maintain the literary character of his family: he was a genteel man, but did not keep up the dignity of his rank. *He was so generally civil, that nobody thanked him for it**. The Earl of Cork took a more active part in the Connoisseur, as will be noticed in the preface to that work.

* Boswell's Life of Johnson.

To his son Mr. Hamilton Boyle, afterwards Earl of Cork and Orrery, who died in 1764, we owe No. 60, on the absurdity of giving vails to servants, and No. 170, on ostentatious charity; two papers which, says the editor of the *Biographia*, are drawn up with vivacity, elegance, and humour, and are a full proof that if this young nobleman's life had been continued, it would have been in his power to have added new literary honours to his illustrious name and family.

It may not be improper to notice here, as one instance of the public services rendered by the labours of the Essayists, that in consequence of their exposing the absurdity and inconvenience of vails, that practice was soon abolished by general consent. To the same influence it was owing, that the barbarous custom of exposing the lunatics in Bedlam for money was prohibited. It is wonderful how long certain practices contrary to sense and humanity are continued. Many persons now living may remember when the objects in the Magdalen hospital were exposed to the eyes of the audience in the chapel during the whole time of divine service. Some years hence these things will not be believed.

Another nobleman yet remains, the writer indeed of only a single paper*, the celebrated William Pulteney, earl of Bath, to whom, when Mr. Pulteney, the second volume of the *Guardian* was dedicated. During his long opposition

* This Paper is assigned to Lord Bath, on the authority of Lord Orford, in his 'Royal and Noble Authors,' and of the late R. O. Cambridge, esq. obligingly communicated to me by his son, the Rev. G. O. Cambridge.

to Sir Robert Walpole, he wrote many pamphlets and papers in *Mist's* and *Fogg's Journals*, and in the *Craftsman*, and is the reputed author of some poetical pieces on temporary subjects. Lord Orford justly characterizes him as "an author, whose writings will be better known by his name, than his name will be by his writings, though his prose had much effect, and his verses were easy and graceful." His paper in the *World*, No. 17, on horse-racing and on the manners of Newmarket, has some humour, and too much truth; nor ought it to be forgot that he wrote this lively paper in his seventy-first year. His character as a statesman has lately been exhibited with equal fidelity and candour by Mr. Coxe, in his 'Memoirs of Sir Robert Walpole.'

The meditation among the books in No. 140, the classes of writers on glass in No. 147, and the proposed tax upon good things, in No. 204, specimens of easy and natural humour, came from the pen of Sir David Dalrymple, of Hailes, Bart., one of the senators of the College of Justice, in Scotland, a man of pre-eminent talents and virtues, and who, as a judge, a scholar, a Christian, and a citizen, excelled in the respective duties and attributes of these characters, and at his death was "praised, wept, and honoured" by every friend to wisdom and goodness.

This amiable and learned man was born at Edinburgh, October 28, N. S., 1726, of an illustrious family, and received his early education at Eton School, from whence he went to

the University of Utrecht, where he remained until after the rebellion in 1746. He was called to the bar at Edinburgh, Feb. 23, 1748, was appointed one of the judges of the Court of Session, March 6, 1766, and in May, 1776, one of the lords commissioners of justiciary, by the title of Lord Hailes, the name by which he is generally known among the learned in Europe. He was not only conspicuous as an able and upright judge, and a sound lawyer, but was also eminent as a profound and accurate scholar: he was minutely versed in classical learning, the *belles lettres*, and, what is seldom joined with these, in historical antiquities, particularly in those relating to his own country, to the study of which he was led by his profession. Indefatigable in the prosecution of these branches, his time was devoted to the promotion of useful learning, piety, and virtue. In all his works, which are very numerous, he discovers uncommon accuracy, taste, and research. His most celebrated work is ‘*The Annals of Scotland.*’ He was also one of those who repelled Gibbon’s attack on Christianity, by ‘*An Inquiry into the Secondary Causes which Mr. Gibbon has assigned for the rapid Progress of Christianity, 4to., 1786.*’ To the *Gentleman’s Magazine*, the *Biographia Britannica*, and to every literary publication of eminence, he was an useful contributor, and assisted most of the eminent scholars and historians of the time in their researches. His knowledge of literary history was very extensive, and was imparted with a frankness

which enhanced the value of the favour. He was, for some years, the correspondent of Dr. Johnson, to whose inspection he submitted much of his *Annals* in manuscript. He had early formed a high opinion of the author of the *Rambler*, and considered him as one of the best moral writers England had produced. Johnson praised him as "a man of worth, a scholar, and a wit." His minute accuracy, and acuteness in detecting error, were in unison with Johnson's love of truth. "The exactness of his dates," said he on one occasion, "raises my wonder. He seems to have the closeness of Henault, without his constraint," and this opinion he takes a pleasure in repeating in a subsequent letter to Mr. Boswell:—"Be so kind as to return Lord Hailes my most respectful thanks for his first volume. His accuracy strikes me with wonder; his narrative is far superior to that of Henault, as I have formerly mentioned."—"Lord Hailes's *Annals of Scotland* have not that pointed form which is the taste of this age; but it is a book which will always sell, it has such a stability of dates, such a certainty of facts, and such a punctuality of citation. I never before read Scotch history with certainty"*.

Lest this notice of Lord Hailes should seem disproportioned to his share in the World, it

* I am happy to find the excellence of Lord Hailes's character, which I was taught to revere from my earliest years, confirmed by an elegant eulogium in Lord Woodhouselee's *Life of Lord Hailes*, lately published. I know not to what it is owing that Lord Hailes has not met with a biographer equally capable of doing justice to his various talents.

must be added that in advanced life, he contributed to the *Mirror*, the letter signed *Adelus* in No. 21, *Eutrapelus* in No. 46, *Ed. Umphraville* in No. 56, *Eutrapelus* in No. 62, and the whole of Nos. 75, 86, 97, and 98. In vivacity and point, these papers appear to me to excel what he wrote in the *World*.

Lord Hailes's answer to Gibbon was the last work he sent from the press, except a few biographical sketches of eminent Scotchmen, designed as specimens of a *Biographia Scoticana*, a work for which he was admirably qualified by the extent and accuracy of his literary and biographical knowledge; but the infirmities of age were now increasing upon him, and put an end to his useful and virtuous life, Nov. 29, 1792.

No. 36, on the folly of mis-spending the summer in cards and drinking, and the allegory of prosperity and adversity, in No. 84, are said, in Mr. Dodsley's list, to have been written by Mr. Duncombe; but the allegory was written by William Duncombe, the poetical and miscellaneous writer, and brother-in-law of Hughes, and the editor of his poems, who died in 1769. His son, the Rev. John Duncombe, of Canterbury, also a poetical and miscellaneous writer, was the author of No. 36. He died June 21, 1785. Very ample memoirs of the Duncombes, father and son, are given in the last edition of the *Biographia*, from materials furnished by Mr. Nichols. The Rev. John Duncombe was the author of some letters in the *Connoisseur*, which will be noticed hereafter.

No. 38, in ridicule of an expensive taste in furniture, and No. 74, on the manner of passing the night in the vulgar and fashionable world, with an ode to night, were written by a Mr. Parratt, the author of some poems in Dodsley's collection, where he is called Parrott.

An ingenious letter on female dress and painting, in No. 78, and another in No. 86, on the improvement to be derived from the study of flowers, were written by the Rev. Thomas Cole, who was same time curate or assistant preacher at St. Paul's, Covent Garden, and published, in 1761, *Six Discourses on Luxury, Infidelity, and Enthusiasm*. He wrote also some poems in Dodsley's collection, and in 1795, published 'The Life of Hubert, a narrative, descriptive, and didactic poem.' He died June 7, 1796.

The remaining writers in the *World* were single paper men, but some of them of considerable distinction in other departments of literary, or of public life.

No. 15, containing some strictures on the absurd novelties introduced in gardening, and a humorous description of *Squire Mushroom's* villa, was written by Mr. Francis Coventrye, minister of the donative or curacy of Edgeware, author of 'Pompey the Little,' 'Penshurst,' and other Poems in Dodsley's collection. His Pompey is a slight composition, but contains some well-drawn characters, which once made part of a comedy which he showed to Gray, the celebrated poet. He died of the small-pox about the year 1759*.

* Nichols's Anecdotes of Bowyer.

No. 26 was the production of Mr., afterwards Dr. Joseph Warton. * He had already begun to write in the *Adventurer*, but his friendship for Moore led him to send this paper.

In the letter from Moore to Dr. Warton, already quoted, he says, "I need not tell you how the *World* goes. I suppose you have heard from Dodsley that he prints 2,500 weekly. When will you have leisure, and when will you have inclination to lend me a little assistance? Or, in the school-phrase, to lend me a little sense? I believe this is not the most elegant epistle that ever was written; but you will excuse it, I hope, when I tell you that I am writing in a corner of a room where there are two card-tables, and where there is as much noise as at the first night of a new play. But to my request. A critical paper or two will be of great service to me; for though I am in great reputation, I am rather more complimented for my manner than matter. With a little of your help I may be able to do great things."

The paper sent in consequence of this application, contains many judicious observations on simplicity; but why a writer of his acknowledged taste should characterize gothic architecture by *meanness of manner* is wholly unaccountable.

In No. 32, criticism is treated with considerable humour as a species of disease, by the ingenious and worthy Mr. Robert Dodsley, a man who has deservedly obtained a niche in

* See Pref. Hist. and Biog. to the *Adventurer*.

the last edition of the *Biographia*. It was he who suggested the name *World* for these papers, and, what is yet more to his honour, he was the projector of *Dr. Johnson's Dictionary*, as well as of many other literary undertakings of considerable merit. Dodsley had a large acquaintance, and was so much respected, that all his friends, whatever their rank, were happy to promote his schemes, not by recommendation only, but by active services.

No. 37 is introduced by the editor as a letter of "so much nature and simplicity," that rather than curtail it, he thought proper to add another half sheet to the paper, and it certainly merited this distinction. It is not only the longest, but in many respects one of the best papers in the collection. It exposes a too common species of barbarity, with a mixture of gaiety and feeling which is irresistible. It was written by the celebrated Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, K.B., formerly the English minister at the courts of Berlin and St. Petersburg, and is the only prose work that came from his pen. His poems, which are numerous, are more remarkable for ease and vivacity, than for delicacy or original genius; but a few only were published. Mr. Coxe has done ample justice to his political character in his late splendid "*Tour through Monmouthshire*."

A very humorous letter on posts was written by Mr. William Hayward Roberts, at that time a student of King's College, Cambridge, where he proceeded B.A. 1757, M.A. 1760, and S.T.P. 1773. At this last period he was one of the

fellows of Eton College, and, on the death of Dr. Barnard, he was appointed provost of that seminary, Dec. 1781. He was also Chaplain to his Majesty, and Rector of Farnham Royal, Buckinghamshire. He published a poetical Essay on the Existence of God, 1771, and, in 1775, reprinted it with other poems, in an octavo volume. The same year appeared his 'Judah Restored,' a poem in six books, 2 vols, 12mo. His poetry indicates considerable powers, yet is most admired for its pious and moral strain. Although using rhyme in his lesser pieces, in his larger works he affected to disdain

— that iron chain

Forged by the hand of some rude Goth, which cramps
Reluctant genius, and with many a fold
Fast binds him to the ground*.

Dr. Roberts died at Eton, Dec. 5, 1791. In 1794, a posthumous work was published by his son, the Rev. W. Roberts, A.M. fellow of Eton College, entitled 'Corrections of various Passages in the English Version of the Old Testament, upon the Authority of Ancient Manuscripts and Ancient Versions.'

No. 83, on the manufactory of thunder and lightning, a paper which has more various and delicately concealed strokes of irony than almost any paper not of Addison's composition, was written by Mr. William Whitaker, a serjeant at law, and a Welch judge, who is still remembered by many as a man of a most facetious turn. He lived the latter part of his life

* His poetical epistle to Ansty, author of the Bath Guide.

at Chertsey. Of his public life, I only know that he stood candidate against Mr. Wilkes at the memorable election for Middlesex in 1769, and received the suffrages of five persons.

No. 159, a proposal to erect an hospital for decayed actors, is assigned in Mr. Dodsley's list to J. G. Cooper, Esq. and No. 110, a letter on those persons who live "nobody knows how," is assigned to J. G. Cooper, jun.; but, if I am not misinformed, they were both written by John Gilbert Cooper, Esq. the author of 'The Life of Socrates,' and 'Letters on Taste.' The former of these works is now little known, but the 'Letters on Taste' were for a considerable time a popular book. He was from affectation, or sincerity, one of the Shaftesbury school of philosophy; and the anecdote related by Dr. Johnson, and confirmed by the late Dr. Gisborne, one of his Majesty's physicians, is an evidence how easily some kinds of philosophy pass into poetry: Mr. Fitzherbert found him one morning, apparently, in such violent agitation, on account of the indisposition of his son, as to seem beyond the power of comfort. At length, however, he exclaimed, "I'll write an Elegy." Mr. Fitzherbert being satisfied by this of the sincerity of his emotions, slyly said, "Had you not better take a post-chaise and go to see him?" He had before this exhibited a singular specimen of sentimental grief, in a long Latin epitaph on his first son, who died the day after his birth. His poems have very considerable merit, particularly the 'Epistles to Aristippus' and the 'Father's Advice to his Son.' His

translation of Gresset's 'Ver Vert' is generally esteemed the best.

No. 131, on the happy state of the world, if every man filled the post for which he was qualified, was written by Mr. Thomas Mulso, a brother of Mrs. Chapone. He published in 1768, 'Calistus, or the Man of Fashion,' and 'Sophronius, or the Country Gentleman, in Dialogues,' and died Feb. 7, 1799, aged 78.

No. 155, a humorous letter from a parish clerk, complaining of the inconvenience arising from false reports of deaths in the newspapers, is the production of Mr. James Ridley, author of the 'Tales of the Genii,' the 'History of James Lovegrove, Esq.' of a periodical paper of much whim, called 'The Schemer,' first printed in the London Chronicle, and since collected into a volume; and of some other literary performances. He was the eldest son of Dr. Gloucester* Ridley, the biographer of his great ancestor Dr. Nicolas Ridley, bishop of London, and martyr. Mr. James Ridley died Feb. 24, 1765, aged 29. He was consequently only nineteen when he wrote this paper. Mr. Duncombe has left a very honourable testimony to his character. "So generous a heart, such an intimate knowledge of the powers and workings of nature, so serious and earnest a desire to serve God and mankind, with a cheerful spirit and address in conveying his instructions, make his loss.

* It is worthy of remark, says Mr. Granger, that Dr. Ridley derived his Christian name from his being born on board the Gloucester Indianman, as his mother was returning from the East Indies.

as great to the public as it was to his family and friends*."

No 184, is a sketch of public and private vices, enlivened by ringing the changes on an expression made use of by Sir John Falstaff, that "it is no sin for a man to labour in his vocation." This construction of wit has been often since adopted to give smartness and currency to an acknowledged truth or maxim. It is perhaps what musicians would term a *rondeau* on a familiar and popular subject. The writer was a Mr. Gataker, a surgeon of considerable eminence, and the author of some professional works, published between the years 1754, and 1761. He was surgeon to his Majesty's household at the time of his death Nov. 17, 1768.

Mr. Herring, Rector of Great Mongeham, Kent, wrote No. 122, on the distresses of a physician without patronage. This gentleman died, at an advanced age, Sept. 22, 1802. Mr. Moyle wrote No. 166, on false honour, and Mr. Burgess, No. 198, an excellent paper on the difficulty of getting rid of one's self. Of these gentlemen, I have not been able to procure any information. The Ode to Sculpture, in No. 200, was written by James Scott, D.D.

Forty-one of these papers were written by persons unknown to Mr. Dodsley when he made out his list, or who desired that their names might be concealed. That of Lord Chesterfield was long concealed under the mark of four stars, and his share was not generally known until the

* Duncombe's Letters, vol. ii. p. 293, note.

publication of his miscellaneous works. But his papers are not included in the forty-one just mentioned, the authors of which it is impossible now to discover. Some of them will certainly bear a comparison with the best papers in the work, as Nos. 62, 63, 64, 66, 135, 150, 175, 177, 190, and 208, but the rest seldom rise above mediocrity. It has often been asked why Lord Lyttelton did not assist in a work which he so zealously patronized. Some assistance might reasonably have been expected from the author of the *Persian Letters*.

The *World* was concluded by Moore, Dec. 3, 1756, No. 209, and Lord Orford, as already noticed, added a 'World Extraordinary.' The second edition was printed in six volumes, with a dedication to each, and a very few corrections and alterations. All the subsequent editions were contracted into four volumes, and a list of the authors' names given at the conclusion of the fourth. It has been frequently reprinted, and will probably always be a favourite, for its materials are not of a perishable kind. The manners of fashionable life are not so mutable in their *principles*, as is commonly supposed; and those who practise them may at least boast that they have stronger stamina than to yield to the attacks of wit or morals.

Page xlv.

These corrections suggested by Sir J. Marriott are,

Vol. 23, p. 291, l. 17, *r.* *accessary*—p. 292, l. 25, *for* “every thing,” *r.* “all his effects.”

Vol. 24, p. 334, l. 28,

After N. B. *r.* “As *the Genteel* is so necessary a part of an elevated character.”

THE WORLD.

ORIGINAL DEDICATIONS.

I. TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

PHILIP, EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

MY LORD,

THAT I presume to dedicate the first volume of *The World* to Your Lordship, will I hope be forgiven me. It is not enough that I can flatter myself with having been frequently honoured with your correspondence; I would insinuate it to the public, that under the sanction of your Lordship's name, I may hope for a more favourable reception from my readers.

If it should be expected upon this occasion, that I should point out which papers are your Lordship's, and which my own, I must beg to be excused; for while, like the Cuckoo in the fable, I am mixing my note with the Nightingale's, I cannot resist the vanity of crying out, *How sweetly we Birds sing!*

If I knew of any great or amiable qualification that your Lordship did not really possess, I would, according to the usual custom of dedications, bestow it freely: but till I am otherwise instructed, I shall rest satisfied with paying my most grateful

acknowledgments to your Lordship, and with subscribing myself,

Your Lordship's obliged, and
most obedient servant,

ADAM FITZ-ADAM.

II. TO THE HONOURABLE

HORACE WALPOLE, Esq.

SIR,

I TAKE the liberty of prefixing your name to a volume of the World, as it gives me an opportunity, not only of making you my acknowledgments for the essays you have honoured me with, but also of informing the public to whom I have been obliged.

That you may read this address without a blush, it shall have no flattery in it. To confess the truth, I mean to compliment myself: and I know not how to do it more effectually, than by thus signifying to my readers, that in the conduct of this work, I have not been thought unworthy of your correspondence.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient, humble servant,

ADAM FITZ-ADAM.

III. TO

RICHARD OWEN CAMBRIDGE, Esq.

SIR,

As you have been so partial to these Papers, as to think them in some degree serviceable to Morality, or at least to those inferior duties of life, which the

French call *les petites morales*; and as you have shown the sincerity of this opinion, by the support you have given to them, I beg leave to prefix your name to this third volume, and to subscribe myself,

Sir, your obliged, and most faithful
humble servant,

ADAM FITZ-ADAM.

IV. TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE EARL OF CORK.

MY LORD,

It is usual in churches, when an organ, an altar-piece, or some other valuable ornament, is given by the bounty of any particular person, to set forth in very conspicuous characters the name of the benefactor. In imitation of this custom, I take the liberty of prefixing your Lordship's name to a volume of the World, that I may signify to the public by whose bounty it has been ornamented.

But your Lordship is not the only one of your family to whom the World has been indebted; and it is with great pleasure that I embrace this occasion of making my acknowledgments to the Earl of Cork, as it gives me an opportunity at the same time of confessing my obligations to Mr. Boyle.

I will not offend your Lordship with the common flattery of dedications, having always observed that praise is least pleasing, where it is most due: a consideration that obliges me to add no more, than that I am,

My Lord, your Lordship's obliged,
most humble, and most obedient servant,

ADAM FITZ-ADAM.

V. TO

SOAME JENYNS, Esq.

ONE OF THE LORDS COMMISSIONERS FOR TRADE AND
PLANTATIONS.

SIR,

To promote the circulation of these small volumes, by limiting their number to no more than six, it was thought adviseable to put a stop to the paper of the World, at a time when the demand for it greatly exceeded my expectation, and while it was the only fashionable vehicle, in which men of rank and genius chose to convey their sentiments to the public. To extend this circulation—for I confess myself a self-interested person—I have separately addressed the first five volumes to those of my correspondents whose pieces are the most numerous, and whose names and characters do me the greatest honour. It will not therefore, I hope, displease you, if among these favourite names you happen to discover your own; it being impossible for me to say any thing more to the advantage of this work, than that many of the essays in it were written by Mr. Jenyns.

I am, SIR,

Your most obliged and most
obedient humble servant,

ADAM FITZ-ADAM.

VL TO

MR. MOORE.

DEAR SIR,

IN the list of those whom I am proud to call my assistants in this work, and to the principal of whom,

as far as they are come to my knowledge, I have dedicated the former volumes of it, to have omitted you, my best and sincerest friend, would have been strange and unpardonable. It would have been strange, as you are sensible how high a regard I have always paid to whatever came from your hand; and unpardonable, as I am convinced you never sat down to write me a paper but from motives of pure love and affection. It is true, and I scorn to flatter even in a dedication, I have not always regarded your papers with that degree of admiration which some other of my correspondents commanded from me; yet so partial have I been to your talents and abilities, that you must own I have never, through the whole course of the work, refused any one of your lucubrations; insomuch that I greatly fear my readers may now-and-then have reason to reproach me with having suffered my friendship to blind my judgment.

But, let Malice and Envy say their pleasure, I shall always acknowledge with gratitude the favour of your assistance in the long contention I have had with the vices and follies of the world; and that it was frequently owing to your ironical smile, that I have been enabled to raise the laugh of raillery in favour of virtue and good manners. I confess indeed, and you will not be angry that to yourself I avow it, the immortality I have reason to hope for, arises from the conjunction of many higher names than yours, which I have had the honour to associate with me in this favoured undertaking. And here I feel my vanity struggling to get loose, and indulge itself in the pleasing theme. The name of Fitz-Adam shall be carried down to latest posterity with those of his age, the most admired for their genius, their learning, their wit and humour. But I check myself. I dare not engage in the task of

lxviii ORIGINAL DEDICATIONS TO THE WORLD.

saying what ought to be said on this occasion, and therefore beg leave to hide my inability in silence.

You will pardon, Sir, this short digression, though not made in your favour; and be assured, notwithstanding all I have said, and whatever I may think of you as a writer, as a man I bear you a true affection, take a very interested part in all your concerns, and, should you ever meet with that reward from the public, which I think your merits have long deserved, I hope you are satisfied that no one will more truly rejoice in your good fortune than,

DEAR SIR,
Your most affectionate friend
and humble servant,
ADAM FITZ-ADAM.

THE WORLD.

No. 1. THURSDAY, JANUARY 4, 1753.

*Nihil dulcius est, bene quàm munula tenere
Edita doctrina sapientum templa serena ;
Despicere unde queas alios, passimque videre
Errare, atque viam palantis quærere vitæ.
Certare ingenio, contendere nobilitate,
Nocteis atque dies niti præstante labore
Ad summas emergere opes, rerumque potiri.*

LUCRET. ii. 14.

“ AT the village of Aronche, in the province of Estremadura,” says an old Spanish author, “ lived Gonzales de Castro, who from the age of twelve to fifty-two was deaf, dumb, and blind. His cheerful submission to so deplorable a misfortune, and the misfortune itself, so endeared him to the village, that to worship the holy Virgin, and to love and serve Gonzales, were considered as duties of the same importance ; and to neglect the latter was to offend the former.

“ It happened one day, as he was sitting at his door, and offering up his mental prayers to St. Jago, that he found himself, on a sudden, restored to all the privileges he had lost. The news ran quickly through the village, and old and young, rich and

VOL. XXII.

B

poor, the busy and the idle, thronged round him with congratulations.

“ But as if the blessings of this life were only given us for afflictions, he began in a few weeks to lose the relish of his enjoyments, and to repine at the possession of those faculties, which served only to discover to him the follies and disorders of his neighbours, and to teach him that the intent of speech was too often to deceive.

“ Though the inhabitants of Aronche were as honest as other villagers, yet Gonzales, who had formed his ideas of men and things from their natures and uses, grew offended at their manners. He saw the avarice of age, the prodigality of youth, the quarrels of brothers, the treachery of friends, the frauds of lovers, the insolence of the rich, the knavery of the poor, and the depravity of all. These, as he saw and heard, he spoke of with complaint ; and endeavoured by the gentlest admonitions to excite men to goodness.”—

From this place the story is torn out to the last paragraph ; which says, “ That he lived to a comfortless old age, despised and hated by his neighbours for pretending to be wiser and better than themselves ; and that he breathed out his soul in these memorable words, that ‘ He who would enjoy many friends, and live happy in the world, should be deaf, dumb, and blind to the follies and vices of it.’ ”

If candour, humility, and an earnest desire of instruction and amendment, were not the distinguishing characteristics of the present times, this simple story had silenced me as an author. But when every day's experience shows me, that our young gentlemen of fashion are lamenting at every tavern the frailties of their natures, and confessing to one another whose daughters they have ruined, and

whose wives they have corrupted ; not by way of boasting, as some have ignorantly imagined, but to be reprov'd and amended by their penitential companions : when I observe too, from an almost blameable degree of modesty, they accuse themselves of more vices than they have constitutions to commit ; I am led by a kind of impulse to this work ; which is intended to be a public repository for the real frailties of these young gentlemen, in order to relieve them from the necessity of such private confessions.

The present times are no less favourable to me in another very material circumstance. It was the opinion of our ancestors, that there were few things more difficult, or that required greater skill and address, than the speaking properly of oneself. But if by speaking properly be meant speaking successfully, the art is now as well known among us as that of printing or of making gunpowder.

Whoever is acquainted with the writings of those eminent practitioners in physic, who make their appearance either in hand-bills, or in the weekly or daily papers, will see clearly that there is a certain and invariable method of speaking of one's self to every body's satisfaction. I shall therefore introduce my own importance to the public, as near as I can, in the manner and words of those gentlemen ; not doubting of the same credit, and the same advantages.

ADVERTISEMENT.

To be spoke with every Thursday at Tully's head in Pall-mall, ADAM FITZ-ADAM ; who after forty years travel through all the parts of the known and unknown world ; after having investigated all sciences, acquired all languages, and entered into the deepest recesses of nature and the passions, is, at

last, for the emolument and glory of his native country, returned to England; where he undertakes to cure all the diseases of the human mind. He cures lying, cheating, swearing, drinking, gaming, avarice, and ambition in the men; and envy, slander, coquetry, prudery, vanity, wantonness, and inconstancy in the women. He undertakes, by a safe, pleasant, and speedy, method, to get husbands for young maids, and good humour for old ones. He instructs wives, after the easiest and newest fashion, in the art of pleasing, and widows in the art of mourning. He gives common sense to philosophers, candour to disputants, modesty to critics, decency to men of fashion, and frugality to tradesmen. For further particulars inquire at the place above mentioned, or of any of the kings and princes in Europe, Asia, Africa, or America.

N. B. The doctor performs his operations by lenitives and alteratives; never applying corrosives, but when inveterate ill habits have rendered gentler methods ineffectual.

Having thus satisfied the public of my amazing abilities, and having, no doubt, raised its curiosity, to an extraordinary height, I shall descend, all at once, from my doctorial dignity, to address myself to my readers as the author of a weekly paper of amusement, called *THE WORLD*.

My design in this paper is to ridicule, with novelty and good-humour, the fashions, follies, vices, and absurdities, of that part of the human species which calls itself *The World*, and to trace it through all its business, pleasures, and amusements. But though my subjects will chiefly confine me to the town, I do not mean never to make excursions into the country; on the contrary, when the profits of these lucubrations have enabled me to set up a one-horse

chair, I shall take frequent occasions of inviting my reader to a seat in it, and of driving him to scenes of pure air, tranquillity, and innocence, from smoke, hurry, and intrigue.

There are only two subjects which, as matters stand at present, I shall absolutely disclaim touching upon ; and these are religion and politics. The former of them seems to be so universally practised, and the latter so generally understood, that to enforce the one, or to explain the other, would be to offend the whole body of my readers. To say truth, I have serious reasons for avoiding the first of these subjects. A weak advocate may ruin a good cause. And if religion can be defended by no better arguments than some I have lately seen in the public papers and magazines, the wisest way is to say nothing about it. In relation to politics, I shall only observe, that the minister is not yet so thoroughly acquainted with my abilities as to trust me with his secrets. The moment he throws aside his reserve, I shall throw aside mine, and make the public as wise as myself.

My readers will, I hope, excuse me, if hereafter they should find me very sparing of mottoes to these essays. I know very well that a little Latin or Greek, to those who understand no language but English, is both satisfactory and entertaining. It gives an air of dignity to a paper, and is a convincing proof that the author is a person of profound learning and erudition. But in the opinion of those who are in the secret of such mottoes, the custom is, as Shakespeare says, "more honoured in the breach than the observance"; a motto being generally chosen after the essay is written, and hardly ever having affinity to it through two pages together. But the truth is, I have a stronger reason for declining this custom: it is, that the follies I intend frequently to treat of,

and the characters I shall from time to time exhibit to my readers, will be such as the Greeks and Romans were entirely unacquainted with.

It may perhaps be expected, before I dismiss this paper, that I should take a little notice of my ingenious brother authors, who are obliging the public with their daily and periodical labours. With all these gentlemen I desire to live in peace, friendship, and good neighbourhood; or if any one of them shall think proper to declare war against me unprovoked, I hope he will not insist upon my taking further notice of him, than only to say, as the old serjeant did to his ensign who was beating him, 'I beseech your honour not to hurt yourself.'

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE WITS.

Whereas it is expected that the title of this paper will occasion certain quips, cranks, and conceits, at the Bedford and other coffee-houses in this town: this is therefore to give notice, that the words, this is a sad world, a vain world, a dull world, a wretched world, a trifling world, an ignorant world, a damned world; or that I hate the world, am weary of the world, sick of the world, or phrases to the same effect, applied to this paper, shall be voted, by all that hear them, to be without wit, humour, or pleasantry, and be treated accordingly.

No. 2. THURSDAY, JANUARY 11, 1753.

It is an observation of Lord Bacon, 'That the fame of Cicero, Seneca, and the younger Pliny, had scarce lasted to this day, or at least not so fresh, if

it had not been joined with some vanity and boasting in themselves: for boasting, continues that great writer, seems to be like varnish, that not only makes wood shine, but last.'

How greatly are the moderns obliged to lord Bacon for giving another reason for the success of the ancients, than superiority of merit ! These gentlemen have taken care, it seems, to lay on their varnish so extremely thick, that common wood has been mistaken for ebony, and ebony for enamel.

But if the ancients owe all their reputation to their skill in varnishing, as no doubt they do, it appears very wonderful, that while the art remains, it should be so totally neglected by modern authors ; especially when they experience every day, that for want of this covering, the critics, in the shape of worms, have eat into their wood, and crumbled it to powder.

But to treat this matter plainly, and without a figure ; it is most certainly owing to the bashfulness of the moderns that their works are not held in higher estimation than those of the ancients. And this, I think, will be as apparent as any other truth, if we consider for a moment the nature and office of the people called critics. It is the nature of these people to be exceedingly dull ; and it is their office to pronounce decisively upon the merit and demerit of all works whatsoever. Thus, choosing themselves into the said office, and happening to set out without taste, talents, or judgement, they have no way of guessing at the excellency of an author, but from what the said author has been graciously pleased to say of it himself : and as most of the moderns are afraid of communicating to the public all that passes in their hearts on that subject, the critics, mistaking their reserve for a confession of weakness, have pronounced sentence upon their works, that they are

good for nothing. Nor is it matter of wonder that they proceed in this method: for by what rule of reason should a man expect the good word of another who has nothing to say in favour of himself?

To avoid, therefore, the censure of the critics, and to engage their approbation, I take this early opportunity of assuring them that I have the pleasure of standing extremely high in my own opinion; and if I do not think proper to say with Horace,

Sublimi feriam sidera vertice;

CAR. I. l. 36.

or with Ovid,

Jamque opus incepti, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignes,

Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas; — MET. XV. 871.

it is because I choose to temper vanity with humility; having sometimes found that a man may be too arrogant, as well as too humble; though it must always be acknowledged that in affairs of enterprize, which require strength, genius, or activity, assurance will succeed where modesty will fail.

To set forth the utility of blending these two virtues, and to exemplify in a particular instance the superiority of assurance, as I began my first paper with a tale, I shall end this with a fable.

Modesty, the daughter of Knowledge, and Assurance, the offspring of Ignorance, met accidentally upon the road; and as both had a long way to go, and had experienced, from former hardships, that they were alike unqualified to pursue their journey alone, they agreed, notwithstanding the opposition in their natures to lay aside all animosities, and, for their mutual advantage, to travel together. It was in a country where there were no inns for entertainment; so that to their own address, and to the hospitality of the inhabitants, they were continually to be obliged for provision and lodging.

Assurance had never failed getting admittance

to the houses of the great ; but it had frequently been her misfortune to be turned out of doors, at a time when she was promising herself an elegant entertainment, or a bed of down to rest upon. Modesty had been excluded from all such houses, and compelled to take shelter in the cottages of the poor ; where, though she had leave to continue as long as she pleased, a truss of straw had been her usual bed, and roots or the coarsest provision her constant repast. But as both, by this accidental meeting, were become friends and fellow travellers, they entertained hopes of assisting each other, and of shortening the way by dividing the cares of it.

Assurance, who was dressed lightly in a summer silk and short petticoats, and who had something commanding in her voice and presence, found the same easy access as before to the castles and palaces upon the way ; while Modesty, who followed her in a russet gown, speaking low, and casting her eyes upon the ground, was as usual pushed back by the porter at the gate, till introduced by her companion ; whose fashionable appearance and familiar address got admission for both.

And now, by the endeavours of each to support the other, their difficulties vanished, and they saw themselves the favourites of all companies, and the parties of their pleasures, festivals and amusements. The sallies of Assurance were continually checked by the delicacy of Modesty, and the blushes of Modesty were frequently relieved by the vivacity of Assurance ; who, though she was sometimes detected at her old pranks, which always put her companion out of countenance, was yet so awed by her presence, as to stop short of offence.

Thus in the company of Modesty, Assurance gained that reception and esteem which she had vainly hoped for in her absence ; while Modesty,

by means of her new acquaintance, kept the best company, feasted upon delicacies, and slept in the chambers of state. Assurance, indeed, had in one particular the ascendancy over her companion; for if any one asked Modesty whose daughter she was, she blushed and made no answer; while Assurance took the advantage of her silence, and imposed herself upon the world as the offspring of Knowledge.

In this manner did the travellers pursue their journey; Assurance taking the lead through the great towns and cities, and apologizing for the rusticity of her companion; while Modesty went foremost through the villages and hamlets, and excused the odd behaviour of Assurance, by presenting her as a courtier.

It happened one day, after having measured a tedious length of road, that they came to a narrow river, which by a hasty swell had washed away the bridge that was built over it. As they stood upon the bank, casting their eyes upon the opposite shore, they saw at a little distance a magnificent castle, and a crowd of people inviting them to come over. Assurance, who stopt at nothing, throwing aside the covering from her limbs, plunged almost naked into the stream, and swam safely to the other side. Modesty, offended at the indecency of her companion, and diffident of her own strength, would have declined the danger; but being urged by Assurance, and derided for her cowardice by the people on the other side, she unfortunately ventured beyond her depth, and oppressed by her fears, as well as entangled by her clothes, which were bound tightly about her, immediately disappeared, and was driven by the current none knows whither. It is said, indeed, that she was afterwards taken up alive by a fisherman upon the English coast, and

that shortly she will be brought to the metropolis, and shown to the curious of both sexes with the surprising Oronuto Savage, and the wonderful Panther-Mare.

Assurance, not in the least daunted, pursued her journey alone ; and though not altogether as successfully as with her companion, yet having learnt in particular companies, and upon particular occasions, to assume the air and manner of Modesty, she was received kindly at every house ; and at last arriving at the end of her travels, she became a very great lady, and rose to be first maid of honour to the queen of the country.

No. 3. THURSDAY, JANUARY 18, 1753.

“ TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

“ SIR,

“ IF I had inclination and ability to do the cruelest thing upon earth to the man I hated, I would lay him under the necessity of borrowing money of a friend.

“ You are to know, Sir, that I am curate of a parish within ten miles of town, at forty pounds per annum ; that I am five-and-thirty years old, and that I have a wife and two children. My father, who was a clergyman of some note in the country, unfortunately died soon after I came from college, and left me master of seventeen hundred pounds. With this sum, which I thought a very great one, I came up to town, took lodgings in Leicester Fields, put a narrow lace upon my frock, learnt to dance of Denoyer, bought my shoes of Tull, my

thousand pounds a year upon the exchange of London.

"I rejoiced heartily at this news, and took the first opportunity of paying my congratulations upon so happy an occasion. As I was drest for this visit in very clean canonicals, my friend, who, possibly, had connected the idea of a good living with a good cassock, received me with the utmost complaisance and good-humour; and after having testified his joy at seeing me, desired to be informed of my fortune and preferment. I gave him a particular account of all that had happened to me since our separation; and concluded with a very blunt request, that he would lend me fifty guineas to pay my debts with, and to make me the happiest curate within the bills of mortality.

"As there was something curious in my friend's answer to this request, I shall give it to you word for word, as near as I can remember it; marking the whole speech in italics, that my own interruptions may not be mistaken.

"Fifty guineas! And so you have run yourself in debt fifty-two pounds ten shillings! Within a very trifle, sir. Ay, ay, I mean so. Fifty guineas is the sum you want; and perhaps you would think it hard if I refused lending it. I should indeed. I knew you would. Let me see (going to the escritoire). Can you change me a hundred pound note? Who I, sir? you surprize me. Here John! (enters John) get change for a hundred pound note: I want to lend this gentleman some money—Or—no, no; I shan't want you (Exit John). I believe I have forty guineas in my pocket. You may get the other ten somewhere else. One, two, three—Ay, there are just forty guineas. And pray, sir, when do you intend to pay me? I had rather be excused, sir, from taking any; I did not expect to be so

mortified. *Extravagance, sir, is the sure road to mortification. I must deal plainly with you. He that lends his money has a right to deal plainly. You began the world with about two thousand pounds in your pocket. Seventeen hundred, sir. And these seventeen hundred pounds, I think, lasted you about five years. True, sir. Five times three are fifteen. Ay, you lived at the rate of about three hundred and fifty pounds a year. After this, as you tell me yourself, you turned curate; and because forty pounds a year was an immense sum, you very prudently fell in love and married a beggar. Do you think, sir, that if I had intended to marry a beggar, I should have spent my fortune as I did? No, sir; I married a woman of fortune, great fortune; and so might you—What hindered you? But I say nothing against your wife. I hope you are both heartily sorry that you ever saw one another's faces. Are your children boys or girls? Girls, sir. And I suppose I am to portion them? But I must tell you once for all, sir, that this is the last sum you must expect from Me. I have proportioned my expences to my estate, and will not be made uneasy by the extravagance of any man living. I have two thousand a year, and I spend two thousand. If you have but forty, I see no occasion for your spending more than forty. I have a sincere regard for you, and I think my actions have proved it; but a gentleman who knows you very well, told me yesterday, that you were an expensive, thoughtless, extravagant, young fellow.*

“I know not to what length my friend would have extended his harangue; but as I had already heard enough, I laid the forty guineas upon the table, and, like lady Townly in the play, taking a great gulp, and swallowing a wrong word or two, left the room without speaking a syllable.

" I have now laid aside my tragedy, and am writing a comedy, called *The Friend*. I do not know that I have wit enough for such a performance ; but if it be damned, it is no more than the author, though a parson, will consent to be, if ever he makes a second attempt to borrow money of a friend.

" Your taking proper notice of this letter will oblige

" Your humble servant and admirer,
" T. H."

To gratify my correspondent, I have published his letter in the manner I received it. But I must entreat the next time I have the favour of hearing from him, that he will contrive to be a little more new in his subject : for I am fully persuaded, that ninety-nine out of every hundred, as well clergy as laity, who have borrowed money of their friends, have been treated exactly in the same manner.

No. 4. THURSDAY, JANUARY 25, 1753.

To the entertainment of my fair readers, and to recommend to them an old fashioned virtue, called prudence, I shall devote this and the following paper. If the story I am going to tell them should deserve their approbation, they are to thank the husband and wife from whom I had it ; and who are desirous, this day, of being the readers of their own adventures.

. An eminent merchant in the city, whose real name I shall conceal under that of Wilson, was

married to a lady of considerable fortune and more merit. They lived happily together for some years, with nothing to disturb them but the want of children. The husband, who saw himself richer every day, grew impatient for an heir; and as time rather lessened than increased the hopes of one, he became by degrees indifferent, and at last averse to his wife. This change in his affection was the heaviest affliction to her; yet so gentle was her disposition, that she reproached him only with her tears; and seldom with those, but when upbraidings and ill-usage made her unable to restrain them.

It is a maxim with some married philosophers, that the tears of a wife are apt to wash away pity from the heart of a husband. Mr. Wilson will pardon me if I rank him, at that time, among these philosophers. He had lately hired a lodging in the country, at a small distance from town, whither he usually retired in the evening, to avoid, as he called it, the persecutions of his wife.

In this cruel separation, and without complaint, she passed away a twelvemonth; seldom seeing him but when business required his attendance at home, and never sleeping with him. At the end of which time, however, his behaviour, in appearance, grew kinder; he saw her oftener, and began to speak to her with tenderness and compassion.

One morning, after he had taken an obliging leave of her, to pass the day at his country lodging, she paid a visit to a friend at the other end of the town; and stopping in her way home at a thread-shop in a bye-street near St. James's, she saw Mr. Wilson crossing the way, and afterwards knocking at the door of a genteel house over against her, which was opened by a servant in livery, and immediately shut, without a word being spoken. As the manner of his entrance, and her not knowing he had

an acquaintance in that street, a little alarmed her, she inquired of the shop-woman if she knew the gentleman who lived in the opposite house. 'You have just seen him go in, madam,' replied the woman. 'His name is Roberts, and a mighty good gentleman, they say, he is. His lady'——At those words Mrs. Wilson changed colour, and interrupting her——'His lady, madam!——I thought that——Will you give me a glass of water? This walk has so tired me——Pray give me a glass of water——I am quite faint with fatigue.' The good woman of the shop ran herself for the water, and by the additional help of some hartshorn that was at hand, Mrs. Wilson became, in appearance, tolerably composed. She then looked over the threads she wanted, and having desired a coach might be sent for, 'I believe,' said she, 'you were quite frightened to see me look so pale; but I had walked a great way, and should certainly have fainted if I had not stepped into your shop.—But you were talking of the gentleman over the way—I fancied I knew him; but his name is Roberts, you say. Is he a married man, pray?' 'The happiest in the world, madam, returned the thread-woman, he is wonderfully fond of children, and to his great joy his lady is now lying-in of her first child, which is to be christened this evening; and as fine a boy, they say it is, as ever was seen.' At this moment, and as good fortune would have it, for the saving a second dose of hartshorn, the coach that was sent for came to the door: into which Mrs. Wilson immediately stept, after hesitating an apology for the trouble she had given; and in which coach we shall leave her to return home, in an agony of grief which herself has told me she was never able to describe.

The readers of this little history have been in-

formed that Mr. Wilson had a country lodging to which he was supposed to retire almost every evening since his disagreement with his wife: but in fact, it was to his house near St. James's that he constantly went. He had indeed hired the lodgings above mentioned, but from another motive than merely to shun his wife. The occasion was this :

As he was sauntering one day through the bird-cage walk in the park, he saw a young woman sitting alone upon one of the benches, who, though, plainly, was neatly dressed, and whose air and manner distinguished her from the lower class of women. He drew nearer to her without being perceived, and saw in her countenance, which innocence and beauty adorned, the most composed melancholy that can be imagined. He stood looking at her for some time ; which she at last perceiving, started from her seat in some confusion, and endeavoured to avoid him. The fear of losing her gave him courage to speak to her. He begged pardon for disturbing her, and excused his curiosity by her extreme beauty, and the melancholy that was mixed with it.

It is observed by a very wise author whose name and book I forget, that a woman's heart is never so brim-full of affliction, but a little flattery will insinuate itself into a corner of it ; and as Wilson, was a handsome fellow, with an easy address, the lady was soon persuaded to replace herself upon the bench, and to admit him at her side. Wilson who was really heart-struck, made her a thousand protestations of esteem and friendship ; conjuring her to tell him if his fortune or services could contribute to her happiness, and vowing never to leave her, till she made him acquainted with the cause of her concern.

Here a short pause ensued ; and after a deep sigh and a stream of tears, the lady began thus :

‘ If, sir, you are the gentleman your appearance speaks you to be, I shall thank Heaven that I have found you. I am the unfortunate widow of an officer who was killed at Dettingen. As he was only a lieutenant, and his commission all his fortune, I married him against a mother’s consent, for which she has disclaimed me. How I loved him, or he me, as he was gone for ever from me, I shall forbear to mention, though I am unable to forget. At my return to England, for I was the constant follower of his fortunes, I obtained, with some difficulty, the allowance of a subaltern’s widow, and took lodgings at Chelsea.

‘ In this retirement I wrote to my mother, acquainting her with my loss and poverty, and desiring her forgiveness for my disobedience ; but the cruel answer I received from her determined me, at all events, not to trouble her again.

‘ I lived upon this slender allowance with all imaginable thrift, till an old officer, a friend of my husband, discovered me at church, and made me a visit. To this gentleman’s bounty I have long been indebted for an annuity of twenty pounds, in quarterly payments. As he was punctual in these payments, which were always made me the morning they came due, and yesterday being quarter-day, I wondered I neither saw him nor heard from him. Early this morning I walked from Chelsea to inquire for him at his lodgings in Pall-mall ; but how shall I tell you, sir, the news I learnt there?—This friend ! this generous and disinterested friend ! was killed yesterday in a duel in Hyde-park.’ She stopt here to give vent to a torrent of tears, and then proceeded. ‘ I was so stunned at this intelligence that I knew not whither

to go. Chance more than choice brought me to this place ; where if I have found a benefactor—and indeed, sir, I have need of one—I shall call it the happiest accident of my life.’

The widow ended her story, which was literally true, in so engaging and interesting a manner that Wilson was gone an age in love in a few minutes. He thanked her for the confidence she had placed in him, and swore never to desert her. He then requested the honour of attending her home, to which she readily consented, walking with him to Buckingham-gate, where a coach was called, which conveyed them to Chelsea. Wilson dined with her that day, and took lodgings in the same house, calling himself Roberts, and a single man. These were the lodgings I have mentioned before ; where, by unbounded generosity and constant assiduities, he triumphed in a few weeks over the honour of this fair widow.

I shall stop a moment here, to caution those virtuous widows who are my readers, against too hasty a disbelief of this event. If they please to consider the situation of this lady, with poverty to alarm, gratitude to incite, and a handsome fellow to inflame, they will allow that in a world near six thousand years old, one such instance of frailty, even in a young and beautiful widow, may possibly have happened. But to go on with my story.

The effects of this intimacy were soon visible in the lady’s shape ; a circumstance that greatly added to the happiness of Wilson. He determined to remove her to town ; and accordingly took the house near St. James’s, where Mrs. Wilson had seen him enter, and where his mistress, who passed in the neighbourhood for his wife, at that time lay-in.

No. 5. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1753.

[CONCLUSION OF THE STORY OF MRS. WILSON.]

I RETURN now to Mrs. Wilson, whom we left in a hackney-coach, going to her own house, in all the misery of despair and jealousy. It was happy for her that her constitution was good, and her resolution equal to it; for she has often told me that she passed the night of that day in a condition little better than madness.

In the morning her husband returned; and as his heart was happy, and without suspicions of a discovery, he was more than usually complaisant to her. She received his civilities with her accustomed cheerfulness; and finding that business would detain him in the city for some hours, she determined. whatever distress it might occasion her, to pay an immediate visit to his mistress, and to wait there till she saw him. For this purpose she ordered a coach to be called, and in her handsomest undress, and with the most composed countenance, she drove directly to the house. She inquired at the door if Mr. Roberts was within; and being answered no, but that he dined at home, she asked after his lady, and if she was well enough to see company; adding, that as she came a great way, and had business with Mr. Roberts, she should be glad to wait for him in his lady's apartment. The servant ran immediately up stairs, and as quickly returned with a message from his mistress, that she would be glad to see her.

Mrs. Wilson confesses that at this moment, notwithstanding the resolution she had taken, her spirits totally forsook her, and that she followed the servant with her knees knocking together, and a face paler than death. She entered the room where the lady was sitting, without remembering on what errand she came; but the sight of so much beauty, and the elegance that adorned it, brought every thing to her thoughts, and left her with no other power than to fling herself into a chair, from which she instantly fell to the ground in a fainting fit.

The whole house was alarmed upon this occasion, and every one busied in assisting the stranger; but most of all the mistress, who was indeed of a humane disposition, and who, perhaps, had other thoughts to disturb her than the mere feelings of humanity. In a few minutes, however, and with the proper applications, Mrs. Wilson began to recover. She looked round her with amazement at first, not recollecting where she was; but seeing herself supported by her rival, to whose care she was so much obliged, and who, in the tenderest distress was inquiring how she did, she felt herself relapsing into a second fit. It was now that she exerted all the courage she was mistress of, which, together with a flood of tears that came to her relief, enabled her when the servants were withdrawn to begin as follows.

‘I am indeed, madam, an unfortunate woman, and subject to these fits; but will never again be the occasion of trouble in this house. You are a lovely woman, and deserve to be happy in the best of husbands. I have a husband too; but his affections are gone from me. He is not unknown to Mr. Roberts, though unfortunately I am. It was for his advice and assistance that I made this visit; and not finding him at home, I begged admittance

to his lady, whom I longed to see and to converse with.' 'Me, madam!' answered Mrs. Roberts, with some emotion, 'had you heard any thing of me?' 'That you were such as I have found you, madam', replied the stranger, and had made Mr. Roberts happy in a fine boy. May I see him, madam? I shall love him for his father's sake.' 'His father, madam!' returned the mistress of the house, 'his father did you say? I am mistaken then; I thought you had been a stranger to him.' 'To his person, I own' said Mrs. Wilson, 'but not to his character; and therefore I shall be fond of the little creature. If it is not too much trouble, madam, I beg to be obliged.'

The importunity of this request, the fainting at first, and the settled concern of this unknown visitor, gave Mrs. Roberts the most alarming fears. She had, however, the presence of mind to go herself for the child, and to watch without witnesses the behaviour of the stranger. Mrs. Wilson took it in her arms, and bursting into tears, said, 'Tis a sweet boy, madam; would I had such a boy! Had he been mine, I had been happy!' With these words, and in an agony of grief and tenderness, which she endeavoured to restrain, she kissed the child, and returned it to its mother.

It was happy for that lady that she had an excuse to leave the room. She had seen and heard what made her shudder for herself; and it was not till some minutes, after having delivered the infant to its nurse, that she had resolution enough to return. They both seated themselves again, and a melancholy silence followed for some time. At last Mrs. Roberts began thus.

'You are unhappy, madam, that you have no child; I pray Heaven that mine be not a grief to me. But I conjure you, by the goodness that appears in

you, to acquaint me with your story. Perhaps it concerns me; I have a prophetic heart that tells me it does. But whatever I may suffer, or whether I live or die, I will be just to you.'

Mrs. Wilson was so affected with this generosity, that she possibly had discovered herself, if a loud knocking at the door, and immediately after it the entrance of her husband into the room, had not prevented her. He was moving towards his mistress with the utmost cheerfulness, when the sight of her visitor fixed him to a spot, and struck him with an astonishment not to be described. The eyes of both ladies were at once rivetted to his, which so increased his confusion, that Mrs. Wilson, in pity to what he felt, and to relieve her companion, spoke to him as follows: 'I do not wonder, sir, that you are surprised at seeing a perfect stranger in your house; but my business is with the master of it; and if you will oblige me with a hearing in another room, it will add to the civilities which your lady has entertained me with.'

Wilson, who expected another kind of greeting from his wife, was so revived at her prudence, that his powers of motion began to return; and quitting the room, he conducted her to a parlour below stairs. They were no sooner entered into this parlour, than the husband threw himself into a chair, fixing his eyes upon the ground, while the wife addressed him in these words.

'How I have discovered your secret, or how the discovery has tormented me, I need not tell you. It is enough for you to know that I am miserable for ever. My business with you is short; I have only a question to ask, and to take a final leave of you in this world. Tell me truly then, as you shall answer it hereafter, if you have seduced this lady under false appearances, or have fallen into guilt

by the temptations of a wanton?' 'I shall answer you presently,' said Wilson; 'but first I have a question for you. Am I discovered to her? And does she know it is my wife I am now speaking to?' 'No, upon my honour,' she replied; 'her looks were so amiable, and her behaviour to me so gentle, that I had no heart to distress her. If she has guessed at what I am, it was only from the concern she saw me in, which I could not hide from her.' You have acted nobly then, returned Wilson, and have opened my eyes at last to see and to admire you. And now, if you have patience to hear me, you shall know all.

He then told her of his first meeting with this lady, and of every circumstance that had happened since; concluding with his determinations to leave her, and with a thousand promises of fidelity to his wife, if she generously consented, after what had happened, to receive him as a husband.——'She must consent,' cried Mrs. Roberts, who at that moment opened the door, and burst into the room; 'she must consent. You are her husband, and may command it. For me, madam,' continued she, turning to Mrs. Wilson, 'he shall never see me more. I have injured you through ignorance, but will atone for it to the utmost. He is your husband, madam, and you must receive him. I have listened to what has passed, and am now here to join my entreaties with his, that you may be happy for ever.'

To relate all that was said upon this occasion would be to extend my story to another paper. Wilson was all submission and acknowledgment; the wife cried and doubted, and the widow vowed an eternal separation. To be as short as possible, the harmony of the married couple was fixed from that day. The widow was handsomely provided for, and

her child, at the request of Mrs. Wilson, taken home to her own house ; where at the end of a year she was so happy, after all her distresses, as to present him with a sister, with whom he is to divide his father's fortune. His mother retired into the country, and, two years after, was married to a gentleman of great worth ; to whom, on his first proposals to her, she related every circumstance of her story. The boy pays her a visit every year, and is now with his sister upon one of these visits. Mr. Wilson is perfectly happy in his wife, and has sent me, in his own hand, this moral to his story :

‘ That though prudence and generosity may not always be sufficient to hold the heart of a husband, yet a constant perseverance in them will, one time or other, most certainly regain it.’

No. 6. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1753.

Totum mundum agit histrio.

“ TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

“ SIR,

“ As you have chosen the whole world for your province, one may reasonably suppose, that you will not neglect that epitome of it, the theatre. Most of your predecessors have bestowed their favourite pains upon it : the learned and the critics, generally two very distinct denominations of men, have employed many hours and much paper in comparing the ancient and modern stage. I shall not undertake to decide a question which seems to me so im-

possible to be determined, as which have most merit, plays written in a dead language, and which we can only read ; or such as we every day see acted inimitably, in a tongue familiar to us, and adapted to our common ideas and customs. The only preference that I shall pretend to give to the modern stage over Greece and Rome, relates to the subject of the present letter : I mean the daily progress we make towards nature. This will startle any bigot to Euripides, who perhaps will immediately demand, whether Juliet's nurse be a more natural gossip than Electra's or Medea's. But I did not hint at the representation of either persons or characters. The improvement of nature, which I had in view, alluded to those excellent exhibitions of the animal or inanimate parts of the creation, which are furnished by the worthy philosophers Rich and Garrick ; the latter of whom has refined on his competitor ; and having perceived that art was become so perfect that it was necessary to mimic it by nature, he has happily introduced a cascade of real water.

" I know there are persons of a systematic turn, who affirm that the audience are not delighted with this beautiful water-fall, from the reality of the element, but merely because they are pleased with the novelty of any thing that is out of its proper place. Thus they tell you that the town is charmed with a genuine cascade upon the stage, and was in raptures last year with one of tin at Vauxhall. But this is certainly prejudice : the world, Mr. Fitz-Adam, though never sated with show, is sick of fiction. I foresee the time approaching, when delusion will not be suffered in any part of the drama : the inimitable Serpent in Orpheus and Eurydice, and the amorous Ostrich in the Sorcerer, shall be replaced by real monsters from Afric. It is well known that the pantomime of the Genii narrowly escaped being

damned, on my lady Maxim's observing very judiciously, 'that the brick-kiln was horridly executed, and did not smell at all like one.'

"When this entire castigation of improprieties is brought about, the age will do justice to one of the first reformers of the stage, Mr. Cibber, who attempted to introduce a taste for real nature in his *Cæsar in Egypt*, and treated the audience with real—not swans indeed, for that would have been too bold an attempt in the dawn of truth, but very personable geese. The inventor, like other original geniuses, was treated ill by a barbarous age: yet I can venture to affirm, that a stricter adherence to reality would have saved even those times from being shocked by absurdities, always incidental to fiction. I myself remember, how, much about that æra, the great Senesino, representing Alexander at the siege of Oxydracæ, so far forgot himself in the heat of conquest, as to stick his sword in one of the pasteboard stones of the wall of the town, and bore it in triumph before him as he entered the breach; a puerility so renowned a general could never have committed, if the ramparts had been built, as in this enlightened age they would be, of actual brick and stone.

"Will you forgive an elderly man, Mr. Fitz-Adam, if he cannot help recollecting another passage that happened in his youth, and to the same excellent performer? He was stepping into *Armida's* enchanted bark; but treading short, as he was more attentive to the accompaniment of the orchestra than to the breadth of the shore, he fell prostrate, and lay for some time in great pain, with the edge of a wave running into his side. In the present state of things, the worst that could have happened to him, would have been drowning; a

fate far more becoming Rinaldo, especially in the sight of a British audience !

“ If you will allow me to wander a little from the stage, I shall observe that this pursuit of nature is not confined to the theatre, but operates where one should least expect to meet it, in our fashions. The fair part of the creation are shedding all covering of the head, displaying their unveiled charming tresses, and if I may say so, are daily moulting the rest of their clothes. What lovely fall of shoulders, what ivory necks, what snowy breasts in all the pride of nature, are continually divested of art and ornament ?

“ In gardening, the same love of nature prevails. Clipt hedges, avenues, regular platforms, straight canals have been for some time very properly exploded. There is not a citizen who does not take more pains to torture his acre and half into irregularities, than he formerly would have employed to make it as formal as his cravat. Kent, the friend of nature, was the Calvin of this reformation ; but like the other champion of truth, after having routed tinsel and trumpery, with the true zeal of a founder of a sect, he pushed his discipline to the deformity of holiness ; not content with banishing symmetry and regularity, he imitated nature even in her blemishes, and planted dead trees and mole-hills, in opposition to parterres and quincunxes.

“ The last branch of our fashions into which the close observation of nature has been introduced, is our desserts ; a subject I have not room now to treat at large, but which yet demands a few words, and not improperly in this paper, as I see them a little in the light of a pantomime. Jellies, biscuits, sugar-plumbs, and creams have long given way to harlequins, gondoliers, Turks, Chinese, and shepherdesses of Saxon-

china. But these, unconnected, and only seeming to wander among groves of curled paper and silk flowers, were soon discovered to be too insipid and unmeaning. By degrees whole meadows of cattle, of the same brittle materials, spread themselves over the whole table; cottages rose in sugar, and temples in barley-sugar; pigmy Neptunes in cars of cockle-shells, triumphed over oceans of looking-glass, or seas of silver tissue; and at length the whole system of Ovid's metamorphoses succeeded to all the transformations which Chloe and other great professors had introduced into the science of hieroglyphic eating. Confectioners found their trade moulder away, while toymen and china-shops were the only fashionable purveyors of the last stage of polite entertainments. Women of the first quality came home from Chevenix's laden with dolls and babies, not for their children, but their house-keeper. At last even these puerile puppet-shows are sinking into disuse, and more manly ways of concluding our repasts are established. Gigantic figures succeeded to pigmies. And if the present taste continues, Rysbrack and other neglected statuaries, who might have adorned Grecian saloons, though not Grecian desserts, may come into vogue. It is known that a celebrated confectioner, so the architects of our desserts still humbly call themselves, complained, that after having prepared a middle dish of gods and goddesses, eighteen feet high, his lord would not cause the ceiling of his parlour to be demolished to facilitate their entrée: '*Imaginez vous*, said he, *que mî lord n'a pas voulu faire ôter le plafond !*'

"I shall mention but two instances of glorious magnificence and taste in desserts, in which foreigners have surpassed every thing yet performed in this sumptuous island. The former was a duke of

Wirtemberg, who, so long ago as the year thirty-four, gave a dessert, in which was a representation of mount *Ætna*, which vomited out real fire-works over the heads of the company, during the whole entertainment. The other was the intendant of Gascony, who, on the late birth of the duke of Burgundy, among other magnificent festivities, treated the noblesse of the province with a dinner and a dessert, the latter of which concluded with a representation, by wax figures moving by clock-work, of the whole labour of the Dauphiness, and the happy birth of an heir to their monarchy.

“ I am, SIR,

“ Your humble servant,

“ JULIO.”

No. 7. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1753.

THERE are certain follies and impertinences, which people of good sense and good nature are every day guilty of, and which are only considered by them as things of course, and of too little consequence for palliation or apology.

Whoever is a frequenter of public assemblies, or joins in a party at cards in private families, will give evidence to the truth of this complaint. I am, for my own part, a lover of the game of Whist, and should oftener be seen in those places where it is played for trifles, if I was not offended at the manners of my friends. How common is it with some people, at the conclusion of every unsuccessful hand of cards, to burst forth into sallies of fretful complaints of their own amazing ill-fortune, and the

constant and invariable success of their antagonists! They have such excellent memories as to be able to recount every game they have lost for six monthssuccessively, and yet are so extremely forgetful at the same time, as not to recollect a single game that they have won. Or if you put them in mind of any extraordinary success that you have been witness to, they acknowledge it with reluctance, and assure you upon their honours, that in a whole twelve-month's play, they never rose winners but that once.

But if these Growlers, a name which I shall always call the men of this class by, would content themselves with giving repeated histories of their own ill-fortune, without making invidious remarks upon the successes of others, the evil would not be so great. Indeed, I am apt to impute it to their fears, that they stop short of the grossest affronts: for I have seen in their faces such rancour and inveteracy, that nothing but a lively apprehension of consequences could have restrained their tongues.

Happy would it be for the ladies if they had the same consequences to apprehend; for, I am sorry to say it, I have met with female—I will not say Growlers: the word is too harsh for them; let me call them Fretters, who with the prettiest faces, and the liveliest wit imaginable, have condescended to be the jest and disturbance of the whole company.

In fashionable life, indeed, where every one is acting behind the mask of good breeding, and where nature is never seen to peep out but upon very extraordinary occasions, frequent convulsions of the features, flushings succeeded by paleness, twistings of the body, fits of the fidgets, and complaints of immoderate heat, are the only symptoms of ill-fortune. But if we travel eastward from St. James's,

and visit the territories of my good lord-mayor, we shall see nature stript of her masquerade, and hear gentlemen and ladies speaking the language of the heart.

For the entertainment of polite life, and because polite life is sometimes a little in want of entertainment, I shall set down a conversation that passed a few nights ago, at an Assemblée in Thames-street; between two Fretters at a Whist-table; one of which had a beautiful daughter of eighteen years of age, leaning upon her mother's chair.

'Five trumps, two honours, and lose four by cards? But I believe, madam, you never lost a game in the whole course of your life.'

'Now and then, madam.'

'Not in the memory of your daughter, I believe: and miss is not so extremely young neither. Clubs are trumps—Well! if ever I play again!—You are three by cards, madam—'

'And two by honours. I had them in my own hand.'

'I beg your pardon, madam; I had really forgot whose deal it was. But I thought the cloven-footed gentleman had left off teaching. Pray, madam, will he expect more than one's soul for half a dozen lessons?'

'You are pleased to be severe, madam; but you know I am not easily put out of temper. What's the trump.'

I was extremely pleased with the cool behaviour of this lady, and could not help whispering to her daughter, 'You have a sweet-tempered mamma, miss. How happy would it be if every lady of her acquaintance was so amiably disposed!' I observed that miss blushed and looked down; but I was ignorant of the reason, till all at once her mamma's good fortune changed, and her adversary,

by holding the four honours in her own hand, and by the assistance of her partner, won the game at a deal.

‘ And now, madam,’ cried the patient lady, ‘ is it you or I who have bargained with the devil? I declare it, upon my honour, I never won a game against you in my life. Indeed, I should wonder if I had, unless there had been a curtain between you and your partner. But one has a fine time on’t indeed! to be always losing, and yet always to be baited for winning; I defy any one to say, that I ever rose a winner in my born days. There was last summer at Tunbridge! did any human creature see me so much as win a game? And ask Mr. A, and Sir Richard B, and dean C, and lord and lady D, and all the company at Bath this winter, if I did not lose two or three guineas every night at half-crown Whist, for two months together. But I did not fret and talk of the devil, madam; no, madam; nor did I trouble the company with my losings, nor play the after-game, nor say provoking things——No, madam; I leave such behaviour to ladies that——’

‘ Lord! my dear, how you heat yourself! You are absolutely in a passion. Come, let us cut for partners.’

Which they immediately did; and happening to get together, and to win the next game, they were the best company, and the civilest people I ever saw.

Many of my readers may be too ready to conceive an ill opinion of these ladies; but I have the pleasure of assuring them, from undoubted authority, that they are in all other respects very excellent people, and so remarkable for patience and good-humour, that one of them has been known to lose her husband, and both of them their reputations, without the least emotion or concern.

To be serious on this occasion; I have many acquaintance of both sexes, who, though really good-natured and worthy people, are violating every day the laws of decency and politeness by these outrageous sallies of petulance and impertinence.

I know of no other reason for a man's troubling his friends with the history of his misfortunes, but either to receive comfort from their pity, or advantage from their charity. If the Growler will tell me that he reaps either of these benefits by disturbing all about him; if he will assure me of his having raised compassion in a single breast, or that he has once induced his adversary to change hands with him out of charity, I shall allow that he acts upon principles of prudence, and that he is not a most teasing, ridiculous, and contemptible, animal.

I would not be understood to hint at gaming in this paper. I am glad to find that destructive passion attacked from the stage, and wish success to the attempt. Nor do I condemn the custom of playing at cards for small sums, in those whose tempers and circumstances are unhurt by what they lose. On the contrary, I look upon cards as an innocent and useful amusement; calculated to interrupt the formal conversations and private cabals of large companies, and to give a man something to do who has nothing to say. My design at present is to signify to these Growlers and Fretters, that they are public as well as private nuisances; and to caution all quiet and civilized persons against cutting in with them at the same tables, or replying to their complaints but by a laugh of contempt.

I shall conclude this paper with acquainting my readers, that, in imitation of the great Mr. Hoyle, I am preparing a book for the press, entitled Rules of Behaviour for the game of Whist; showing, through an almost-infinite variety of good and bad hands, in what degree the muscles of the face are to be con-

tracted or extended; and how often a lady may be permitted to change colour, or a gentleman to bite his lips, in the course of the game. To which will be added, for the benefit of all cool and dispassionate players, an exact calculation of the odds against Growlers and Fretters.

NO. 8. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1753.

Date obolum Belisario.

A PHILOSOPHER, as I am, who contemplates the world with serious reflection, will be struck with nothing in it more than its vicissitudes. If he has lived any time, he must have had ample opportunities of exercising his meditations on the vanity of all sublunary conditions. The changes of empires, the fall of ministers, the exaltation of obscure persons, are the continual incidents of human comedy. I remember that one of the first passages in history which made an impression upon me in my youth was the fate of Dionysius, who, from being monarch of Sicily, was reduced to teach school at Corinth. Though his tyranny was the cause of his ruin, if it can be called ruin to be deprived of the power of oppression, and to be taught to know one's self, I could not help feeling that sort of superstitious pity which always attends royalty in distress. Who ever perused the stories of Edward the Second, Richard the Second, or Charles the First, but forgot their excesses, and sighed for their catastrophe? In this free-spirited island there are no more hands ready

to punish tyrants, than eyes to weep their fall. It is a common case: we are Romans in resisting oppression, very women in lamenting oppressors!

If, and I think it cannot be contested, there is generosity in these sensations, ought we not doubly to feel such emotions, in cases where regal virtue is become the sport of fortune? This island ought to be as much the harbour of afflicted majesty, as it has been the scourge of offending majesty. And while every throne of arbitrary power is an asylum for the martyrs of so bad a cause, Britain ought to shelter such princes as have been victims for liberty—whenever so great a curiosity is seen, as a prince contending on the honest side.

How must I blush then for my countrymen, when I mention a monarch! an unhappy monarch! now actually suffered to languish for debt in one of the common prisons of this city! A monarch, whose courage raised him to a throne, not by a succession of ambitious bloody acts, but by the voluntary election of an injured people, who had the common right of mankind to freedom, and the uncommon resolution of determining to be free! This prince is Theodore, king of Corsica! A man, whose claim to royalty is as indisputable, as the most ancient titles to any monarchy can pretend to be; that is, the choice of his subjects; the only kind of title, allowed in the excellent Gothic constitutions, from whence we derive our own; the same kind of title, which endears the present Royal Family to Englishmen; and the only kind of title, against which, perhaps, no objection can lie.

This prince, on whose history I shall not at present enlarge, after having bravely exposed his life and crown in defence of the rights of his subjects, miscarried, as Cato, and other patriot heroes did before him. For many years he struggled with for-

tune, and left no means untried, which indefatigable policy or solicitation of succours could attempt, to recover his crown. At last, when he had discharged his duty to his subjects and himself, he chose this country for his retirement, not to indulge a voluptuous inglorious ease, but to enjoy the participation of those blessings, which he had so vainly endeavoured to fix to his Corsicans. Here for some months he bore with more philosophic dignity the loss of his crown, than Charles the Fifth, Casimir of Poland, or any of those visionaries, who wantonly resigned theirs, to partake the sluggish indolence, and at length the disquiets of a cloister. Theodore, though resigned to his fortunes, had none of that contemptible apathy, which almost lifted our James the Second to the supreme honour of monkish sainthood. It is recorded of that prince, that talking to his courtiers at St. Germain, he wished for a speedy peace between France and Great Britain, 'for then, said he, we shall get English horses easily.'

The veracity of an historian obliges me not to disguise the situation of his Corsican majesty's revenue, which has reduced him to be a prisoner for debt in the King's-Bench; and so cruelly has fortune exercised her rigours upon him, that last session of parliament he was examined before a committee of the house of commons, on the hardships to which the prisoners in that gaol had been subject. Yet let not ill-nature make sport with these misfortunes! His majesty had nothing to blush at, nothing to palliate, in the recapitulation of his distresses. The debts on his civil list were owing to no misapplication, no improvidence of his own, no corruption of his ministers, no indulgence to favourites, or mistresses. His diet was philosophic, his palace humble, his robes decent: yet his butcher, his landlady, and his tailor, could not continue to supply an estab-

lishment, which had no demesnes to support it, no taxes to maintain it, no excises, no lotteries to provide funds for its deficiencies and emergencies.

A nation so generous, so renowned for the efforts it has always made in the common cause of liberty, can only want to be reminded of this distressed king, to grant him its protection and compassion. If political reasons forbid the open espousal of his cause, pity commands the assistance which private fortunes can lend him. I do not mean at present that our gallant youths should offer themselves as volunteers in his service, nor do I expect to have a small fleet fitted out at the expense of particular persons to convey him and his hopes to Corsica. The intention of this paper is merely to warm the benevolence of my countrymen, in behalf of this royal captive. I cannot think it would be beneath the dignity of majesty to accept of such a supply as might be offered to him by that honorary, and to this country peculiar method of raising a free gift; a benefit play. The method is worthy of the Grecian age; nor would Asiatic monarchs have blushed to receive a tribute from the united efforts of genius and art. Let it be said, that the same humane and polite age raised a monument to Shakspeare, a fortune for Milton's grand-daughter, and a subsidy for a captive king, by dramatic performances! I have no doubt but the munificent managers of our theatres will gladly contribute their parts. That incomparable actor who so exquisitely touches the passions and distresses of self-dethroned Lear, a play which from some similitude of circumstances, I should recommend for the benefit, will, I dare say, willingly exert his irresistible talents in behalf of fallen majesty, and be a competitor with Louis le Grand for the fame which results from the protection of exiled kings. How glorious will it be for him to have the King's-Bench

as renowned for Garrick's generosity to king Theodore, as the Savoy is for Edward the Third's treatment of king John of France.

In the mean time, not to confine this opportunity of benevolence to so narrow a sphere as the theatre, I must acquaint my readers, that a subscription for a subsidy for the use of his Corsican majesty, is opened at Tully's head in Pall-mall, where all the generous and the fair are desired to pay in their contributions to Robert Dodsley, who is appointed high-treasurer and grand librarian of the island of Corsica for life—posts, which give me leave to say, Mr. Dodsley would have disdained to accept under any monarch of arbitrary principles.

A bookseller of Rome, while Rome survived,
Would not have been lord-treasurer to a king.

I am under some apprehensions that the intended subscription will not be so universal as for the honour of my country I wish it. I foresee that the partizans of indefeasible hereditary right will withhold their contributions. The number of them is indeed but small and inconsiderable: yet as it becomes my character, as a citizen of the world, to neglect nothing for the amendment of the principles and morals of my fellow-creatures, I shall recommend one short argument to their consideration; I think I may say, to their conviction. Let them but consider, that though Theodore had such a flaw, in their estimation, in his title, as to have been elected by the whole body of the people, who had thrown off the yoke of their old tyrants; yet as the Genoese had been the sovereigns of Corsica, these gentlemen of monarchic principles will be obliged, if they condemn king Theodore's cause, to allow divine hereditary right in a republic; a problem in politics which I leave to be solved by the

disciples of the exploded Sir Robert Filmer : at the same time declaring by my censorial authority all persons to be Jacobites, who neglect to bring in their free gift for the use of his majesty of Corsica : and I particularly charge and command all lovers of the glorious and immortal memory of king William, to see my orders duly executed : and I recommend to them to set an example of liberality in behalf of the popular monarch, whose cause I have espoused, and whose deliverance, I hope, I have not attempted in vain.

N. B. Two pieces of king Theodore's coin struck during his reign, are in the hands of the high treasurer aforesaid, and will be shown by the proper officers of the exchequer of Corsica, during the time the subscription continues open at Tully's head above mentioned. They are very great curiosities, and not to be met with in the most celebrated collections of this kingdom.

NO. 9. THURSDAY, MARCH 1, 1753.

'I AM that unfortunate man, madam,' was the saying of a gentleman, who stopt and made a low bow to a lady in the park, as she was calling to her dog by the name of Cuckold.

What a deal of good might be expected from these essays, if every man who should happen to read his own character in them, would as honestly acknowledge it as this gentleman! But it is the misfortune of general satire, that few persons will apply it to themselves, while they have the comfort of thinking that it will fit others as well. It is there-

fore, I am afraid, only furnishing bad people with scandal against their neighbours: for every man flatters himself that he has the art of playing the fool or knave so very secretly, that, though he sees plainly how all else are employed, no mortal can have the cunning to find him out.

Thus a gentleman told me yesterday, 'That he was very glad to see a particular acquaintance of his exposed in the third number of the *WORLD*. The parson who wrote that letter,' continued he, 'was determined to speak plainly; for the character of my friend was so strongly marked, that it was impossible to mistake it.' He then proceeded to inform me that he had read Seneca, by observing, 'That there should be no mixture of severity and reproof in the obligations we confer; on the contrary, if there should be only occasion for the gentlest admonition, it ought to be deferred to another season; for men, added he, are much more apt to remember injuries than benefits; and it is enough if they forgive an obligation that has the nature of an offence.'

My reader may, possibly, be surprised, when I tell him, that the man who could commit to memory those maxims of Seneca, and who could rejoice to see such a character exposed as the curate's friend in my third paper, is an old bachelor with an estate of three thousand pounds a year, and fifty thousand in ready money; who never was known to lend a guinea in his life, without making the borrower more miserable by the benefit than he had been before by his wants. But it is the peculiar talent of this gentleman to wound himself by proxy, or, in the sportsman's phrase, to knock himself down by the recoiling of his own gun. I remember he told me some time ago, after having harangued very learnedly upon the detestable sin

of avarice, 'That the common people of a certain county in England were the most covetous and brutal in the whole world. I will give you an instance,' says he. 'About three years ago, by a very odd accident, I fell into a well in that county, and was absolutely within a few minutes of perishing, before I could prevail on an unconscionable dog of a labourer, who happened to be within hearing of my cries, to help me out for half a crown. The fellow was so rapacious as to insist upon a crown for above a quarter of an hour; and I verily believe he would not have abated me a single farthing, if he had not seen me at the last gasp, and determined to die rather than submit to his extortion.'

But to return to my subject. If there are objections to general satire, something may also be said against personal abuse; which, though it is a kind of writing that requires a smaller portion of parts, and is sure of having almost as many admirers as readers, is nevertheless subject to great difficulties: it being absolutely necessary, that the author who undertakes it should have no feeling of certain evils, common to humanity, which are known by the names of pain and shame. In other words, he must be insensible to a good kicking, and have no memory of it afterwards. Now though a great many authors have found it an easy matter to arrive at this excellence, with me the task would be attended with great labour and difficulty; as it is my misfortune to have contracted, either by the prejudice of education, or by some other means, an invincible aversion to pain and dishonour. I am very sensible that I may hurt myself as a writer by this confession; but it was never any pleasure of mine to raise expectations with a design to disappoint them: and though it should lose me the

major part of my readers, I hereby declare, that I never will indulge them with any personal abuse; nor will I so much as attack any of those fine gentlemen, or fine ladies, who have the honour of being single in any one character, be it ever so ridiculous.

But if I had every requisite for this kind of writing, there are certain people in town, whom it would be ingratitude in me to attack. The masters of both the theatres are my good friends; for which reason I forbear to say, that half the comedies in their catalogue ought to be damned for wickedness and indecency. But I not only keep this to myself, but have also been at great trouble and pains to suppress a passage bearing very hard against them, in a book, which will speedily be published, called the Progress of Wit. The author of this book, who, luckily for the theatres, happens to be a particular friend of mine, is a very great joker; and, as I often tell him, does a vast deal of mischief, without seeming to intend it. The passage which I prevailed with him to suppress, stood at the beginning of the thirteenth chapter of this book, and was exactly as follows:

‘As it was now clear to all people of fashion that men had no souls, the business of life was pleasure and amusement; and he that could best administer to these two, was the most useful member of society. From hence arose those numerous places of resort and recreation which men of narrow and splenetic minds have called the pests of the public. The most considerable of which places, and which are at this day in the highest reputation, were the bagnios and the theatres. The bagnios were constantly under the direction of discreet and venerable matrons, who had passed their youth in the practice of those exercises, which they were now teaching to their daughters: while the management

of the theatres was the province of the men.— The natural connexion between these houses made it convenient that they should be erected in the neighbourhood of each other; and indeed the harmony subsisting between them has inclined many people to think that the profits of both were divided equally by each. But I have always considered them as only playing into one another's hands, without any nearer affinity than that of the schools of Westminster and Eton, to the universities of Oxford and Cambridge. At the play-house young gentlemen and ladies were instructed by an Etheridge, a Wycherley, a Congreve, and Vanbrugh, in the rudiments of that science, which they were to perfect at the bagnio, under a Needham, a Haywood, a Haddock, and a Roberts.'

Thus much had my friend, in his Progress of Wit, thought proper to observe upon the looseness of the stage. But as the whole passage is suppressed, the managers will have nothing to fear from the publication of that performance.

It were to be wished, indeed, that those gentlemen would have done entirely both with tragedy and comedy, and resolve at once to entertain the town only with pantomime. That great advantages would accrue from it, is beyond dispute; people of taste and fashion having already given sufficient proof that they think it the highest entertainment the stage is capable of affording: the most innocent, we are sure it is; for where nothing is said, and nothing meant, very little harm can be done. Mr. Garrick, perhaps, may start a few objections to this proposal; but with those universal talents, which he so happily possesses, it is not to be doubted but he will, in time, be able to handle the wooden sword with as much dignity and dexterity as his brother Lun. He will also reap another ad-

vantage from this kind of acting; as he will have fewer enemies by being the finest harlequin of the age, than he has at present, by being the greatest actor of any age or country.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Whereas some gentlemen have doubted whether the subscription for the use of king Theodore was really intended to be carried on, I am ordered to acquaint the public, that Mr. Fitz-Adam was not only in earnest in promoting such a contribution, but has already received some noble benefactions for that purpose; and he will take care to apply the subsidy in the most uncorrupt manner to the uses for which it was designed, and to the honour and dignity of the crown of Corsica.

ROBERT DODSLEY.

No. 10. THURSDAY, MARCH 8, 1753.

THE great men, who introduced the Reformation into these kingdoms, were so sensible of the necessity of maintaining devotion in the minds of the vulgar by some external objects, by somewhat of ceremony and form, that they refrained from entirely ripping off all ornament from the drapery of religion. When they were purging the calendar of legions of visionary saints, they took due care to defend the niches of real martyrs from profanation. They preserved the holy festivals, which had been consecrated for many ages to the great luminaries of the church, and at once paid proper observance to the memory of the good, and

fell in with the popular humour, which loves to rejoice and mourn at the discretion of the almanack.

In so enlightened an age as the present, I shall perhaps be ridiculed if I hint, as my opinion, that the observation of certain festivals is something more than a mere political institution. I cannot, however, help thinking, that even nature itself concurs to confirm my sentiment. Philosophers and free-thinkers tell us that a general system was laid down at first, and that no deviations have been made to accommodate it to any subsequent events, or to favour and authorize any human institutions. When the reformation of the calendar was in agitation, to the great disgust of many worthy persons, who urged how great the harmony was, in the old establishment, between the holidays and their attributes, if I may call them so, and what a confusion would follow if Michaelmas-day, for instance, was not to be celebrated when stubble geese are in their highest perfection; it was replied, that such a propriety was merely imaginary, and would be lost of itself, even without any alteration of the calendar by authority: for if the errors in it were suffered to go on, they would in a certain number of years produce such a variation, that we should be mourning for good king Charles on a false thirtieth of January, at a time of year when our ancestors used to be tumbling over head and heels in Greenwich-park, in honour of Whitsuntide: and at length be choosing king and queen for Twelfth-night, when we ought to be admiring the London 'Prentice at Bartholomew fair.

Cogent as these reasons may seem, yet I think I can confute them from the testimony of a standing miracle, which not having submitted to the fallible authority of an act of parliament, may well be said to put a supernatural negative on the wis-

dom of this world. My readers, no doubt, are already aware that I have in my eye the wonderful thorn of Glastonbury, which, though hitherto regarded as a trunk of popish imposture, has notably exerted itself as the most protestant plant in the universe. It is well known that the correction of the calendar was enacted by pope Gregory the thirteenth, and that the reformed churches have, with a proper spirit of opposition, adhered to the old calculation of the emperor Julius Cæsar, who was by no means a papist. Near two years ago the popish calendar was brought in, I hope by persons well affected! certain it is, that the Glastonbury thorn has preserved its inflexibility, and observed its old anniversary. Many thousand spectators visited it on the parliamentary Christmas-day.—Not a bud was there to be seen!—On the true nativity it was covered with blossoms. One must be an infidel indeed to spurn at such authority. Had I been consulted, and mathematical studies have not been the most inconsiderable of my speculations, instead of turning the calendar topsy-turvey, by fantastic calculations, I should have proposed to regulate the year by the infallible Somersetshire thorn, and to have reckoned the months from Christmas-day, which should always have been kept as the Glastonbury thorn should blow.

Many inconveniences, to be sure, would follow from this system; but as holy things ought to be the first consideration of a religious nation, the inconveniences should be overlooked. The thorn can never blow but on the true Christmas-day; and, consequently, the apprehension of the year's becoming inverted by sticking to the Julian account can never hold. If the course of the sun varies, astronomers may find out some way to adjust that: but

it is preposterous, not to say presumptuous, to be celebrating Christmas-day, when the Glastonbury thorn, which certainly must know times and seasons better than an almanack-maker, declares it to be heresy.

Nor is Christmas-day the only jubilee which will be morally disturbed by this innovation. There is another anniversary of no less celebrity among Englishmen, equally marked by a marvellous concomitance of circumstances, and which I venture to prognosticate will not attend the erroneous calculation of the present system. The day I mean is the first of April. The oldest tradition affirms that such an infatuation attends the first day of that month, as no foresight can escape, no vigilance can defeat. Deceit is successful, on that day, out of the mouths of babes and sucklings. Grave citizens have been bit upon it; usurers have lent their money on bad security; experienced matrons have married very disappointing young fellows; mathematicians have missed the longitude; alchymists the philosopher's stone; and politicians preferment, on that day.

What confusion will not follow, if the great body of the nation are disappointed of their peculiar holiday! This country was formerly disturbed with very fatal quarrels about the celebration of Easter; and no wise man will tell me that it is not as reasonable to fall out for the observance of April-fool-day. Can any benefits arising from a regulated calendar, make amends for an occasion of new sects? How many warm men may resent an attempt to play them off on a false first of April, who would have submitted to the custom of being made fools on the old computation? If our clergy come to be divided about Folly's anniversary, we may well expect all the mischiefs attendant on religious wars;

and we shall have reason to wish that the Glastonbury thorn would declare as remarkably in favour of the true April-fool-day, as it has in behalf of the genuine Christmas.

There are many other inconveniences, which I might lament very emphatically, but none of weight enough to be compared with those I have mentioned. I shall only hint at a whole system overturned by this revolution in the calendar, and no provision, that I have heard of, made by the legislature to remedy it. Yet in a nation which bestows such ample rewards on new-year and birthday odes, it is astonishing that the late act of parliament should have overlooked that useful branch of our poetry, which consists in couplets, saws, and proverbs, peculiar to certain days and seasons. Why was not a new set of distichs provided by the late reformers? Or at least a clause inserted in the act, enjoining the poet-laureat, or some beneficial genius, to prepare and new-cast the established rhymes for public use? Were our astronomers so ignorant as to think that the old proverbs would serve for their new-fangled calendar? Could they imagine that St. Swithin would accommodate his rainy planet to the convenience of their calculations? Who that hears the following verses, but must grieve for the shepherd and husbandman, who may have all their prognostics confounded, and be at a loss to know beforehand the fate of their markets? Ancient sages sung,

If St. Paul be fair and clear,
Then will betide a happy year ;
But if it either snow or rain,
Then will be dear all kind of grain :
And if the wind doth blow aloft,
Then wars will vex the realm full oft.

I have declared against meddling with politics

and therefore shall say nothing of the important hints contained in the last lines : yet if certain ill-boding appearances abroad should have an ugly end, I cannot help saying that I shall ascribe their evil tendency to our having been lulled asleep by resting our faith on the calm weather on the pretended conversion of St. Paul ; whereas it was very blustering on that festival according to the good old account, as I honestly, though vainly, endeavoured to convince a great minister of state, whom I do not think proper to mention.

But to return to April-fool-day : I must beg my readers and admirers to be very particular in their observations on that holiday, both according to the new and old reckoning. And I beg that they will transmit to me, or my secretary, Mr. Dodsley, a faithful and attested account of the hap that be-tides them or their acquaintance on each of those days ; how often and in what manner they make or are made fools ; how they miscarry in attempts to surprise, or baffle any snares laid for them. I do not doubt but it will be found that the balance of folly lies greatly on the side of the old first of April ; nay, I much question whether infatuation will have any force on what I call the false April-fool-day. I should take it very kind, if any of my friends, who may happen to be sharpers, would try their success on the fictitious festival ; and if they make fewer dupes than ordinary, I flatter myself that they will unite their endeavours with mine in decrying and exploding a reformation, which only tends to discountenance good old practices and venerable superstitions.

No. 11. THURSDAY, MARCH 15, 1753.

IF we are to believe, universally, that virtue leads directly to happiness, and vice to punishment in this world, I am afraid we shall form very erroneous opinions of the people we converse with ; as every melancholy face will appear to be produced by a bad heart, and every cheerful face by a good one. But it will be no discouragement to virtue to say, that the reverse of this is much oftener the case ; nay, so obstinate am I in this opinion, that I seldom see a countenance of sincere and settled grief, without concluding it to be the effect of some eminent degree of virtue.

If sickness and bodily pain were, indeed, all the misfortunes incident to our natures, it might be said, with some colour of truth, that virtue was generally its own immediate reward ; as every one will allow, that temperance and abstemiousness lead more directly to health and ease, than riot and debauchery. But while we have affections that steal us from our own happiness, to involve us in the misery of those about us, they who have the best hearts will be oftenest made uneasy.

The good man considers the whole human race as his own family ; and as such a person, in a world like this, is liable to more disappointments than one who has only himself to care for, his troubles and mortifications will assuredly be greater.

The friends of virtue should therefore be cautious of promising what they are not sure will be

performed ; lest by a failure in the end, they bring discredit upon the means. It will be always sufficient to say of virtue, that its reward is certain, while it can be said of that reward, that it is happiness eternal.

The following allegory, which is a literal translation from the same old Spanish author, from whom the story of Gonzales de Castro in my first paper was taken, supposes the good man to be unhappy upon earth, only because his goodness is imperfect. I insert it here, though not exactly applicable to my subject, as the most instructive entertainment I am able to give my readers at this season.

If the ladies should happen to conceive any dislike to some little severities in it, they are desired to take notice that the author was a Spaniard, and that he wrote at a time, when it appears by the concurrent testimony of all historians, that the sex was not absolutely without fault.

Jupiter, when he made Man, brought with him from heaven a nymph called Felicia, or Happiness, to be his companion. The better to engage them to each other, he furnished Man with those passions and affections which were to feed the mind with perpetual wishes, with a guide, called Reason, to restrain their violence ; and to the Nymph he gave immortal beauty, together with a certain degree of coyness, which is always sure to engage pursuit and endear possession.

But as if some other power had a malicious design to set this pair at variance, notwithstanding the seeming desire of Jupiter to unite them, Felicia became insensible to every thing but virtue, while the Passions of Man generally hurried him to a pursuit of her by the means of vice. With this difference in their natures it was impossible for them to

agree; and in a short time they became almost strangers to each other. Reason would have gone over to the side of Felicia, but some particular Passion always opposed him; for, what was almost incredible, though Reason was a sufficient match for the whole body of Passions united, he was sure to be subdued, if singly encountered.

Jupiter laughed at the folly of Man, and gave him Woman. But as her frame was too delicately composed to endure the perpetual strife of Reason and the Passions, he confined the former to Man, and gave up Woman to the government of the latter without control.

Felicia, upon this new creation, grew again acquainted with Man. She made him a visit of a month, and at his entreaty would have settled with him for ever, if the jealousy of Woman had not driven her from his roof.

From this time the nymph has led a wandering life, without any settled habitation. As the world grew peopled, she paid her visits to every corner of it; but though millions pretended to love her, not a single mortal had constancy to deserve her. Ceremony drove her from court, Avarice from the city, and Want from the cottage. Her delight, however, was in the last of these places, and there it was that she was most frequently to be found.

Jupiter saw with pity the wanderings of Felicia, and in a fortunate hour caused a mortal to be born, whose name was Bonario, or Goodness. He endowed him with all the graces of mind and body; and at an age when the soul becomes sensible of desires, he breathed into him a passion for the beautiful Felicia. Bonario had frequently seen her in his early visits to Wisdom and Devotion; but as lightness of belief and an over fondness of mankind, were failings inseparable to him, he often suffered

himself to be led astray from Felicia, till Reflection, the common friend of both, would set him right, and re-conduct him to her company.

Though Felicia was a virgin of some thousand years old, her coyness was rather found to increase than to diminish. This, perhaps, to mortal old maids may be matter of wonder; but the true reason was, that the beauty of Felicia was incapable of decay. From hence it was, that the fickleness of Bonario made her less and less easy of access. Yet such was his frailty, that he continually suffered himself to be enticed from her, till at last she totally withdrew herself. Reflection came now only to upbraid him. Her words, however, were of service, as by showing how he had lost Felicia, they gave him hopes that a contrary behaviour, might, in time, regain her.

The loss of happiness instructs us how to value it. And now it was that Bonario began in earnest to love Felicia, and to devote his whole time to a pursuit of her. He inquired for her among the Great, but they knew her not. He bribed the Poor for intelligence, but they were strangers to her. He sought her of Knowledge, but she was ignorant of her; of Pleasure, but she misled him. Temperance knew only the path she had taken; Virtue had seen her upon the way: but Religion assured him of her retreat, and sent Constancy to conduct him to her.

It was in a village far from town, that Bonario again saw his Felicia; and here was in hopes of possessing her for ever. The coyness with which she treated him in his days of folly, time, and the amendment it had wrought in him, began to soften. He passed whole days in her society, and was rarely denied access to her, but when Passion had misguided him.

Felicia lived in this retreat, with the daughter of a simple villager, called Innocence. To this amiable rustic did Bonario apply for intercession, upon every new offence against Felicia; but too impatient of delay, and out of humour with his advocate, he renewed his acquaintance with a court lady, called Vice, who was there upon a visit, and engaged her to solicit for him. This behaviour so enraged Felicia, that she again withdrew herself; and, in the warmth of her resentment, sent up a petition to Jupiter, to be recalled to heaven.

Jupiter, upon this petition, called a council of the gods; in which it was decreed, that while Bonario continued upon earth, Felicia should not totally depart from it; but as the nature of Bonario was fickle and imperfect, his admission to her society should be only occasional and transient. That their nuptials should be deferred till the nature of Bonario should be changed by death, and that afterwards they should be inseparably united in the regions of immortality.

No. 12. THURSDAY, MARCH 22, 1753.

“ TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

“ SIR,
“ IT is a great abuse of language, according to Mr. Locke, to make use of words to which we have no fixed and determinate ideas. There is a still greater, Mr. Fitz-Adam, which is the almost continually using words to which we have no ideas at all. I shall only instance in the poor monosyllable Taste.

Who has not heard it frequently pronounced by the loveliest mouths in the world, when it has evidently meant nothing?

“ I would not be thought to require, like an ill-bred logician, that every pretty woman, or even every pretty man, who makes use of the word Taste, should define what they mean by it; that would be too cruel; but I should rather choose, when they are really conscious to themselves that they are going to utter it without any idea annexed, that they would be so good as to change it for the word Whim. However, as my recommendation will, I am sure, have no weight, unless it should be backed by your censorial authority, I shall leave them at present in full possession of their favourite word, and proceed to the subject of my letter.

“ You rallied very humourously, a few weeks ago, some of the reigning follies of this various island, under the name of our approaches to nature. I hope you have likewise taken notice how desirous we are of returning to our primeval ignorance, under the notion of Taste: a name which we are fond of giving to every new folly which starts up, and to every old exploded absurdity which we are charitably pleased to revive. Let but that commanding word go forth, and no chameleon catches his colours quicker than we are ready to imbibe follies from each other. Whereas Taste, in my opinion, ought to be applied to nothing but what has as strict rules annexed to it, though perhaps imperceptible by the vulgar, as Aristotle, among the critics, would require, or Domenichino, among the painters, practise. People may have whims, freaks, caprices, persuasions, and even second-sights if they please; but they can have no taste which has not its foundation in nature, and which, consequently, may be accounted for.

“ From a thousand instances of our imitative inclinations I shall select one or two, which have been, and still are, notorious and general. A few years ago every thing was Gothic ; our houses, our beds, our book-cases, and our couches, were all copied from some parts or other of our old cathedrals. The Grecian architecture, where, as Dryden says,

Firm Doric pillars found the lower base,
The gay Corinthian holds the higher space,
And all below is strength, and all above is grace

—that architecture, which was taught by nature and polished by the graces, was totally neglected. Tricks and conceits got possession every where. Clumsy buttresses were to shock you with disproportion ; or little pillars were to support vast weights ; while ignorant people, who knew nothing of centres of gravity, were to tremble at their entrance into every building, lest the roofs should fall upon their heads. This, however odd it might seem, and however unworthy of the name of Taste, was cultivated, was admired, and still has its professors in different parts of England. There is something, they say, in it congenial to our old Gothic constitution ; I should rather think to our modern idea of liberty, which allows every one the privilege of playing the fool, and of making himself ridiculous in whatever way he pleases.

“ According to the present prevailing whim, every thing is Chinese, or in the Chinese taste : or, as it is sometimes more modestly expressed, partly after the Chinese manner. Chairs, tables, chimney-pieces, frames for looking-glasses, and even our most vulgar utensils, are all reduced to this new-fangled standard ; and without doors so universally has it spread, that every gate to a cow-yard is in T’s and

Z's, and every hovel for the cows has bells hanging at the corners.

"The good people in the city are, I perceive, struck with this novelty; and though some of them still retain the last fashion, the Gothic, yet others have begun to ornament the doors and windows of their shops with the more modern improvements.

"Had this taste prevailed in the latter end of queen Anne's time, the new churches themselves had doubtless been pagodas; nay it is expected at present that the Something which is rising on the building at the horse-guards, if ever it should come to a conclusion, will terminate at last partly after the Chinese manner.

"I would beg leave, however to propose, if our large public buildings are to be executed after Chinese models, that we should pursue the usual methods on such occasions. The inoculation for the small-pox, and other such hazardous experiments, were first executed upon condemned criminals. And, in my opinion an experiment of this kind should first be tried on a hospital, or a county workhouse. I know it will be said, in answer to this, that conveniency is chiefly to be studied in edifices of charity. But is conveniency to give way to Taste? Is the honour of a nation to be less considered than the particular exigencies of private persons? It is a thousand pities that the hospitals of Chelsea and of Greenwich are already built; their situations are the very spots one would have chosen for a trial of this sort. What numbers of little lakes might have been let in from the Thames to wander among the pavilions! And how commodiously might we have passed from ward to ward by bridges adorned with triumphal arches!

"The encouragement of this taste may be worthy

of the consideration of those gentlemen who have great possessions in the isle of Ely, or the fens of Lincolnshire. A Chinese town, happily situated, may attract inhabitants, and make estates in those countries extremely desirable. Marshy grounds, which are now avoided, will become by this means the most sought after of any; and we may live to see the Hundreds of Essex crowded with villas. But I only hint these things to those whom they concern, and whose interest it may be to pursue them further. My intention, you perceive, is to make Taste useful to somebody at least, and to assign proper places for the exercise of our improved talents.

“ But while I am promoting the interest and entertainment of some of his majesty’s subjects, I would not wilfully offend others, who may be a little infatuated through their zeal to their country. Many good patriots have been greatly alarmed at the spreading of the French language and the French fashions so universally over Europe; and have apprehended, perhaps too justly, that their modes of religion and of government might insinuate themselves in their turns. If any pious Englishman should have the same fears with regard to the Chinese customs and manners, I have the satisfaction to inform him, that nothing of that kind can reasonably be dreaded. We may rest secure that our firm faith will never be staggered by the tenets of Fohi, nor our practice vitiated by the morals of Confucius; at least we may be certain that the present innovations are by no means adequate to such an effect: for, on a moderate computation, not one in a thousand of all the stiles, gates, rails, pails, chairs, temples, chimney-pieces, &c. &c. &c. which are called Chinese, has the least resemblance to any

thing that China ever saw ; nor would an English church be a less uncommon sight to a travelling mandarin, than an English pagoda. I think it necessary to say thus much, in order to quiet the scruples of conscientious persons, who will doubtless be more at ease when they consider that our Chinese ornaments are not only of our own manufacture, like our French silks and our French wines, but, what has seldom been attributed to the English, of our own invention.

“ I am, SIR,

“ Your most humble Servant,

“ H. S.”

TO THE PUBLIC.

Whereas a subscription for a subsidy for the use of king Theodore was opened at Tully's Head in Pall-mall the twenty-second of last month, This is to give notice that, by order of Mr. Fitz-Adam, the said subscription will be closed on Tuesday the twenty-seventh of this instant March ; at which time the subsidy will be paid in.

ROBERT DODSLEY.

No. 13. THURSDAY, MARCH 29, 1753.

I SHALL make no apology for the following letters, or my own answers to them ; having been always of opinion that works of criticism are the chief strength and ornament of a public paper.

" TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

" SIR,

" THOUGH you set out with a good grace in the WORLD, I cannot help thinking that a paper now-and-then upon religion might be very entertaining. I am an officer in country quarters, and as the chaplain to the regiment happens to live altogether in town, I have no opportunity of knowing any thing of that affair, but from what I hear at church.

" I am, &c.

" A. Z."

TO MR. A. Z.

SIR,

THAT no officer in quarters may be under the necessity of going to church, the WORLD, for the future, shall be a religious one.

I am, &c.

A. FITZ-ADAM.

" TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

" SIR,

" I BELONG to a club of very serious clergymen, and am glad, so is every one of us, that you do not intend to meddle with religion in your paper. It is certainly a subject of too much dignity and importance to be treated of in essays, which seem devoted to humour and the ridicule of folly. In the name of the whole club,

" I am, &c.

" J. C."

TO MR. J. C.

SIR,

As it will be always my ambition to stand well

with the clergy, they may assure themselves that the WORLD shall have no religion in it.

I am, &c.

A. FITZ-ADAM.

“ TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

“ SIR,

“ I CANNOT help being offended at your want of correctness in a paper, which, in other respects, deserves approbation. In number I. you say, *WARN men to goodness*. The verb *warn* is unwarrantable in this place : we are warned *by* or *from*, but not *to*—The word should be *incite* ; and so I have corrected it in my own paper. In number III. line 2. you have the colloquial barbarism of doing a thing *by* a man instead of *to*. I cannot express how much I am hurt at so vulgar an impropriety. In number VI. page 34. the verb *display* is used instead of its participle *displaying*. Perhaps it is only an error of the press : pray be careful for the future. I am willing to hope that these gross mistakes are only owing to inadvertency. If so, I rest,

“ Your admirer,

“ PHILOLOGOS.”

TO PHILOLOGOS.

SIR,

I SHALL be very careful of mistakes for the future ; and do assure you, upon my veracity, that they have hitherto proceeded from nothing but inadvertency.

I am, SIR,

Your obliged servant,

A. FITZ-ADAM.

“ TO ADAM FITZ-ADAM, ESQ.

“ DEAR FITZ,

“ LORD * * * * and I laid hold of a d——d prig of a university fellow yesterday, and carried him to our club ; where, when the claret began to mount, your paper of the *WORLD* happened to come upon the tapis. ‘ That same Mr. Fitz-Adam,’ says he, ‘ is a very inaccurate writer ; peradventure I shall take an opportunity of telling him so in a short time.’ But, dear Fitz, if the prig should really send you a letter, smoke the parson and be witty. Your inaccuracies, as he calls them, are the characteristics of a polite writer : by these alone our club is sure that you are a man of fashion. Away with pedantry and the grammar ! Write like a gentleman, and, with Pope, in his essay upon critics,

Snaatch a grace beyond the reach of nature.

“ Yours, A. B.”

TO MR. A. B.

SIR,

IN compliance with your advice, I shall avoid the pedantry of grammar, and be perfectly the gentleman in my future essays.

I am,

Your most obedient,

A. FITZ-ADAM.

“ TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

“ SIR,

“ I DO not write to you to have the pleasure of seeing myself in print : it is only to give you a little friendly advice. Take care of novels : the town swarms with them. That foolish story of

Mrs. Wilson, in your fourth and fifth papers, made me cry out that the **WORLD** was at an end!

“ Yours,

“ **TOM TELL-TRUTH.**”

TO MR. TELL-TRUTH.

SIR,

I **THANK** you for the caution, and will write no more novels.

Your most humble servant,

A. FITZ-ADAM.

“ **TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.**

“ **SIR,**

“ **YOUR** predecessor, the **Spectator**, did not think his labours altogether useless, which were dedicated to us women. Those elegant moral tales, which make their appearance so frequently in his works, are so many proofs of his regard for us. From the fourth and fifth numbers of the **WORLD**, we have the pleasure of hoping that the **Spectator** is revived among us. The story of Mrs. Wilson is a lesson of instruction to every woman in the kingdom, and has given the author of it as many friends as he has readers among the sex.

“ I am, **SIR,**

“ Your real admirer and humble servant,

“ **L. B.**”

TO MISS L. B.

MADAM,

As it will be always my chief happiness to please the ladies, I shall devote my future papers entirely to novels.

Your obliged and most obedient servant,

A. FITZ-ADAM.

“ TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

“ SIR,

“ IF a plain grave man may have leave to tell you a little truth, I must inform you, that though I like your *manner* very much, I have great objections to your *matter*. He who only skims surfaces will gather nothing but straws. If you are the philosopher you would have us think you, give us something that may rest upon the memory, and improve while it entertains.

“ I am, &c.

“ AMICUS.”

TO AMICUS.

SIR,

THE WORLD, for the future, shall be grave and philosophical ; the *matter* shall be regarded, and not the *manner*.

I am, &c.

A. FITZ-ADAM.

“ A MONSIEUR FITZ-ADAM.

“ JE suis enchanté, mon cher monsieur, de votre MONDE. Depuis deux ans que je suis à Londres, j'ai appris assez d'Anglois pour l'entendre parfaitement, mais je ne suis pas si habile que Voltaire, pour l'écrire. Vous avez saisi tout à fait l'esprit François ; tant d'enjouement, de légèreté, et de vivacité !—Parbleu c'est charmant ! Donnez nous de temps en temps un vaudeville, ou quelque petite chanson à boire, et je me croirai à Paris. Le seul petit défaut que vous avez, c'est que vous sentez trop le MONDE sage, il ne vous manque qu'un peu du MONDE fou, pour plaire à tout le MONDE, et surtout à celui qui a l'honneur d'être, monsieur,

“ Votre très-humble et très-obeissant serviteur,

“ DOURILLAC.”

A MONSIEUR DOURILLAC.

Vous pouvez conter, monsieur, qu'il n'y a rien au MONDE que je ne fasse pour captiver la bienveillance d'un si aimable homme. Tout ce qu'il a de gai, de volatile, et même évaporé coulera désormais de ma plume. J'ai l'honneur d'être, monsieur,

Votre très-humble et très-obeissant serviteur,

FITZ-ADAM.

I have many more letters written in the same spirit of criticism, and consequently many more opinions of my own; but as these may be thought sufficient at one time, I shall borrow an old fable, and conclude this paper.

An old man and a little boy were driving an ass to the next market to sell. 'What a fool is this fellow,' says a man upon the road, 'to be trudging it on foot with his son, that his ass may go light!' The old man, hearing this, set his boy upon the ass, and went whistling by the side of him, 'Why sirrah!' cries a second man to the boy, 'is it fit for you to be riding, while your poor old father is walking on foot?' The father, upon this rebuke, took down his boy from the ass, and mounted himself. 'Do you see,' says a third, 'how the lazy old knave rides along upon his beast, while his poor little boy is almost crippled with walking?' The old man no sooner heard this, than he took up his son behind him. 'Pray, honest friend,' says a fourth, 'is that ass your own?' 'Yes,' says the man. 'One would not have thought so,' replied the other, 'by your loading him so unmercifully. You and your son are better able to carry the poor beast than he you.' 'Any thing to please,' says the owner; and alighting with his son, they tied the legs of the ass together, and by the help

of a pole endeavoured to carry him upon their shoulders over the bridge that led to the town. This was so entertaining a sight, that the people ran in crowds to laugh at it; till the ass, conceiving a dislike to the over-complaisance of his master, burst asunder the cords that tied him, slipt from the pole, and tumbled into the river. The poor man made the best of his way home, ashamed and vexed that by endeavouring to please every body, he had pleased nobody, and lost his ass into the bargain.

No. 14. THURSDAY, APRIL 5, 1753.

I do not doubt but it is already observed that I write fewer letters to myself than any of my predecessors. It is not from being less acquainted with my own merit, but I really look upon myself as superior to such little arts of fame. Compliments, which I should be obliged to shroud under the name of a third person, have very little relish for me. If I am not considerable enough to pronounce *ex cathedrâ*, that I Adam Fitz-Adam know how to rally the follies, and decide upon the customs of the world with more wit, humour, learning, and taste, than any man living, I have in vain undertaken the scheme of this paper. Who would be regulated by the judgement of a man, who is not the most self-sufficient person alive? Why did all the pretty women in England, in the reign of queen Anne, submit the government of their fans, hoods, hoops, and patches to the Spectator

but because he pronounced himself the best critic in fashions? Why did half the nation imbibe their politics from the Craftsman, but because Caleb d'Anvers assured them that he understood the maxims of government and the constitution of his country better than any minister or patriot of his time? Throned as I am in a perfect good opinion of my own abilities, I scorn to taste the satisfaction of praise from my own pen—and, to be humble for once, I own, if there is any species of writing of which I am not perfect master, it is the epistolary. My deficiency in this particular is happily common to me with the greatest men: I can even go further, and declare that it is the fair part of the creation which excels in that province. Ease without affectation, the politest expression, the happiest art of telling news or trifles, the most engaging turns of sentiment or passion, are frequently found in letters from women, who have lived in a sphere at all above the vulgar; while on the other side, orators write affectedly, ministers obscurely, poets floridly, learned men pedantically, and soldiers tolerably, when they can spell. One would not have one's daughter write like Eloisa, because one would not have one's daughter feel what she felt; yet who ever wrote so movingly, so to the heart? The amiable madame de Sevigné is the standard of easy engaging writing; to call her the pattern of eloquent writing will not be thought an exaggeration, when I refer my readers to her accounts of the death of marshal Turenne: some little fragments of her letters, in the appendix to Ramsay's life of that hero, give a stronger picture of him than the historian was able to do in his voluminous work. If this fair one's epistles are liable to any censure, it is for a fault in which she is not likely to be often imitated, the excess of tenderness for her daughter.

The Italians are as proud of a person of the same sex: Lucretia Gonzago was so celebrated for the eloquence of her letters and the purity of their style, that her very notes to her servants were collected and published. I have never read the collection: and indeed one or two billets that I have met with, have not entirely all the delicacy of madame de Sevigné. In one to her footman, the signora Gonzago reprehends him for not readily obeying dame Lucy, her housekeeper; and in another, addressed to the same Mrs. Lucy, she says, ‘If Livia will not be obedient, turn up her coats and whip her till her flesh be black and blue, and the blood run down to her heels.’ To be sure this sounds a little oddly to English ears, but may be very elegant, when modulated by the harmony of Italian liquids.

Several worthy persons have laid down rules for the composition of letters; but I fear it is an art which only nature can teach. I remember in one of those books, as was written by a German, there was a strict injunction not to mention yourself before you had introduced the person of your correspondent: that is, you must not use the monosyllable I before the pronoun You. The Italians have stated expressions, to be used by different ranks of men, and know exactly when to subscribe themselves the devoted, or the most devoted slave of the illustrious or most eminent persons to whom they have the honour to write. It is true, in that country, they have so clogged correspondence with forms and civilities, that they seldom make use of their own language, but generally write to one another in French.

Among many instances of beautiful letters from ladies, and of the contrary from our sex, I shall select two, which are very singular in their kind.

The comparison, to be sure, is not entirely fair ; but when I mention some particulars of the male author, one might expect a little more elegance, a little better orthography, a little more decorum, and a good deal less absurdity, than seem to have met in one head, which had seen so much of the world, which pretended so much to literature, and which had worn so long one of the first crowns in Europe. This personage was the emperor Maximilian, grandfather to Charles the V. His reign was long, sometimes shining, often unprosperous, very often ignominious. His fickleness, prodigality, and indigence, were notorious. The Italians called him *Pochi-donari*, or the pennyless; a quality no more habitual to him, than his propensity to repair his shattered fortunes by the most unbecoming means. He served under our Henry the eighth, as a common soldier, at the siege of Terrouenne, for a hundred crowns a day: he was bribed to the attempt against Pisa, and bribed to give it over. In short, no potentate ever undertook to engage him in a treaty, without first offering him money. Yet this vagabond monarch, as if the annals of his reign were too glorious to be described by a plebeian pen, or as if they were worthy to be described at all, took the pains to write his own life in Dutch verse. There was another book of his composition in a different way, which does not reflect much more lustre upon his memory than his own Dutch epic; this was what he called his *livre rouge*, and was a register of seventeen mortifications which he had received from Louis the twelfth of France, and which he intended to revenge on the first opportunity. After a variety of shifts, breach of promises, alliances, and treaties, he almost duped his vain contemporary Henry the eighth, with a proposal of resigning the

empire to him, while himself was meditating what he thought an accession of dignity even to the imperial diadem: in short, in the latter part of his life, Maximilian took it into his head to canvass for the papal tiara. Several methods were agitated to compass this object of his ambition: one, and not the least ridiculous, was to pretend that the patriarchal dignity was included in the imperial; and by virtue of that definition he really assumed the title of Pontifex Maximus, copying the pagan lords of Rome on his way to the sovereignty of the Christian church. Money he knew was the surest method, but the least at his command; it was to procure a supply of that necessary ingredient that he wrote the following letter to his daughter Margaret, duchess dowager of Savoy, and governess of the Netherlands.

“ Tres chiere et tres amèe fylle, jè entendu l'avis que vous m'avez donnè par Guyllain Pingun notre garderobes, dont avons encore mieux pensè: Et ne trouvons point pour nulle resun bon que nous nous devons franchement marier, maes avons plus avant mys notre deliberation et volontè de jamès plus hanter faem nue. Et envoyons demain Mons. de Gurce Evesque à Rome devers le pape pour trouver fachon que nous puyssuns accorder avec ly de nous prendre pour ung coadjuteur, affin que apres sa mort pouruns estre assuré de avoer le papat et devenir prester, et apres estre saint, et que yl vous sera de necessité que apres ma mort vous serès contraint de me adorer, dont je me troverè bien glorioes. Je envoie sur ce ung poste devers le roy d'Aragon pour ly prier qu'y nous vuelle ayder pour à ce parvenir, dont il est aussy content, moynant que je resigne l'empir à nostre comun fyls Charls, de sela aussy je me suys contentè. Je commance aussy practiker les Cardinaulx, dont ii

C. ou iii C. mylle ducats me ferunt ung grand service, aveque la partialité qui est deja entre eos. Le roy d'Aragon à mandé à son ambaxadeur que yl veulent favouryser le papat à nous. Je vous prie, tenès cette matere empu secret, ossi bien en brieff jours je creins que yl faut que tout le monde le sache, car bien mal esti possible de pratiker ung tel sy grand matere secretement, pour laquell yl faut avoer de tant de gens et de argent, succurs et pratike, et a Diù, faet de la main de votre bon pere Maximilianus futur pape, le xviii jour de setembre. Le papa a encor les vyevers dubls, et ne peult longement fyvre.'

This curious piece, which it is impossible to translate, for what language can give an adequate idea of very bad old German French? is to be found in the fourth volume of letters of Louis XII. printed at Brussels by Fr. Foppens in 1712. It will be sufficient to inform such of my readers as do not understand French, that his imperial majesty acquaints his beloved daughter that he designs never to frequent naked women any more, but to use all his endeavours to procure the papacy, and then to turn priest, and at length become a saint, that his dear daughter may be obliged to pray to him, which he shall reckon matter of exceeding glory. He expresses great want of two or three hundred thousand ducats to facilitate the business, which he desires may be kept very secret, though he does not doubt but all the world will know it in two or three days; and concludes with signing himself future Pope.

As a contrast to this scrap of imperial folly, I shall present my readers with the other letter I mentioned. It was written by the lady Anne, widow of the earls of Dorset and Pembroke, the life of the former of whom she wrote, and heiress

of the great house of Clifford-Cumberland, from which, among many noble reversions, she enjoyed the borough of Appleby. Sir Joseph Williamson, secretary of state to Charles the Second, wrote to name a candidate to her for that borough: the brave countess, with all the spirit of her ancestors, and with all the eloquence of independent Greece, returned this laconic answer:

“ I have been bullied by an usurper, I have been neglected by a court, but I will not be dictated to by a subject; your man shan’t stand.

“ ANNE, DORSET, PEMBROKE,
“ AND MONTGOMERY.”

No. 15. THURSDAY, APRIL 12, 1753.

It has been imagined, that if an ancient inhabitant of this island, some old Saxon for example, or even in later times, a subject of one of our Harrys or our Edwards, could rise from his grave and take a survey of the present generation, he would never suspect us to be the descendents of his contemporaries, but would stare about with surprise, and be apt to fancy himself among a nation of foreigners, if not among a race of animals of a different species. I have sometimes thought that such a person would be no less puzzled to know his country again, than his countrymen; such a change would he find in the natural face of England, as well as in the manners of its inhabitants. The great increase of public and private buildings, the difference of architecture, the frequent navigation of

rivers, and above all, the introduction and whimsical variations of gardening, have contributed so effectually to new-dress our island, which before was covered with rude forests and extended marshes, that it would require some time and pains to discover her ancient features under so total a disguise. This is more particularly the case with the counties adjacent to London, over which the Genius of gardening exercises his power so often and so wantonly, that they are usually new-created once in twenty or thirty years, and no traces left of their former condition. Nor is this to be wondered at; for gardening, being the dress of nature, is as liable to the caprices of fashion, as are the dresses of the human body; and there is a certain mode of it in every age, which grows antiquated, and becomes obsolete and ridiculous in the next. So that were any man of taste now to lay out his ground in the style which prevailed less than half a century ago, it would occasion as much astonishment and laughter, as if a modern beau should appear in the drawing-room in red stockings, or introduce himself into a polite assembly in one of my lord Foppington's periwigs.

What was the prevailing mode in Milton's days may be guessed from a passage in his *Il Penseroso*, where he describes retired leisure taking his delight in trim gardens. The practice, it seems, was to embroider and flourish over the ground with curious knots of flowers, as the same poet calls them in another part of his works; and in this there was something of cheerfulness and gaiety at least, though the judicious eye could not help being displeased with the fantastic quaintness of the design.

James the Second was deposed, and the immortal king William came to the crown of these kingdoms; an æra as remarkable in the annals of gar-

dening as in those of government; but far' less auspicious in the former instance. The mournful family of Yews came over with the house of Orange; the sombre taste of Holland grew into vogue; and straight canals, rectilineal walks, and rows of clipt evergreens were all the mode. It was the compliment which England paid her new sovereign, to wear the dress of a Dutch morass. The royal gardens of Kensington, Hampton-court, and Richmond, set the example; and good whigs distinguished their loyalty by fetching their plans from the same country, which had the honour of producing their king; a country never greatly celebrated for taste in any instance, and least of all in the article now under consideration. But such were the errors of the times; our connoisseurs in their zeal all became mynheers; and it would probably have been then esteemed as great a mark of disaffection to have laid out ground different from the true Belgic model, as it would be now to wear a white rose on the tenth of June.

This Dutch absurdity, like all other follies, had its run, and in time expired. The great Kent appeared at length in behalf of nature, declared war against the taste in fashion, and laid the axe to the root of artificial evergreens. Gardens were no longer filled with yews in the shape of giants, Noah's ark cut in holly, St. George and the dragon in box, cypress lovers, laurustine bears, and all that race of root-bound monsters, which flourished so long, and looked so tremendous round the edges of every grass-plot. At the same time the dull uniformity of designing was banished; high walls, excluding the country, were thrown down; and it was no longer thought necessary that every grove should nod at a rival, and every walk be paired with a twin brother. The great master above mentioned,

truly the disciple of nature, imitated her in the agreeable wildness and beautiful irregularity of her plans, of which there are some noble examples still remaining, that abundantly show the power of his creative genius.

But it is our misfortune that we always run beyond the goal, and are never contented to rest at that point where perfection ends, and excess and absurdity begin. Thus our present artists in gardening far exceed the wildness of nature; and pretending to improve on the plans of Kent, distort their ground into irregularities the most offensive that can be imagined. A great comic painter has proved, I am told, in a piece every day expected, that the line of beauty is an S: I take this to be the unanimous opinion of all our professors of horticulture, who seem to have the most idolatrous veneration for that crooked letter at the tail of the alphabet. Their land, their water, must be serpentine; and because the formality of the last age ran too much into right lines and parallels, a spirit of opposition carries the present universally into curves and mazes.

It was questioned of some old mathematician, a great bigot to his favourite science, whether he would consent to go to heaven in any path that was not triangular? It may, I think, with equal propriety be questioned of a modern gardener, whether he would consent to go thither in any path that is not serpentine? Nothing on earth, at least can please out of that model; and there is reason to believe, that paradise itself would have no charms for one of these gentlemen, unless its walks be disposed into labyrinth and meander. In serious truth, the vast multitude of grotesque little villas, which grow up every summer, within a certain distance of London, and swarm more especially

on the banks of the Thames, are fatal proofs of the degeneracy of our national taste. With a description of one of these whimsical nothings, and with a few previous remarks upon the owner of it, I shall conclude this paper.

Squire Mushroom, the present worthy possessor of Block-hill, was born at a little dirty village in Hertfordshire, and received the rudiments of his education behind a writing-desk, under the eye of his father, who was an attorney-at-law. It is not material to relate by what means he broke loose from the bondage of parchment, or by what steps he rose from primeval meanness and obscurity to his present station in life. Let it be sufficient to say, that at the age of forty he found himself in possession of a considerable fortune. Being thus enriched, he grew ambitious of introducing himself to the world as a man of taste and pleasure: for which purpose he put an edging of silver lace on his servants' waistcoats, took into keeping a brace of whores, and resolved to have a villa. Full of this pleasing idea, he purchased an old farmhouse, not far distant from the place of his nativity, and fell to building and planting with all the rage of taste. The old mansion immediately shot up into Gothic spires, and was plastered over with stucco; the walls were notched into battlements; uncouth animals were set grinning at one another over the gate-posts, and the hall was fortified with rusty swords and pistols, and a Medusa's head staring tremendous over the chimney. When he had proceeded thus far, he discovered in good time that his house was not habitable: which obliged him to add two rooms entirely new, and entirely incoherent with the rest of the building. Thus while one half is designed to give you the idea of an old Gothic edifice, the other half pre-

sents to your view Venetian windows, slices of pilaster, balustrades, and other parts of Italian architecture.

A library of books, as it is esteemed an essential ornament in a modish villa, was the next object of the squire's ambition. I was conducted into this apartment soon after its completion, and could not help observing with some surprize that all the volumes on the shelves were in duodecimo: at which expressing a curiosity, I received the following answer, verbatim: 'Why, sir, I'll inform you how that matter came to pass; I ordered my carpenter to tickle me up a neat fashionable set of cases for the reception of books, and the d——d blundering booby made all the shelves, as you see, of a size, only to hold your duodecimos, as they call them; so I was obliged, you know, to purchase books of a proper dimension, and such as would fit the places they were to stand in.'

But the triumph of his genius was seen in the disposition of his gardens, which contain everything in less than two acres of ground. At your first entrance, the eye is saluted with a yellow serpentine river, stagnating through a beautiful valley, which extends near twenty yards in length. Over the river is thrown a bridge, partly in the Chinese manner, and a little ship, with sails spread and streamers flying, floats in the midst of it. When you have passed this bridge, you enter into a grove perplexed with errors and crooked walks; where having trod the same ground over and over again, through a labyrinth of horn-beam hedges, you are led into an old hermitage built with roots of trees, which the squire is pleased to call St. Austin's cave. Here he desires you to repose yourself, and expects encomiums on his taste; after which a second ramble begins through another maze of walks, and

the last error is much worse than the first. At length, when you almost despair of ever visiting daylight any more, you emerge on a sudden in an open and circular area, richly chequered with beds of flowers, and embellished with a little fountain playing in the centre of it. As every folly must have a name, the squire informs you, that by way of whim he has christened this place little Marybon; at the upper end of which you are conducted into a pompous, clumsy, and gilded building, said to be a temple, and consecrated to Venus; for no other reason which I could learn, but because the squire riots here sometimes in vulgar love with a couple of orange-wenchies, taken from the purlieus of the playhouse.

To conclude, if one wished to see a coxcomb expose himself in the most effectual manner, one would advise him to build a villa; which is the *chef-d'œuvre* of modern impertinence, and the most conspicuous stage which folly can possibly mount to display herself to the world.

No. 16. THURSDAY, APRIL 19, 1753.

It was very well said by Montaigne, 'That all external acquisitions receive taste and colour from the internal constitution; as clothes give warmth, not from their own heat, but by covering and keeping close the heat that is in ourselves.'

Every man's experience will prove the truth of this observation; as it will teach him, both from what he feels in himself, and observes in others, that without a disposition for happiness, the benefits and blessings of life are bestowed upon him in vain; and that with it, even a bare exemption from poverty and pain is almost happiness enough.

I am led to this thought by the following letter, which I received near two years ago from a very valuable friend. The reader will perceive that it was not written with a view of publication; but as it presents us with a very natural picture of domestic happiness, and instructs us how an elegant little family may live charitably and within bounds upon an income of only fifty pounds a year, I shall give it to the public exactly as I received it. Those who have feeling hearts will call it an entertainment; to the rest it is not written.

“DEAR SIR,

“THE reason that you have not heard from me for these last five weeks is, that the people where I have been have engrossed all my time and attention. Perhaps you will be surprised to hear, that I have lived a complete month with our old friend, the rector of South-Green, and his honest wife.

“You know with what compassion we used to think of them: that a man who had mixed a good deal with the world, and who had always entertained hopes of making a figure in it, should foolishly, and at an age when people generally grow wise, throw away his affections upon a girl worth nothing: and that she, one of the liveliest of women, as well as the finest, should refuse the many advantageous offers which were made her, and follow a poor parson to his living of fifty pounds a year, in a remote corner of the kingdom. But I have learnt from

experience that we have been pitying the happiest couple of our acquaintance. I am impatient to tell you all I know of them.

“ The parish of South-Green is about seventeen miles from this place, and is in my opinion the most pleasing spot of ground in all Yorkshire.—I should have first told you, that our friend, by the death of a relation, was enabled to carry his wife from London with a neat two hundred and fifty guineas in his pocket; with which sum he has converted the old parsonage-house into a little palace, and fourteen acres of glebe into a farm and garden, that even a Pelham or a Southcote might look upon with pleasure.

“ The house stands upon an eminence within the bending of a river, with about half an acre of kitchen-garden, fenced in with a good old wall, well planted with fruit trees. The river that almost surrounds this little spot, affords them fish at all seasons. They catch trout there, and plenty of them, from two to five pounds weight. Before the house is a little lawn with trees planted in clumps; and behind it a yard well stocked with poultry, with a barn, cow-house, and dairy. At the end of the garden a draw-bridge leads you to a small piece of ground, where three or four pigs are kept. Here they are fattened for pork or bacon; the latter they cure themselves; and in all my life I never eat better.

“ In the seven years of this retirement, they have so planted their little spot, that you can hardly conceive any thing more beautiful. The fields lie all together, with pasture-ground enough for two horses and as many cows, and the rest arable. Every thing thrives under their hands. The hedges, all of their own planting, are the thickest of any in the

country, and within every one of them is a sand-walk between a double row of flowering shrubs, hardly ever out of blossom. The produce of these fields supplies them abundantly with the means of bread and beer, and with a surplus yearly for the poor, to whom they are the best benefactors of any in the neighbourhood. The husband brews and the wife bakes; he manages the farm and she the dairy; and both with such skill and industry, that you would think them educated to nothing else.

Their house consists of two parlours and a kitchen below, and two bedchambers and a servant's room above. Their maid is a poor woman's daughter in the parish, whom they took at eleven years old, and have made the handiest girl imaginable. She is extremely pretty, and might marry herself to advantage, but she loves her mistress so sincerely, that no temptation is strong enough to prevail upon her to leave her.

“ In this sweet retirement they have a boy and a girl; the boy six years old, and the girl four; both of them the prettiest little things that ever were born. The girl is the very picture of her mother, with the same softness of heart and temper. The boy is a jolly dog, and loves mischief; but if you tell him an interesting story, he will cry for an hour together. The husband and wife constantly go to bed at ten; and rise at six. The business of the day is commonly finished by dinner-time; and all after is amusement and pleasure, without any set forms. They are almost worshipped by the parishioners, to whom the doctor is not only the spiritual director, but the physician, the surgeon, the apothecary, the lawyer, the steward, the friend, and the cheerful companion. The best people in the country are fond of visiting them; they call it going to see the

wonders of Yorkshire, and say that they never eat so heartily as of the parson's bacon and greens.

" I told you at the beginning of this letter that they were the happiest couple of our acquaintance; and now I will tell you why they are so. In the first place, they love and are delighted with each other. A seven years marriage, instead of lessening their affections, has increased them. They wish for nothing more than what their little income affords them; and even of that little they lay up. Our friend showed me his account of expenses, or rather his wife's account; by which it appears that they have saved yearly from fifteen shillings to a guinea, exclusive of about the same sum, which they distribute among the poor, besides barley, wheat, and twenty other things. Their only article of luxury is tea, but the doctor says he would forbid that, if his wife could forget her London education. However, they seldom offer it but to their best company, and less than a pound will last them a twelvemonth. Wine they have none, nor will they receive it as a present. Their constant drink is small beer and ale, both of which they brew in the highest perfection. Exercise and temperance keep them in perpetual health and good-humour. All the strife between them is who shall please and oblige most. Their favourite amusement is reading; now-and-then, indeed, our friend scribbles a little; but his performances reach no further than a short sermon, or a paper of verses in praise of his wife. Every birth-day of the lady is constantly celebrated in this manner; and though you do not read a Swift to his Stella, yet there is something so sincere and tender in these little pieces, that I could never read any of them without tears. In the fine afternoons and evenings, they are walking arm and arm, with their boy and

girl, about their grounds ; but how cheerful, how happy ! is not to be told you. Their children are hardly so much children as themselves. But though they love one another even to dotage, their fondness never appears before company. I never saw either of them so much as playing with the other's hand— I mean only when they have known I was within sight of them ; I have stolen upon them unawares indeed, and have been witness to such words and looks as have quite melted me.

“ With this couple, and in this retirement, I have passed my time since you heard from me. How happily I need not say : come and be a judge yourself ; they invite you most heartily.

“ One thing I had forgot to tell you of them. It makes no part of their happiness that they can compare themselves with the rest of the world, who want minds to enjoy themselves as they do. It rather lessens than increases it. Their own happiness is from their own hearts. They have every thing they wish for in this fifty pounds a year and one another. They make no boast of themselves, nor find fault with any body. They are sorry I am not as happy as they ; but are far from advising me to retire as they have done. I left a bank note of twenty pounds behind me in my room, enclosed in a letter of thanks for their civilities to me ; but it was returned me this morning to York, in a manner that pleased me more than all the rest of their behaviour. Our friend thanked me for the favour I intended him ; but told me I could bestow it better among the poor. That his wife and he had been looking over the family accounts of last month, and that they found me only a few shillings in their debt. That if I did not think they were a thousand times over-paid by the pleasure I had given them, they would be obliged to me for a pound of tea,

and a little of Hardham's snuff when I got to London.

"I hope soon to see you, and to entertain you by the week, with the particulars of the parson and his wife. Till then,

"I am," &c.

"York, June the 14th, 1751."

No. 17. THURSDAY, APRIL 26, 1753.

TWICE in every year are solemnized those grand diversions, with which our nobility, gentry, and others, entertain themselves at Newmarket; and as this is the vernal season for the celebration of those curious sports and festivals, and as they are, at this time, likely to be held with the utmost splendour and magnificence, I think it may not be improper to amuse my town readers with one single paper upon the subject.

In this I will endeavour to set forth the usefulness of these anniversary meetings, describing the manner and method of exhibiting such games: and then show what benefit may arise to the kingdom, by horse-races in general, on the one hand; and what detriment may happen from them to the public, on the other, by their spreading too widely over the whole kingdom.

I read in one of the newspapers of last week the following article: 'Tis said that garrets at Newmarket are let at four guineas each, for the time of the meeting.' What, said I to myself, are our principal nobility content to lie in garrets, at such an exorbitant price, for the sake of such amusements? Or are our jockey-gentry, and tradesmen, extrava-

gant enough to throw away their loose corn, as I may properly call it on this occasion, so idly and ridiculously? To be sure there is not a more noble diversion than this. In its original, it was of royal institution, and carried on in the beginning with much honour and integrity; but as the best constitution will always degenerate, I am fearful this may be grown too much into a science, wherein the adepts may have carried matters to a nicety, not altogether reconcileable to the strictest notions of integrity; and which may by degrees, by their affecting to become notable in the profession, corrupt the morals of our young nobility. The language of the place is generally to be understood by the rule of contraries. If any one says his horse is a pretty good one, but as slow as a town-top, for similes are much in use, you may conclude him to be an exceeding speedy one, but not so good at bottom. If he mentions his design of throwing a particular horse soon out of training, you may be assured he has a mind to match that horse as soon as he can; and so it is in every thing else they throw out. Foreigners who come here for curiosity, cannot be shown a finer sight than these races, which are almost peculiar to this country: but I must confess that I have been sometimes put a little to the blush at incidents that are pretty pregnant in the place. Every body is dressed so perfectly alike, that it is extremely difficult to distinguish between his grace and his groom. I have heard a stranger ask a man of quality how often he dressed, and watered his horses? how much corn, and bread, and hay, he gave them? how many miles he thought they could run in such a number of minutes? and how long he had lived with his master? Those who have been at the place will not be surprised at these mistakes; for a pair of boots and buckskin

breeches, a fustian frock, with a leather belt about it, and a black velvet cap, is the common covering of the whole town : so that if the inside does not differ, the outside of my lord and his rider are exactly the same. There is another most remarkable affectation, which is this : those who are known to have the most, and perhaps best horses of the place, always appear themselves on the very worst, and go to the turf on some ordinary scrub tit, scarce worth five pounds. From persons thus mounted and accoutred, what a surprise must it be to hear a bet offered of a hundred pounds to fifty, and sometimes three hundred to two, when you would imagine the rider to be scarce worth a groat ! In that circular convention before the race begins, at the Devil's Ditch, all are hail fellows well met, and every one is at liberty, tailor, distiller, or otherwise, to offer and take such bets, as he thinks proper, and many thousand pounds are usually laid on a side. When the horses are in sight, and come near Choke-Jade, immediately the company all disperse, as if the devil rose out of his ditch and drove them, to get to the turning of the lands, the red-post, or some other station, they choose, for seeing the push made. Now the contention becomes animating. 'Tis delightful to see two, or sometimes more, of the most beautiful animals of the creation, struggling for superiority, stretching every muscle and sinew to obtain the prize, and reach the goal ! to observe the skill and address of the riders, who are all distinguished by different colours, of white, blue, green, red, and yellow, sometimes spurring or whipping, sometimes checking or pulling to give fresh breath and courage ! and it is often observed that the race is won, as much by the dexterity of the rider, as by the vigour and fleetness of the animal.

When the sport is over, the company saunter away towards the Warren-Hill, before the other horses, left at the several stables in the town, are rode out to take their evening exercise and their water. On this delightful spot you may see at once, above a hundred of the most beautiful horses in the universe, all led out in strings, with the grooms and boys upon them, in their several liveries, distinguishing each person of rank they belong to.— This is indeed a noble sight ; it is a piece of grandeur, and an expensive one too, which no nation can boast of, but our own. To this the crown contributes, not only by a very handsome allowance for keeping horses, but also by giving plates to be run for by horses and mares at different ages, in order to encourage the breed, by keeping up the price of them, and to make the breeders extremely careful of their race and genealogy.

The pedigree of these horses is more strictly regarded and carefully looked into, than that of a knight of Malta. They must have no blemished quarter in the family on either side for many generations ; their blood must have run pure and untainted, from the great, great, five times great grandfather and grandam, to be attested in the most authentic and solemn manner by the hand of the breeder. It is this care of the breed, and particularly with an eye to their strength, that makes all the world so fond of our horses. Many thousands are carried out of England every year ; so that it is become a trade of great consequence, and brings a vast balance of money to this country annually. The French monarch rides no other horses but ours, in his favourite diversion of hunting. You may at any time see two or three hundred beautiful English geldings in those great and noble stables at Chantilli. Most of the German princes, and many

of their nobility, are desirous of having English horses; and, I dare say, his present Majesty of Prussia, however military his genius may be, had rather mount an English horse in a review of his troops, than a breach at any siege in Europe.

The country races over the whole kingdom, are what I confess give me some little disrelish to the sport. Every county, and almost the whole of it, is mad during the time of the races. Many substantial farmers go to them with thirty or forty pounds in their pockets, and return without one single farthing. Here they drink and learn to be vicious, and the whole time is spent in riot and disorder. An honest butcher, that is taken in at a horse-race, is tempted perhaps, in his return, to borrow an ox, or a few sheep of his neighbour, to make up his losses. An industrious tradesman, or a good farmer, has sometimes turned highwayman, to be even with the rogue that bubbled him at the races. Upon the whole, if I consider only how much time is lost to all the labouring men in this kingdom, by country races, the damage they occasion is immense. Let us suppose it but a week's labour all over England; and, if we consider the number of plates in the different metropolises, besides the lesser country plates, this must be allowed a very moderate computation: and then let those two ingenious gentlemen, Mr. Pond and Mr. Heber, however they may be at variance with each other join to compute how much the loss must be to the whole kingdom. I dare answer for it, that it must amount to many hundred thousands of pounds.—But as my paper was principally designed in honour of horses, I will not be led to urge any thing against them. Horses of all kinds have ever been held in the highest esteem. Darius was chosen king of Persia by the neighing of his horse. I question if

Alexander himself had pushed his conquests half so far, if Bucephalus had not stooped to take him on his back. An emperor of Rome made his horse a consul ; and it will be readily owned that the dignity was as properly conferred upon the beast, as the imperial diadem upon his master.

I shall conclude this paper with a short extract from Churchill's collection of voyages.

‘ In Morocco the natives have a great respect for horses that have been the pilgrimage of Mecca, where Mahomet was born ; they are called Hadgis, or saints. Such horses have their necks adorned with strings of beads, and relics, being writings wrapt up in cloth of gold or silk, containing the names of their prophet ; and when these horses die, they are buried with as much ceremony, as the nearest relations of their owners. The king of Morocco has one of them, whom he causes to be led before him when he goes abroad, very richly accoutred, and covered with these writings ; his tail being held up by a Christian slave, carrying in one hand a pot and a towel, to receive the dung and wipe the posteriors.’

No. 18. THURSDAY, MAY 3, 1753.

THE following letter had appeared earlier in the World, if its length, or, what at present happens to be the same thing, its merit had not been so great. I have been trying to shorten it, without

robbing it of beauties ; but after many unsuccessful attempts, I find that the spirit of it is, as the human soul is imagined to be by some ancient philosophers, *totus in toto, et totus in qualibet parte*. I have therefore, changed the form of my paper, choosing rather to present my readers with an extraordinary half-sheet, than to keep from them any longer what was sent me for their instruction. At the same time I must beg leave to say, that I shall never think myself obliged to repeat my complaisance, but to those of my correspondents, who, like the writer of this letter, can inform me of their grievances with all the elegance of wit.

“ TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

“ SIR,

“ I CONSIDER you as supplemental to the law of the land. I take your authority to begin, where the power of the law ends. The law is intended to stop the progress of crimes by punishing them ; your paper seems calculated to check the course of follies by exposing them. May you be more successful in the latter than the law is in the former !

“ Upon this principle I shall lay my case plainly before you, and desire your publication of it as a warning to others. Though it may seem ridiculous to many of your readers, I can assure you, Sir, that it is a very serious one to me, notwithstanding the ill-natured comfort which I might have, of thinking it of late a very common one.

“ I am a gentleman of a reasonable paternal estate in my county, and serve as a knight of the shire for it. Having what is called a very good family-interest, my election encumbered my estate with a mortgage of only five thousand pounds ; which I have not been able to clear, being obliged

by a good place which I have got since, to live in town, and in all the best company, nine months in the year. I married suitably to my circumstances. my wife wanted neither fortune, beauty, nor understanding. Discretion and good-humour on her part, joined to good-nature and good-manners on mine, made us live comfortably together for eighteen years. One son and one daughter were our only children. We complied with custom in the education of both. My daughter learned some French and some dancing ; and my son passed nine years at Westminster school in learning the words of two languages, long since dead, and not yet above half revived. When I took him away from school, I resolved to send him directly abroad, having been at Oxford myself. My wife approved of my design, but tacked a proposal of her own to it, which she urged with some earnestness. ‘ My dear,’ said she, ‘ I think you do very right to send George abroad, for I love a foreign education, though I shall not see the poor boy a great while ; but since we are to part for so long a time, why should we not take that opportunity of carrying him ourselves as far as Paris ? The journey is nothing ; very little further than to our own house in the north ; we shall save money by it ; for every thing is very cheap in France ; it will form the girl, who is of right age for it ; and a couple of months with a good French and dancing master will perfect her in both, and give her an air and manner that will help her off in these days, when husbands are not plenty, especially for girls with only five thousand pounds to their fortunes. Several of my acquaintance who have lately taken trips to Paris, have told me, that to be sure we should take this opportunity of going there. Besides, my dear, as neither you nor I have ever been abroad, this little jaunt will

amuse and even improve us ; for it is the easiest thing in the world to get into all the best company at Paris.'

" My wife had no sooner ended her speech, which I easily perceived to be the result of meditation, than my daughter exerted all her little eloquence in seconding her mother's motion. ' Ay, dear papa,' said she, ' let us go with brother to Paris ; it will be the charmingest thing in the world ; we shall see all the newest fashions there ; I shall learn to dance of Marseille ; in short, I shall be quite another creature after it. You see how my cousin Kitty was improved by going to Paris last year ; I hardly knew her again when she came back : do, dear papa, let us go.'

" The absurdity of the proposal struck me at first, and I foresaw a thousand inconveniences in it, though not half so many as I have since felt. However, knowing that direct contradiction, though supported by the best arguments, was not the likeliest method to convert a female disputant, I seemed a little to doubt, and contented myself with saying, ' That I was not, at first sight at least, sensible of the many advantages which they had enumerated ; but that, on the contrary, I apprehended a great deal of trouble in the journey, and many inconveniences in consequence of it. That I had not observed many men of my age considerably improved by their travels ; but that I had lately seen many women of hers, become very ridiculous by theirs ; and that for my daughter, as she had not a fine fortune, I saw no necessity of her being a fine lady.' Here the girl interrupted me, with saying, ' For that very reason, papa, I should be a fine lady. Being in fashion is often as good as being a fortune ; and I have known air, dress, and accomplishments, stand many a woman

instead of a fortune.' 'Nay to be sure,' added my wife, 'the girl is in the right in that; and if with her figure she gets a certain air and manner, I cannot see why she may not reasonably hope to be as advantageously married as Lady Betty Townly, or the two Miss Bellairs, who had none of them such good fortunes.' I found by all this, that the attack upon me was a concerted one, and that both my wife and daughter were strongly infected with that migrating distemper, which has of late been so epidemical in this kingdom, and which annually carries such numbers of our private families to Paris, to expose themselves there as English, and here, after their return, as French. Inso-much that I am assured that the French call those swarms of English which now, in a manner, overrun France, a second incursion of the Goths and Vandals.

"I endeavoured as well as I could to avert this impending folly, by delays and gentle persuasions, but in vain; the attacks upon me were daily repeated, and sometimes enforced by tears. At last I yielded, from mere good-nature, to the joint importunities of a wife and daughter whom I loved; not to mention the love of ease and domestic quiet, which is, much oftener than we care to own, the true motive of many things that we either do or omit.

"My consent being thus extorted, our setting out was pressed. The journey wanted no preparations; we should find every thing in France. My daughter, who spoke some French, and my son's governor, who was a Swiss, were to be our interpreters upon the road; and when we came to Paris, a French servant or two would make all easy.

"But, as if Providence had a mind to punish

our folly, our whole journey was a series of distresses. We had not sailed a league from Dover, before a violent storm arose, in which we had like to have been lost. Nothing could equal our fears but our sickness, which perhaps lessened them : at last we got into Calais, where the inexorable custom-house officers took away half the few things which we had carried with us. We hired some chaises, which proved to be old and shattered ones, and broke down with us at least every ten miles. Twice we were overturned, and some of us hurt, though there are no bad roads in France. At length, the sixth day, we got to Paris, where our banker had provided a very good lodging for us ; that is, very good rooms, very well furnished, and very dirty. Here the great scene opens. My wife and daughter, who had been a good deal disheartened by our distresses, recovered their spirits, and grew extremely impatient for a consultation of the necessary trades-people, when luckily our banker and his lady, informed of our arrival, came to make us a visit.—He graciously brought me five thousand livres, which he assured me was not more than what would be necessary for our first setting out, as he called it ; while his wife was pointing out to mine the most compendious method of spending three times as much. I told him that I hoped that sum would be very near sufficient for the whole time ; to which he answered coolly, ‘ No, sir, nor six times that sum, if you propose, as to be sure you do, to appear here *honnêtement*.’ This I confess startled me a good deal ; and I called out to my wife, ‘ Do you hear that, child !’ She replied, unmoved, ‘ Yes, my dear ; but now that we are here, there is no help for it ; it is but for once, upon an extraordinary occasion ; and one would not care to appear among strangers like scrubs !’

I made no answer to this solid reasoning, but resolved within myself to shorten our stay, and lessen our follies as much as I could. My banker, after having charged himself with the care of procuring me a *carrosse de remise* and a *valet de place* for the next day, which in plain English is a hired coach and a footman, invited us to pass all the next day at his house, where he assured us that we should not meet with bad company. He was to carry me and my son before dinner to see the public buildings, and his lady was to call upon my wife and daughter to carry them to the genteelest shops, in order to fit them out to appear *honnêtement*. The next morning I amused myself very well with seeing, while my wife and daughter amused themselves still better by preparing themselves for being seen, till we met at dinner at our banker's: who, by way of sample of the excellent company to which he was to introduce us, presented to us an Irish abbé, and an Irish captain of Clare's; two attainted Scotch fugitives, and a young Scotch surgeon who studied midwifery at the *Hôtel Dieu*. It is true, he lamented that sir Harbottle Bumper and sir Clotworthy Guzzledown with their families, whom he had invited to meet us, happened unfortunately to have been engaged to go and drink brandy at Nucilly. Though this company sounds but indifferently, and though we should have been very sorry to have kept it in London, I can assure you, Sir, that it was the best we kept the whole time we were at Paris.

"I will omit many circumstances which gave me uneasiness, though they would probably afford some entertainment to your readers, that I may hasten to the most material ones.

"In about three days the several mechanics, who were charged with the care of disguising my

wife and daughter, brought home their respective parts of this transformation, in order that they might appear *honnêtement*. More than the whole morning was employed in this operation; for we did not sit down to dinner till near five o'clock. When my wife and daughter came at last into the eating room, where I had waited for them at least two hours, I was so struck with their transformation, that I could neither conceal nor express my astonishment. 'Now, my dear,' said my wife, 'we can appear a little like Christians.' 'And strollers too,' replied I; 'for such have I seen, at Southwark-fair, the respectable Sysigambis, and the lovely Parysatis. This cannot surely be serious!' 'Very serious, depend upon it, my dear,' said my wife; 'and pray, by the way, what may there be ridiculous in it? No such Sysigambis neither,' continued she; 'Betty is but sixteen, and you know I had her at four-and-twenty.' As I found that the name of Sysigambis, carrying an idea of age along with it, was offensive to my wife, I waved the parallel; and addressing myself in common to my wife and daughter, I told them, 'I perceived that there was a painter now at Paris, who coloured much higher than Rigault, though he did not paint near so like; for that I could hardly have guessed them to be the pictures of themselves.' To this they both answered at once, 'That red was not paint; that no colour in the world was *fard* but white, of which they protested they had none.' 'But how do you like my *pompon*, papa!' continued my daughter; 'is it not a charming one? I think it is prettier than mamma's.' 'It may, child, for any thing that I know; because I do not know what part of all this frippery thy *pompon* is.' 'It is this, papa,' replied the girl, putting up her hand to her head, and showing

me in the middle of her hair a complication of shreds and rags of velvets, feathers and ribands, stuck with false stones of a thousand colours, and placed awry. 'But what hast thou done to thy hair, child!' said I; 'is it blue? Is that painted too by the same eminent hand that coloured thy cheeks?' 'Indeed, papa,' answered the girl, 'as I told you before, there is no painting in the case; but what gives my hair that bluish cast is the gray powder, which has always that effect upon dark-coloured hair, and sets off the complexion wonderfully.' 'Gray powder, child!' said I, with some surprise: 'Gray hairs I knew were venerable; but till this moment I never knew that they were genteel.' 'Extremely so, with some complexions,' said my wife; 'but it does not suit with mine, and I never use it.' 'You are much in the right, my dear,' replied I, 'not to play with edge-tools. Leave it to the girl.' This, which was perhaps too hastily said, and seemed to be a second part of the Sysigambis, was not kindly taken; my wife was silent all dinner-time, and I vainly hoped ashamed. My daughter, drunk with dress and sixteen, kept up the conversation with herself, till the long-wished-for moment of the opera came, which separated us, and left me time to reflect upon the extravagancies which I had already seen, and upon the still greater which I had but too much reason to dread.

"From this period to the time of our return to England, every day produced some new and shining folly, and some improper expense. Would to God that they had ended as they began, with our journey! but unfortunately we have imported them all. I no longer understand, or am understood, in my family. I hear of nothing but *le bon ton*. A French valet de chambre, who, I am told, is an ex-

cellent servant and fit for every thing, is brought over to curl my wife's and my daughter's hair, to *mount a dessert*, as they call it, and occasionally to *announce visits*. A very slatternly, dirty, but at the same time a very genteel French maid, is appropriated to the use of my daughter. My meat too is as much disguised in the dressing by a French cook, as my wife and my daughter are by their red, their pompons, their scraps of dirty gauze, flimsy satins, and black calicoes; not to mention their affected broken English, and mangled French, which, jumbled together, compose their present language. My French and English servants quarrel daily, and fight, for want of words to abuse one another. My wife is become ridiculous by being translated into French, and the version of my daughter will, I dare say, hinder many a worthy English gentleman from attempting to read her. My expense, and consequently my debt, increases; and I am made more unhappy by follies, than most other people are by crimes.

"Should you think fit to publish this my case, together with some observations of your own upon it, I hope it may prove a useful Pharos, to deter private English families from the coasts of France.

"I am, SIR,

"Your very humble servant,

"R. D."

My correspondent has said enough to caution English gentlemen against carrying their wives and daughters to Paris; but I shall add a few words of my own, to dissuade the ladies themselves from any inclination to such a vagary. In the first place, I assure them that of all French ragouts there is none to which an Englishman has so little appetite as an English lady served up to him *à la*

Françoise. Next, I beg leave to inform them, that the French taste in beauty is so different from ours, that a pretty English woman at Paris, instead of meeting with that admiration which her vanity hopes for, is considered only as a handsome corpse ; and if, to put a little life into her, some of her compassionate friends there should persuade her to lay on a great deal of *rouge*, in English called paint, she must continue to wear it to extreme old age ; unless she prefers a spot of real yellow, the certain consequence of paint, to an artificial one of red. And lastly, I propose it to their consideration, whether the delicacy of an English lady's mind may not partake of the nature of some high-flavoured wines, which will not admit of being carried abroad, though, under right management, they are admirable at home.

NO. 19. THURSDAY, MAY 10, 1753.

“ TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

“ SIR,

“ THE present age is over-run with romances, and yet so strong does the appetite for them continue, that as Otway says on a less delicate occasion,

— every rank fool goes down.

“ I am not surprised that any sketch of human nature, howsoever imperfect, should attract the attention of the generality of readers. We are easily delighted with pictures of ourselves, and are some-

times apt to fancy a strong likeness where there is not even the least resemblance. Those great masters of every movement of the human mind, Homer and Shakspeare, knew well this propensity of our dispositions. The latter, from the nature of his writings, had more frequent opportunities of opening the most minute avenues of the heart. The former, though his province was more confined, has let no occasion pass of exerting this affecting talent. He has not only contrasted a vast variety of characters, and given all the passions their full play, but even in the stiller parts of his work, the similes and descriptions, every thing is full of human life. It is the Carian woman who stains the ivory; if a torrent descends from the mountains, some cottager trembles at the sound of it; and the fine broken landscape of rocks and woods by moon-light has a shepherd to gaze at and admire it.

“ But it is not with such painters as these that I am at present concerned. They drew really from nature; and ages have felt and applauded the truth of their designs. Whereas our modern artists, if we may guess from the motley representations they give us of our species, are so far from having studied the natures of other people, that they seldom seem to have the least acquaintance with themselves.

“ The writers of heroic romance, or the Loves of Philodoxus and Urania, professedly soar above nature. They introduce into their descriptions trees, water, air, &c. like common mortals; but then all their rivers are clearer than crystal, and every breeze is impregnated with the spices of Arabia. The manners of their personages seem full as extraordinary to our gross ideas. We are

apt to suspect the virtue of two young people who are rapturously in love with each other, and who travel whole years in one another's company ; though we are expressly told, that at the close of every evening, when they retire to rest, the hero leans his head against a knotted oak, whilst the heroine seeks the friendly shelter of a distant myrtle. This, I say, seems to us a little unnatural ; however, it is not of dangerous example. There can no harm follow if unexperienced persons should endeavour to imitate what may be thought inimitable. Should our virgins arrive but half way towards the chastity of a Parthenia, it will be something gained ; and we, who have had learned educations, know the power of early prejudices ; some of us having emulated the public spirit, and other obsolete virtues of the old Grecians and Romans, to the age of fifteen or sixteen, some of us later, even to twenty or one-and-twenty.

“ But peace be to the manes of such authors. They have long enjoyed that elysium which they so frequently described on earth. The present race of romance writers run universally into a different extreme. They spend the little art they are masters of in weaving into intricacies the more familiar and more comical adventures of a Jack Slap, or a Betty Sallet. These, though they endeavour to copy after a very great original, I choose to call our writers below nature ; because very few of them have as yet found out their master's peculiar art of writing upon low subjects without writing in a low manner. Romances, judiciously conducted, are a very pleasing way of conveying instruction to all parts of life. But to dwell eternally upon orphan-beggars, and serving men of low degree, is certainly what I have called it, writing below nature ; and is so far from

conveying instruction, that it does not even afford amusement.

“ The writers below nature have one advantage in common with the writers above it, that the originals they would seem to draw from are no where to be found. The heroes and heroines of the former are undoubtedly children of the imagination ; and those of the latter, if they are not all of them incapable of reading their own adventures, are at least unable to inform us by writing, whether the representations of them are just, and whether people in their station did ever think or act in the manner they are described to have done. Yet the authors, even in this particular, are not quite so secure as they imagine ; for when, towards the end of the third or fourth volume, the He or She of the piece, as is usually the custom, emerges into what they call genteel life, the whole cheat is frequently discovered. From seeing their total ignorance of what they are then describing, we on good grounds conclude that they are equally unacquainted with the inferior parts of life, though we are not able to detect the falsehood. Bath, one should imagine the easiest place in the world to get a thorough knowledge of : and yet I have observed in books of this kind several representations of it so excessively erroneous, that they not only showed the author to be entirely ignorant of the manners of living there, but of the geography of the town.

“ But it is not the ignorance of these writers which I would principally complain of ; though of that, as a censor, you ought to take notice, and should assure our young men and young women that they may read fifty volumes of this sort of trash, and yet, according to the phrase which is perpetually in their mouths, know nothing of life. The

thing I chiefly find fault with is their extreme indecency. There are certain vices which the vulgar call fun, and the people of fashion gallantry; but the middle rank, and those of the gentry who continue to go to church, still stigmatize them by the opprobrious names of fornication and adultery. These are confessed to be in some measure detrimental to society, even by those who practise them most; at least, they are allowed to be so in all but themselves. This being the case, why should our novel-writers take so much pains to spread these enormities? It is not enough to say in excuse that they write nonsense upon these subjects as well as others; for nonsense itself is dangerous here. The most absurd ballads in the streets, without the least glimmering of meaning, recommend themselves every day both to the great and small vulgar only by obscene expressions. Here, therefore, Mr. Fitz-Adam, you should interpose your authority, and forbid your readers, whom I will suppose to be all persons who can read, even to attempt to open any novel or romance, unlicensed by you; unless it should happen to be stamped Richardson or Fielding.

“Your power should extend likewise to that inundation of obscenity which is daily pouring in from France; and which has too frequently the wit and humour of a Crebillon to support it. The gentlemen, who never read any thing else, will I know be at a loss for amusement, and feel their half hour of morning hang rather too heavy on their hands. But surely, Mr. Fitz-Adam, when they consider the good of their country, and all of them have that at heart, they will consent to meet a little sooner at the hazard-table, or while away the tedious interval in studying new chances upon the cards.

“ If it be said that the heroic romances, which I have recommended for their virtue, are themselves too full of passionate breathings upon some occasions, I allow the charge ; but am of opinion that these can do little more harm to the minds of young ladies, than certain books of devotion, which are put into their hands by aunts and grandmothers ; the writers of which, from having suffered the softer passions to mix too strongly with their zeal for religion, are now generally known by the name of the amorous divines.

“ I am, SIR,

“ Your most humble servant,

“ I. T.”

No. 20. THURSDAY, MAY 17, 1753.

THOUGH the following letter came a little out of time for this week's publication, yet in compliment to the subject, as well as in respect to the writer, I ordered that a very elaborate essay of my own, already at the press, should withdraw and give place to it.

“ TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

“ SIR,

“ It is either an observation of my own, or of some very wise man, whose name I forget, That where true learning is, true virtue cannot be far off. The rigid and exemplary life which every individual in our learned professions is so well known to lead,

might be sufficient to evince the truth of this observation, if I could content myself with a single argument, where many are at hand. To descend a little lower than the learned professions, why are all parish clerks orthodox christians, all apothecaries communicative men, or all justices of the peace upright men, but as their professions are in some degree a-kin to divinity, physic, and the law?

“ If we carry our inquiries into the city, we shall find those vocations, where most knowledge is required, to be most productive of the civilities of life. Thus the merchant, who writes his letters in French, is a better bred man than his neighbour the shopkeeper, who understands no language but his own; while the shopkeeper, who is able to read and write, and keep his accounts in a book, is a more civilized person than his landlord at the horns, who scores only in chalk.

“ We shall be more and more of this opinion if we look a little into the lives and manners of those people who have no pretensions to literature. Who drinks or swears more than a country squire? Who, according to his own confession, has been the ruin of so many innocents as a fine gentleman? Why, according to Pope, is every woman a rake in her heart? or why, according to truth, is almost every woman of fashion a rake in practice? but from the deplorable misfortune of an unlearned education.

“ But the last and best argument to prove that learning and virtue are cause and effect, remains still to be produced. And here let me ask if, from the beginning of time to this present May, one thousand seven hundred and fifty-three, it has been once known that an author was an immoral man? On the contrary, is it not universally allowed that he is the most virtuous of mankind? To deny that he is the most learned, would be a greater degree of

absurdity than I can conceive any person to be guilty of; I shall therefore confine myself to his virtues. What the apostle says of charity, may as truly be said of an author; He 'suffereth long, and is kind;' he 'beareth all things; hopeth all things; endureth all things.' How ignorant is he of the ways of men! How ready to give praise even to the least deserving! How distant from that source of evil, money! How humble in his apparel! How moderate in his pleasures! And, above all, how abstemious in diet, and how temperate in wine! It is to the social virtues of an author that the present age is indebted for a paper called *The World*, which it is not doubted will do more good to these nations, than all the volumes, except the sacred ones, which have hitherto been written.

"I am not hinting to you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, that learning is at present in a declining state, and that consequently there is less virtue among us than in former times; on the contrary, when were there more authors than at present? I challenge any age to produce half the number. From hence it appears that learning is in a very flourishing condition: for though the great have thought proper long ago to withhold their patronage from it, it has pleased Heaven to raise up very able and zealous persons, who are applying all their time and pains to the advancement of it, and to whom its professors may have weekly access, and be assured of encouragement and reward in proportion to their merits. Your readers will be, no doubt, beforehand with me in naming these patrons of learning, who, it is very well known, are the honourable and worshipful the fraternity of booksellers.

"But though I have the greatest veneration for these gentlemen, I cannot help being of opinion, that if the old patrons, the great, were to unite

their endeavours with the new patrons, the booksellers, it might accelerate the progress of virtue through this island. Every body knows the effect which a smile, a nod, a shake of the hand, or even a promise from a great man, has upon the inventive faculties of an author. In all probability he would sit with more serenity, and loll with more grace in a nobleman's chariot, than in his bookseller's easy chair: not to mention that three courses by a French cook, a dessert, and a bottle of champagne, are more apt to exhilarate the spirits than one or two plain English dishes and prosaic port. Provided, as indeed it ought always to be provided, that the servants of this noble patron will condescend to hear him now-and-then, when he happens to be in want of any thing that is in the province of the sideboard.

“ Who is there among us so ignorant as not to know, that the two favourite amusements of gaming and adultery would never have found such universal admission, if they had not been honoured with the patronage of people of fashion? The numbers of drest-up monkies and dancing dogs, which have lately contributed so much to our public entertainments, are another proof of what people of fashion may bring about, if they determine to be active. But as a certain great personage, well known in the polite world, was pleased of old time to observe of Job, though the accusation was a false one, that he did not serve God for nought; so may it be suggested that the great of this generation will expect to be paid either in pleasure or profit for their services to mankind. It is shrewdly suspected of the booksellers, that they have some interested views in their encouragement of learning; and it is my own opinion, that our nobility and people of fashion are only encouragers of vice and folly, as

they happen to be paid for it in pleasure. My design, therefore, in this letter, is to convince the said people of fashion, that they are losing a great deal of pleasure by shutting the doors against men of learning.

“ In the article of eating, for instance, that noble pleasure ! who is there so proper to advise with, as one who is acquainted with the kitchens of an Apicius or an Heliogabalus ? For though I have a very high opinion of our present taste, I cannot help thinking that the ancients were our masters in expensive dinners. Their cooks had an art amongst them, which I do not find that any of ours are arrived at. Trimalchus’s cook could make a turbot or an ortolan out of hog’s flesh. Nicomedes, king of Bythia, when he was three hundred miles from sea, longed for a john-dory, and was supplied with a fresh one by his cook the same hour. I dare say there are men learned enough in this kingdom, under proper encouragement, to restore to us this invaluable secret. In building and furniture, a man of learning might instruct our nobility in the Roman art of expense. Marcus Æmilius Scaurus, the coal-merchant, had eight hundred thousand pounds worth of furniture burnt in the left wing of his country-house. In the article of running in debt we are people of no spirit ; a man of learning will tell us that Milo, a Roman of fashion, owed to his tradesmen and others half a million of money.

“ The ladies will have equal benefit with the men from their encouragement of learning. It will be told them, that Lollia Paulina, a young lady of distinction at Rome, wore at a subscription masquerade four hundred thousand pounds worth of jewels. It is said of the same young lady, that she wore jewels to half that amount, if she went only in her night-gown to drink tea at her mantua-maker’s.

Those ladies of fashion who have the clearest skins, and who of course are enemies to concealment, may be instructed by men of learning in the thin silk gauze worn by the ladies of Rome, called the naked drapery. Poppæa, the wife of Nero, who was fond of appearing in this naked drapery, preserved the beautiful polish of her skin by using a warm bath of asses' milk. In short, a man of learning, if properly encouraged, might instruct our people of fashion in all the pleasures of Roman luxury, which at present they are only imitating without abilities to equal.

"I have the pleasure of hearing that the gentlemen at White's are at this very time laying their heads together for the advancement of learning; and that they are likely to sit very late upon it for many nights. Their scheme, which is a very deep one, is to alienate their estates; by which alienation it is presumed that their next generation of people of fashion will of necessity be tradesmen; and as the business of a bookseller is supposed to be of a genteeler and more lucrative nature than that of a haberdasher or a pastry-cook, it is imagined that the most honourable families will become booksellers, and of course patrons of learning.

"I know but one objection to this scheme, which is, that the children of people of fashion are apt to contract so early an aversion to books, that they will hardly be prevailed upon, even by necessity itself, to make them the business of their lives.

"I am, SIR,

"Your reader and most humble servant,

"H. M."

NO. 21. THURSDAY, MAY 24, 1753.

I SHALL only observe upon the following letters, that the first relates chiefly to myself, that the second has a very serious meaning, and that the third contains a hint to the ladies, which I hope will not be thrown away upon them.

“ TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

“ SIR,

“ As it is possible I may one time or other be a correspondent of yours, and may now-and then perhaps have a strong impulse to pay you a compliment, I am willing to know how far I may go without giving offence ; and whether, by the advertisement at the end of your first number, you mean to exclude all allusions to the expression, ‘The World,’ even though the turn of them should be such, as would be rather treating you with civility than otherwise ! As for instance :

“ When a man is just upon the point of committing a vicious action, may he check himself by this thought. ‘ What will ‘The World say of me ?’ May a man be threatened, that if he does such a thing, ‘ The World shall know it ?’ May it be said, ‘ That The World esteems a man of merit ?’ In short, may the praise and censure of The World be made use of without offence, as arguments to promote virtue, and restrain vice ?

“ I am entirely unacquainted with your situation in life ; but if you are a married man, I take the

liberty to give you one piece of advice. There are certain places of public entertainment, which, though they may chance to be tolerated by law, it were to be wished, for prudential reasons, were more discouraged, and less frequented. Example, Mr. Fitz-Adam, is very prevalent; and the advice I would give you is, that whenever you think proper to go to any such places for your own amusement, you would leave your lady at home; for there is nothing gives greater encouragement than to have it said, 'There was all the world and his wife;' from whence it is concluded that all the world and his wife will be there again the next time.

"I am, SIR,
"Your admirer and humble servant,
"COSMOPHILOS."

"TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

"I could wish with all my heart that you and I were a little acquainted, that I might invite you to come and take a Sunday's dinner with me. I name Sunday, because I want you to be witness of an evil on that day, which possibly, by a constant and sober residence in town, you may not be acquainted with.

"It is my misfortune to live in what is called a pleasant village upon one of the great roads within seven miles of London, where I am almost suffocated with dust every Sunday in the summer, occasioned by those crowds of 'prentice-boys who are whipping their hired hacks to death, or driving their crazy one-horse chairs against each other, to the great dismay of women with child, and the mortal havoc of young children. It is a plain case that neither the fathers nor masters of these young

men have any authority over them ; if they had, we should find them in their counting-houses according to the custom of sober citizens on that day, posting their books, and balancing the accounts of the former week. But in my humble opinion, even this is a custom better broke through than continued ; for though industry is a very valuable quality, and is commonly the means of making, what is called in the city, a good man of a very knavish one, it may be pushed too far ; as it most certainly is, when it defeats the end and intention of Sunday, which was ordained and instituted for a day of rest.

“ I can just remember, Mr. Fitz-Adam, that before Christianity was entirely reasoned out of these kingdoms, it was a mighty custom for young folks to go to church on that day ; and indeed I should have thought there was no manner of harm in it, if it had not been plainly proved, as well by people of fashion as others, that going to church was the most tiresome thing in the world ; and that consequently it was notoriously perverting a day set apart solely for rest.

“ But while almost every one, in speculation, is averse to labour on a Sunday, how strange is it to see a lethargic citizen drudging at his books, a decrepit old country couple fatiguing themselves to death by walking to church, and their children and grand-children venturing their necks and harassing their bodies by running races upon the road ! I am for the strict observance of all institutions ; and as we have happily got rid of the religious prejudices of our forefathers, I know of but one way of keeping Sunday as it ought to be kept ; but unless what I have to propose be backed by your censorial authority, I see no probability of its taking effect : I could wish, therefore, that you would earnestly re-

commend to both sexes, of every rank and condition, the lying in bed all that day. This will indeed be making it a day of rest, provided that all single persons be directed to lie alone, and that permission be given to those who cannot sleep in their beds, to go to church and sleep there. If this can be brought about, our churches may still be kept open, and the roads cleared of those noisy and dissolute young fellows, who finding in themselves no inclination to lie still, are disturbing the rest of all other people.

“Your taking this matter into consideration will oblige all sober observers of Sunday, and particularly,

“SIR,

“Your most humble servant

“JOHN SOFTLY.”

“TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

“SIR,

“It is an old saying, but a true one, that a good husband commonly makes a good wife. If it was as true, that a good wife commonly made a good husband, I am inclined to think that Hymen would wear a much brighter countenance among us than we generally see him with.

“In all families where I have been an intimate, I have taken particular notice of every occurrence that has tended to the disturbance of the matrimonial tranquillity; and upon tracing those occurrences to their source, I have commonly discovered that the fault was principally in the husband.

“I have now in my possession a calculation of Demoivre, made a few years ago, with great labour and accuracy, which proves that the good wives,

within the weekly bills, have a majority upon the good husbands of three to one ; and I am humbly of opinion, that if the calculation was to be extended to the towns and counties remote from London, we should find the majority at least five times as great. But to those husbands who have never thought of such a calculation, and who have little or no acquaintance with their wives, a majority of three to one may be as much as they will care to swallow ; especially if it be considered how many fine ladies there are at St. James's, how many notable wives in the city, and how many landladies at Wapping ; all of which, as a friend of mine very justly observes, are exactly the same character.

“ But though I am convinced of the truth of this calculation, I am not so partial to the ladies, particularly the unmarried ones, as to imagine them without fault ; on the contrary, I am going to accuse them of a very great one, which if not put a stop to before the warm weather comes in, no mortal can tell to what lengths it may be carried. You have already hinted at this fault in the sex, under the genteel appellation of moulting their dress. If the necks, shoulders, &c. have begun to shed their covering in winter, what a general display of nature are we to expect this summer, when the excuse of heat may be alleged in favour of such a display ? I called some time ago upon a friend of mine near St. James's, who, upon my asking where his sister was, told me, ‘ At her toilette, undressing for the ridotto.’ That the expression may be intelligible to every one of your readers, I beg leave to inform them, that it is the fashion for a lady to undress herself to go abroad, and to dress only when she stays at home and sees no company.

“ It may be urged, perhaps, that the nakedness in fashion is intended only to be emblematical of the innocence of the present generation of young

ladies ; as we read of our first mother, before the Fall, that she was naked and not ashamed ; but I cannot help thinking that her daughters of these times should convince us that they are entirely free from original sin, as well as actual transgression, or else be ashamed of their nakedness.

“ I would ask any pretty miss about town, if she ever went a second time to see the wax-work or the lions, or even the dogs and the monkeys, with the same delight as at first ? Certain it is, that the finest show in the world excites but little curiosity in those who have seen it before. ‘ That was a very fine picture,’ says my lord, ‘ but I had seen it before.’ ‘ ’Twas a sweet song of the Galli’s,’ says my lady, ‘ but I had heard it before.’ ‘ A very fine poem,’ says the critic, ‘ but I had read it before.’ Let every lady therefore take care, that while she is displaying in public a bosom whiter than snow, the men do not look as if they were saying, ‘ ’Tis very pretty, ‘ but we have seen it before.’

“ I am, SIR,

“ Your most humble servant,

“ S. L.”

No. 22. THURSDAY, MAY 31, 1753.

— *Non possum ferre, Quirites,
Græcam urbem.*—

JUV. SAT. iii. 60.

“ SIR,

“ You will be surprised perhaps, at my presumption in supposing that you will pay any regard to the production of a puerile pen, or that out of the mouth of babes and sucklings the public will deign to receive either instruction or amusement ; but how-

ever that may be, I cannot forbear acknowledging the obligations I owe you, if it be only to convince you, that gratitude is still a school-boy's virtue. You must know then that ever since you made your first appearance, I have constantly appropriated the sum of two-pence, out of my slender allowance of a shilling a week, for the purchase of your paper; and have often, while my school-fellows were harping on the old thread-bare subjects of Greece and Rome, enriched my exercise from your treasure with some lively strokes on modern manners; but never so much to my honour as last week, when the scrap of Juvenal prefixed to this letter was our theme. The general topic was declaiming against that old-fashioned pedantic language called Greek, which you may imagine was the most popular turn that could be given to the subject here; but for my part, I chose to consider rather the spirit than the letter of my author, and to turn my satire against France, the Greece of our days; in which view I had an opportunity of introducing the description of the tour to Paris, which is touched with such an inimitable spirit of ridicule by your last week's correspondent. Standard wit, like standard gold, will bear a great deal of alloy without being totally debased; and the proof of it is, that notwithstanding the disadvantage of appearing under the disguise of my Latin poetry, the Tour to Paris went for the Play. This expression, Sir, will be jargon to the town in general; but those of your readers who have been educated here will know that it means the highest mark of distinction that an Eton boy is capable of receiving; when a whole holiday is granted to the school in consideration of the merit of that copy of verses which is judged the best, and to which the panegyric that Horace bestows on poetry in general, when he styles it *laborum dulce lenimen*, is peculiarly applicable. Imagine what exultation of mind

the young hero of such a day must feel ; the conscious benefactor of all his little fellow-citizens, who share, with gratitude, the happiness derived to him from the success of his talents ! The verses too are read, transcribed, repeated ; the homage of admiration and of envy is paid to him, and the first emotions of youthful vanity and ambition are fully gratified. In short, not Herodotus, reciting that exercise of imagination which we call his history, whilst all Greece, assembled in the playing-fields at Elis, on the whole holiday of the Olympic games, listened with silent applause ; no, nor, to illustrate my idea by a still sublimer image, the great duke of Marlborough himself, on the thanksgiving-day for Blenheim, could taste a purer and more exalted rapture.

“ Forgive this sally, Mr. Fitz-Adam, and let me join with your witty correspondent in lamenting the deficiency of our laws, which do not extend to the prevention of the evil he exposes, though I cannot concur in thinking that ridicule will, on this occasion, supply the place of wholesome regulations.

“ Whether the remedy I am going to propose will be effectual for this purpose, I will not pretend to determine ; but I confess it appears, to me at least, so obvious, that I am amazed it never occurred to any one before. Give me leave to make one or two previous observations, and I will keep you no longer in suspense.

“ I have often heard it remarked, that a great school is a miniature of the great world, and that men are nothing else but children of a larger size. If this be true, which every day's experience seems to justify, can there be any danger of fallacy in arguing, that the same engines of government which serve to establish order in a school, may be transferred for similar purposes, with great probability of success, to the use of the state ? Now I appeal

to common sense, whether rambling abroad, and running out of bounds, are not exactly the same offences ; only that the one is committed by the great children, the other by the little ones ; and if the discipline of birch is found effectual to restrain it in the latter, why should not the experiment be tried at least with the former ? The rod, Mr. Fitz-Adam, the rod is the thing, which, if well administered, would serve to deter many a man-child from exposing himself as a rambler, whose callous sensations the lash of ridicule could make no impression upon. In recommending this, I am sorry to say I have the authority of experience to support me, having had the misfortune to feel, in my own proper person, how efficacious the smart of a little flagellation is to correct an inordinate passion for travelling : for the rage of travel, Sir, prevails in our little society as in your larger one, and has formerly, when this argument *à posteriori* was not so frequently used to discourage it, manifested itself in perpetual excursions to foreign parts ; such as Cluer, Datchet, Windsor, &c. at every short interval between school-times, just as the grown children of fashion run over to Paris during a recess of parliament. But the ceremony of an installation was equivalent to a jubilee, and used to occasion almost a total emigration, which I assure you was prevented the last time by this salutary terror ; a terror which operates so strongly, that though there is now-and-then a clandestine excursion made by some daring genius, yet it is but seldom, and attended with such trepidation when it happens, as to justify the picture which the sweetest of our elegiac poets has drawn of us :

Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.

GRAY.

“ It may possibly be objected, that our men-children are too big to be whipt like school-boys ; but if the description be just, which I heard a gentleman at my father’s give last holidays of our countrymen abroad, I leave you to judge whether they should or not. ‘ Strolling over Europe,’ these were his words, ‘ and staring about with a strange mixture of raw admiration and rude contempt ; both equally the effect of ignorance and inexperience. Insolently despising foreign manners and customs, merely because they are foreign, which yet for the same reason they would fain copy, though awkwardly and without distinction. Untinctured with any sound principles of comparison ; unreasonably vain, and, by turns, ashamed, of their native country ; trifling, sheepish, and riotous.’ What are these, Mr. Fitz-Adam, but school-boys out of bounds ? And shall they not be whipt, severely whipt, when they return ? It is beneath the dignity of government to inflict a more serious punishment, and contrary to its wisdom to connive at the offence.

“ There is a bill, I am told, depending in parliament, the idea of which, if I am rightly informed, is plainly borrowed from our custom of calling absence ; that is, calling over the list of names, to which each boy is expected to appear and answer ; I mean the register bill, which it seems establishes an absence to be called annually throughout the kingdom : an admirable institution, calculated, I suppose, as among us, for the detection of these very offenders. Let those patriots then, who have condescended to copy one institution of school-policy, adopt the whole plan ; for surely to detect without punishing, would be stopping short of the mark. Suppose, then, that a bill was to be prepared, intituled ‘ An act against rambling,’ which

may be considered as a proper supplement to the vagrant act ; by which a board should be constituted, and called the ' home board ;' the president and principal members of which are to be chosen out of the laudable society of Anti-Gallicans ; to whom the proper officers appointed to call absence, pursuant to the register act, shall transmit annually complete lists of absentees in foreign parts, who, on their return home, shall be liable to be summoned and examined in a summary way before the board, whose sentence shall be final. That all going into foreign parts shall not be deemed rambling ; but that the legislature may in its wisdom define the offence, and specify certain tokens by which it may be ascertained ; such, for instance, as debasing the purity of the English language, by a vile mixture of exotic words, idioms, and phrases ; all impertinent and unmeaning shrugs, grimaces, and gesticulations ; the frequent use of the word *canaille*, and the least contempt wantonly cast on the roast beef of Old England. These should be deemed sufficient evidence to convict an offender against this statute, who shall be immediately brought to condign punishment, which is to be by flagellation after the manner of the schools : for which purpose a block, fashioned like ours, may be erected on the parade, and an additional salary given to the usher of the black rod, to provide a sufficient store of birch, and able-bodied deputies. The number of lashes to be proportioned to the crime ; never less than seven, nor more than one-and-twenty, exclusive of the flying cuts as the criminal rises. The time of execution, for the sake of public example, to be twelve at noon, and some one member of the home board, always to attend and intermix proper reproofs and admonitions between the cuts, which are to be applied slowly and

distinctly.—Provided always, that nothing in this act contained shall extend to persons who cross the seas in order to finish their studies at foreign universities; to gentlemen who travel with the public spirited design of procuring singers and dancers for the opera; or to such young patriots who make the tour of Europe, from a laudable desire of discovering the many imperfections of the English constitution, by comparing it with the more perfect models which are to be found abroad.

“Such, Sir, are the general outlines of my scheme; and, guarded with these precautions, I should flatter myself it could meet with no opposition. I once thought of a private whipping-room for travelling females, but in consideration of the voluntary penance, which I am told they submit to at their return to England, of exhibiting themselves in public places, made frightful with all the frippery of France, patched, painted, and pom-poned, as warnings to the sex, I am willing that all further punishment should be remitted. To your censure, Sir, I submit the whole of my scheme. If the foundation I have built upon is a weak one, I have the inexperience of youth to plead in my behalf, and the same excuse to allege with the simple swain in Virgil, which as a school-boy I beg leave to quote,

Urbem, quam dicunt Romam, Melibæe, putavi

Stultus ego huic nostræ similem——

Sic canibus catulos, similes, &c.

ECL. i. 20.

“I am, SIR,

“Your humble servant.”

“Eton School, May 12, 1753.”

No. 23. THURSDAY, JUNE 7, 1753.

It is with some degree of pride as well as pleasure that I see my correspondents multiply so fast, that the task I have undertaken is become almost a sinecure. For many weeks past it has been entirely so, allowing only for some little alterations, which I judged it necessary to make in two or three essays; a liberty which I shall never take without the greatest caution, and upon few other occasions than to give a general turn to what may be applied to a particular character. To all men of genius and good humour, who will favour me with their correspondence, I shall think myself both honoured and obliged.

The writer of the following letter will, I am sure, forgive me for the few liberties I have taken with him. The grievance he complains of is a very great one, and what I should imagine needs only to be mentioned to find redress.

“ TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

“ SIR,

“ To gratify the curiosity of a country friend, I accompanied him a few weeks ago to Bedlam; a place which I should not otherwise have visited, as the distresses of my fellow-creatures affect me too much to incline me to be a spectator of them. I was extremely moved at the variety of wretches, who appeared either sullen or outrageous, melancholy or cheerful, according to their different dispositions; and who seemed to retain, though in-

consistently, the same passions and affections, as when in possession of their reason. In one cell, sat a wretch upon his straw, looking stedfastly upon the ground in silent despair. In another, the spirit of ambition flashed from the eyes of an emperor, who strutted the happy lord of the creation. Here a fearful miser, having in fancy converted his rags to gold, sat counting out his wealth, and trembling at all who saw him. There the prodigal was hurrying up and down his ward, and giving fortunes to thousands. On one side, a straw-crowned king was delivering laws to his people, and, on the other, a husband, mad indeed, was dictating to a wife that had undone him. Sudden fits of raving interrupted the solemn walk of the melancholy musician, and settled despair sat upon the pallid countenance of the love-sick maid.

“To those who have feeling minds, there is nothing so affecting as sights like these; nor can a better lesson be taught us in any part of the globe than in this school of misery. Here we may see the mighty reasoners of the earth, below even the insects that crawl upon it; and from so humbling a sight we may learn to moderate our pride, and to keep those passions within bounds, which, if too much indulged, would drive reason from her seat, and level us with the wretches of this unhappy mansion. But I am sorry to say it, curiosity and wantonness, more than a desire of instruction, carry the majority of spectators to this dismal place. It was in the Easter-week that I attended my friend there; when, to my great surprise, I found a hundred people at least, who, having paid their two-pence a-piece, were suffered unattended to run rioting up and down the wards, making sport and diversion of the miserable inhabitants; a cruelty which one would think human nature

hardly capable of! Surely if the utmost misery of mankind is to be made a sight of for gain, those who are the governors of this hospital should take care that proper persons are appointed to attend the spectators; and not suffer indecencies to be committed, which would shock the humanity of the savage Indians. I saw some of the poor wretches provoked by the insults of this holiday mob into furies of rage; and I saw the poorer wretches, the spectators, in a loud laugh of triumph at the ravings they had occasioned.

“In a country where Christianity is, at least, professed, it is strange that humanity should, in this instance, so totally have abandoned us: for, however trifling this may appear to some particular persons, I cannot help looking upon it as a reflection upon the nation, and worthy the consideration of all good men. I know it is a hard task to alter the wanton dispositions of mankind; but it is not hard for men in power to hinder people from venting those dispositions on the unhappy objects in question, of whom every governor is the guardian, and therefore bound to protect them from so cruel an outrage, which is not only injurious to the poor wretches themselves, but is also an insult upon human nature. I hope, therefore, that, for the future, the governors of this noble charity will think themselves obliged, in conscience and honour, to rectify an abuse which is so great a discredit to it; or, if they continue regardless of it, that you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, will pronounce every individual of them to be an accomplice in the barbarity.

“And now, Sir, that I am on the subject of madness, give me leave to hint to you an opinion which I have often entertained, and which my late visit to Bedlam has again revived, that the maddest

people in this kingdom are not *in*, but *out* of Bedlam. I have frequently compared in my own mind the actions of certain persons whom we daily meet with in the world, with those of the inhabitants of Bedlam, who, properly speaking, may be said to be out of it; and I know of no other difference between them, than that the former are mad with their reason about them, and the latter so from the misfortune of having lost it. But what is extraordinary in this age, when, to its honour be it spoken, charity is become fashionable, these unhappy wretches are suffered to run loose about the town, raising riots in public assemblies, beating constables, breaking lamps, damning parsons, affronting modesty, disturbing families, and destroying their own fortunes and constitutions: and all this without any provision being made for them, or the least attempt to cure them of this madness in their blood.

“ The miserable objects I am speaking of, are divided into two classes; the Men of Spirit about Town, and the Bucks: The Men of Spirit have some glimmerings of understanding; the Bucks none; the former are demoniacs, or people possessed; the latter are uniformly and incurably mad. For the reception and confinement of both these classes, I would humbly propose that two very spacious buildings be erected, the one called the hospital for Men of Spirit, or demoniacs: and the other the hospital for Bucks, or incurables. Of these hospitals I would have the keepers of our Bridewells appointed governors, with full powers of constituting such deputies or sub-governors, as to their wisdom should seem meet. That after such hospitals are built, proper officers appointed, and doctors, surgeons, apothecaries and mad nurses provided, all young noblemen and others within

the bills of mortality, having common sense, who shall be found offending against the rules of decency, either in the cases above mentioned, or in others of a similar nature, shall immediately be conducted to the hospital for demoniacs, there to be exorcised, physicked, and disciplined into a proper use of their senses; and that full liberty be granted to all persons whatsoever to visit, laugh at, and make sport of these demoniacs, without lett or molestation from any of the keepers, according to the present custom of Bedlam. To the Buck hospital for incurables, I would have all such persons conveyed that are mad through folly, ignorance, or conceit; there to be shut up for life, not only to be prevented from doing mischief, but from exposing, in their own persons, the weaknesses and miseries of mankind. These incurables, on no pretence whatsoever, to be visited or ridiculed; as it would be altogether as inhuman to insult the unhappy wretches who never were possessed of their senses, as it is to make a jest of those who have unfortunately lost them.

“ The building and endowing these hospitals I leave to the projectors of ways and means; contenting myself with having communicated a scheme, which, if carried into execution, will secure us from those swarms of madmen which are at present so much the dread and disturbance of all public places.

“ I am, SIR,

“ Your constant reader, and

“ Most humble servant,

“ P. P.”

No. 24. THURSDAY, JUNE 14, 1753.

I SHALL not at present enter into the great question between the ancients and the moderns ; much less shall I presume to decide upon a point of that importance, which has been the subject of debate among the learned from the days of Horace down to ours. To make my court to the learned, I will lament the gradual decay of human nature, for these last sixteen centuries ; but at the same time I will do justice to my contemporaries, and give them their due share of praise, where they have either struck out new inventions, or improved and brought old ones to perfection. Some of them I shall now mention.

The most zealous and partial advocate for the ancients will not, I believe, pretend to dispute the infinite superiority of the moderns in the art of healing. Hippocrates, Celsus, and Galen, had no specifics. They rather endeavoured to relieve than pretended to cure. As for the astonishing cures of Æsculapius, I do not put them into the account : they are to be ascribed to his power, not to his skill : he was a god, and his divinity was his *nostrum*. But how prodigiously have my ingenious contemporaries extended the bounds of medicine ! What *nostrums*, what specifics have they not discovered ! Collectively considered, they insure not only perfect health, but, by a necessary consequence, immortality ; insomuch that I am astonished, when I still read in the weekly bills the great number of people who choose to die of such and

such distempers, for every one of which there are infallible and specific cures, not only advertised but attested in all the public newspapers.

When the lower sort of Irish, in the most uncivilized parts of Ireland, attend the funeral of a deceased friend or neighbour, before they give the last parting howl, they expostulate with the dead body, and reproach him with having died, notwithstanding that he had an excellent wife, a milch cow, seven fine children, and a competency of potatoes. Now though all these, particularly the excellent wife, are very good things in a state of perfect health, they cannot, as I apprehend, be looked upon as preventive either of sickness or of death; but with how much more reason may we expostulate with, and censure those of our contemporaries, who, either from obstinacy or incredulity, die in this great metropolis, or indeed in this kingdom, when they may prevent or cure, at a trifling expense, not only all distempers, but even old age and death itself! The renovating elixir infallibly restores pristine youth and vigour, be the patient ever so old and decayed; and that without loss of time or business; whereas the same operation among the ancients was both tedious and painful, as it required a thorough boiling of the patient.

The most inflammatory and intrepid fevers fly at the first discharge of Dr. James's powder; and a drop or pill of the celebrated Mr. Ward corrects all the malignity of Pandora's box.

Ought not every man of great birth and estate, who for many years has been afflicted with the posteromania, or rage of having posterity, a distemper very common among persons of that sort; ought he not, I say, to be ashamed of having no issue male to perpetuate his illustrious name and

title, when for so small a sum as three-and-six-pence, he and his lady might be supplied with a sufficient quantity of the vivifying drops, which infallibly cure imbecility in men, and barrenness in women, though of never so long standing?

Another very great discovery of the moderns in the art of healing is, the infallible cure of the king's evil, though never so inveterate, by only the touch of a lawful king, the right heir of Adam; for that is essentially necessary. The ancients were unacquainted with this inestimable secret: and even Solomon, the son of David, the wisest of kings, knew nothing of the matter. But our British Solomon, king James the first, a son of a David also, was no stranger to it, and practised it with success. This fact is sufficiently proved by experience; but if it wanted any corroborating testimony, we have that of the ingenious Mr. Carte, who, in his incomparable History of England, asserts, and that in a marginal note too, which is always more material than the text, that he knew somebody, who was radically cured of a most obstinate king's evil, by the touch of somebody. As our sagacious historian does not even intimate that this somebody took any thing of the other somebody for the cure, it were to be wished that he had named this somebody, and his place of abode, for the benefit of the poor, who are now reduced, and at some expense, to have recourse to Mr. Vickers the clergyman. Besides, I fairly confess myself to be personally interested in this inquiry, since this somebody must necessarily be the right heir of Adam, and consequently I must have the honour of being related to him.

Our laborious neighbours and kinsmen, the Germans, are not without their inventions and happy discoveries in the art of medicine; for they

laugh at a wound through the heart, if they can but apply their powder of sympathy—not to the wound itself, but to the sword or bullet that made it.

Having now, at least in my own opinion, fully proved the superiority of the moderns over the ancients in the art of healing, I shall proceed to some other particulars, in which my contemporaries will as justly claim, and I hope be allowed the preference.

The ingenious Mr. Warburton, in his *Divine Legation of Moses*, very justly observes, that hieroglyphics were the beginning of letters; but at the same time he candidly allows that it was a very troublesome and uncertain method of communicating one's ideas; as it depended in a great measure on the writer's skill in drawing, an art little known in those days; and as a stroke too much or too little, too high or too low, might be of the most dangerous consequence, in religion, business, or love. Cadmus removed this difficulty by his invention of unequivocal letters; but then he removed it too much; for those letters or marks being the same throughout, and fixed alphabetically, soon became generally known, and prevented that secrecy which in many cases was to be wished for. This inconveniency suggested to the ancients the invention of cryptography and steganography, or a mysterious and unintelligible way of writing, by the help of which none but the corresponding parties who had the key could decipher the matter. But human industry soon refined upon this too; the art of deciphering was discovered, and the skill of the decipherer baffled all the labour of the cipherer. The secrecy of all literary correspondence became precarious, and neither business nor love could any longer be safe-

ly trusted to paper. Such for a considerable time was the unhappy state of letters, till the *Beau Monde*, an inventive race of people, found out a new kind of cryptography, or steganography, unknown to the ancients, and free from some of their inconveniences. Lovers in general made use of it; controversial writers commonly; and ministers of state sometimes, in the most important despatches. It was writing in such an unintelligible manner, and with such obscurity, that the corresponding parties themselves neither understood, nor even guessed at each other's meaning; which was a most effectual security against all the accidents to which letters are liable by being either mislaid or intercepted. But this method, too, though long pursued, was also attended with some inconveniencies. It frequently produced mistakes, by scattering false lights upon that friendly darkness, so propitious to business and love. But our inventive neighbours, the French, have very lately removed all these inconveniencies, by the happy discovery of a new kind of paper, as pleasing to the eye, as conducive to the despatch, the clearness, and at the same time the secrecy of all literary correspondence. My worthy friend Mr. Dodsley lately brought me a sample of it, upon which, if I mistake not, he will make very considerable improvements, as my countrymen often do upon the inventions of other nations. This sheet of paper I conjectured to be the groundwork and principal material of a tender and passionate letter from a fine gentleman to a fine lady; though in truth it might very well be the whole letter itself. At the top of the first page was delineated a lady with very red cheeks, and a very large hoop, in the fashionable attitude of knotting, and of making a very genteel French courtesy.

This evidently appears to stand for Madam, and saves the time and trouble of writing it. At the bottom of the third page was painted a very fine well-drest gentleman, with his hat under his left arm, and his right hand upon his heart, bowing most respectfully low; which single figure, by an admirable piece of brachygraphy or short-hand, plainly conveys this deep sense, and stands instead of these many words, 'I have the honour to be, with the tenderest and warmest sentiments, madam, your most inviolably attached, faithful humble servant.' The margin of the paper, which was about half an inch broad, was very properly decorated with all the emblems of triumphant beauty, and tender suffering passion. Groups of lilies, roses, pearls, corals, suns, and stars, were intermixed with chains, bearded shafts, and bleeding hearts. Such a sheet of paper, I confess, seems to me to be a complete letter; and I would advise all fine gentlemen, whose time I know is precious, to avail themselves of this admirable invention; it will save them a great deal of time, and perhaps some thought; and I cannot help thinking, that were they even to take the trouble of filling up the paper with the tenderest sentiments of their hearts, or the most shining flights of their fancy, they would add no energy or delicacy to those types and symbols of the lady's conquests, and their own captivity and sufferings.

These blank letters, if I may call them so, when they convey so much, will mock the jealous curiosity of husbands and fathers, who will in vain hold them to the fire to elicit the supposed juice of lemon, and upon whom they may afterwards pass for a piece of innocent pleasantry.

The duller of my readers must, I am sure, by this time be aware, that the utility of this inven-

tion extends, *mutatis mutandis*, to whatever can be the subject of letters, and with much less trouble, and much more secrecy, propriety, and elegance, than the old way of writing.

A painter of but moderate skill and fancy may in a very short time have reams of ready-painted paper by him to supply the demands of the statesman, the divine, and the lover. And I think it my duty to inform the public, that my good friend Mr. Dodsley, who has long complained of the decay of trade, and who loves, with a prudent regard to his own interest, to encourage every useful invention, is at this time learning to paint with most unwearied diligence and application; and I make no doubt, but that in a very little time he will be able to furnish all sorts of persons with the very best ready-made goods of that kind. I warned him indeed against providing any for the two learned professions of the law and physic, which I apprehend would lie upon his hands. One of them being already in possession, to speak in their own style, of a more brachygraphical, cryptographical and steganographical secret, in writing their warrants; and the other not willingly admitting brevity, in any shape. Otherwise what innumerable skins of parchment, and lines of writing, might be saved in a marriage-settlement, for instance, if the first fourteen or fifteen sons, the supposed future issue, lawfully to be begotten of that happy marriage, and upon whom the settlement is successively made, were to be painted every one a size less than the other upon one skin of parchment, instead of being enumerated upon one hundred, according to priority of birth, and seniority of age; and moreover the elder, by a happy pleonasmus, always to take before, and be preferred to the younger! but this useful

alteration is more to be wished than expected, for reasons which I do not at present think proper to mention.

I am sensible that the government may possibly object, that I am suggesting to its enemies a method of carrying on their treasonable correspondences with much more secrecy than formerly. But as my intentions are honest, I should be very sorry to have my loyalty suspected: and when I consider the zeal, and at the same time the ingenuity of the jacobites, I am convinced that their letters in this new method will be so charged with groves of oaken boughs, white roses, and thistles interwoven, that their meaning will not be obscure, and consequently no danger will arise to the government from this new and excellent invention.

No. 25. THURSDAY, JUNE 21, 1753.

I HAVE the pleasure of informing my fair correspondent, that her petition contained in the following letter is granted. I wish I could as easily restore to her what she has lost. But to a mind like hers, so elevated! so harmonized! time and the consciousness of so much purity of intention will bring relief. It must always afford her matter of the most pleasing reflection, that her soul had no participation with her material part in that particular act which she appears to mention with so tender a regret. But it is not my intention to anticipate her story, by endeavouring to console her. Her

letter, I hope, will caution all young ladies of equal virtue with herself against that excess of complaisance, with which they are sometimes too willing to entertain their lovers.

“ TO MR. FITZ ADAM.

“ SIR,

“ I HAVE not the least ill-will to your friend Mr. Dodsley, whom I never saw in my life ; but I address myself to your equity and good-nature, for a small share only of your favour and recommendation in that new and valuable branch of trade, to which you have informed the public he is now applying himself, and which I hope you will not think it reasonable that he should monopolize. I mean that admirable short and secret method of communicating one's ideas by ingenious emblems and representations of the pencil, instead of the vulgar and old method of letters by the pen. Give me leave, Sir, to state my case and my qualifications to you : I am sure you will decide with justice.

“ I am the daughter of a clergyman, who, having had a very good living, gave me a good education, and left me no fortune. I had naturally a turn to reading and drawing : my father encouraged and assisted me in the one, allowed me a master to instruct me in the other, and I made an uncommon progress in them both. My heart was tender, and my sentiments were delicate ; perhaps too much so for my rank in life. This disposition led me to study chiefly those treasures of sublime honour, spotless virtue, and refined sentiment, the voluminous romances of the last century. Sentiments from which I thank Heaven I have never deviated. From a sympathizing softness of soul how often have I wept over those affecting distresses ! How have I shared the pangs of the chaste and lovely Mariamne upon

the death of the tender, the faithful Tiridates ! And how has my indignation been excited at the unfaithful and ungenerous historical misrepresentation of the gallant first Brutus, who was undoubtedly the tenderest lover that ever lived ! My drawings took the same elegant turn with my reading. I painted all the most moving and tender stories of charming Ovid's *Metamorphoses* ; not without sometimes mingling my tears with my colours. I presented some fans of my own painting to several ladies in the neighbourhood, who were pleased to commend both the execution and the designs. The latter I always took care should be moving, and at the same time irreproachably pure ; and I found means even to represent with unblemishing delicacy, the unhappy passion of the unfortunate Pasiphae. With this turn of mind, this softness of soul, it will be supposed that I loved. I did so, Sir ; tenderly and truly I loved. Why should I disown a passion, which, when clarified as mine was from the impure dregs of sensuality, is the noblest and most generous sentiment of the human breast ? O ! that the false heart of the dear deceiver, whose perfidious vows betrayed mine, had been but as pure !——The traitor was quartered with his troop of dragoons in the town where I lived. His person was a happy compound of the manly strength of a hero, and all the softer graces of a lover ; and I thought that I discovered in him, at first sight, all the courage and all the tenderness of Oroondates. My figure, which was not bad, it seems pleased him as much. He sought and obtained my acquaintance. Soon by his eyes, and soon after by his words, he declared his passion to me. My blushes, my confusion, and my silence, too plainly spoke mine. Good gods ! how tender were his words ! how languishingly soft his eyes !

with what ardour did he snatch and press my hand! a trifling liberty, which one cannot decently refuse, and for which refusal there is no precedent. Sometimes he addressed me in the moving words of Varanes, sometimes in the tender accents of Castalio, and sometimes in the warmer language of Juba; for he was a very good scholar. In short, Sir, a month was not past before he prest for what he called a proof of my passion. I trembled at the very thought, and reproached him with the indelicacy of it. He persisted; and I, in compliance with custom only, hinted previous marriage: he urged love; and I was not vulgar enough to refuse to the man I tenderly loved, the proof he required of my passion. I yielded, it is true; but it was to sentiment, not to desire. A few months gave me reason to suspect that his passion was not quite so pure; and within the year the perfidious wretch convinced me that it had been merely sensual. For upon the removal of his troop to other quarters, he took a cold leave of me and contented himself with saying, that in the course of quarters he hoped to have the pleasure some time or other of seeing me again. You, Mr. Fitz-Adam, if you have any elegancy of soul, as I dare say you have, can better guess than I can express the agonies I felt, and the tears I shed upon this occasion; but all in vain; vain as the thousand tender letters which I have written to him since, and to which I have received no answer. As all this passed within the course of ten months, I had but one child; which dear pledge of my first and only love, I now maintain at the expense of more than half of what I have to subsist upon myself.

“ Having now, as I hope, prepared your compassion, and proved my qualification, I proceed to the prayer of my petition. Which is, that you will

be pleased to recommend me to the public, with all that authority which you have so justly acquired, for a share of this new and beneficial branch of trade. I mean no further than the just bounds to which the female province may extend. Let Mr. Dodsley engross all the rest, with my best wishes.—Though I say it, I believe nobody has a clearer notion of the theory of delicate sentiments than I have; and I have already a considerable stock in hand of these allegorical and emblematical paintings, applicable to almost every situation in which a woman of sense, virtue, and delicacy, can find herself. I indulged my fancy in painting them, according to the various dispositions of my mind, which my various fortunes produced. I think I may say without vanity, that I have made considerable improvements in the celebrated map of the realms of love in Clelia. I have adorned the blanks of the gentle and crystalline Tender with several new villages and groves: and added expression to the pleasing melancholic groves of sighs and tender cares. I have whole quires, painted in my happier moments, of hearts united and crowned, fluttering cupids, wanton zephyrs, constant and tender doves, myrtle bowers, banks of jessamine and tuberoses, and shady groves. These will require very little filling up, if any, from ladies who are in the transporting situation of growing loves. For the forsaken and complaining fair, with whom, alas! I too fatally sympathize, I have tender willows drooping over murmuring brooks, and gloomy walks of mournful cypress and solemn yew. In short, Sir, I either have by me, or will forthwith provide, whatever can convey the most perfect ideas of elegant friendship, or pure, refined, and sentimental passion. But I think it necessary to give notice, that if any ladies would express any

indelicate ideas of love, or require any types or emblems of sensual joys, they must not apply to,

“ SIR,

“ Your most obedient humble servant,

“ PARTHENISSA.”

No. 26. THURSDAY, JUNE 28, 1753.

SIMPLICITY is with justice esteemed a supreme excellence in all the performances of art, because by this quality they more nearly resemble the productions of nature : and the productions of nature have ever been accounted nobler, and of a higher order, in proportion to their simplicity. Hence arises, if the ladies will permit me to philosophise a moment, the superior excellence of spirit to matter, which is evidently a combination of many particles ; whereas the first is pure, uncompounded, and indivisible.

But let us descend from lofty speculations and useless metaphysics, into common life and familiar arts, in order more fully to display the beauties of a just simplicity, to which the present age seems not to pay a proper regard in various instances.

Nothing can be more tiresome and nauseous to a virtuoso of a true judgement and a just eye in painting, than the gaudy glitter of florid colours, and a vast profusion of light, unsubdued by shade, and undiversified with tints of a browner cast. It is recorded, that some of the capital pieces of Apel-

les were wrought in four colours only. This excellent artist invented also a kind of darkening varnish, that might temper and chastise all dazzling splendor and unnecessary glare, and might give, as Pliny expresses it, a modesty and austerity to his works. Those who have been unaccustomed to the best models, are usually at first more delighted with the productions of the Flemish than the Italian school; and prefer Rubens to Raphael, till they feel by experience, that luscious and gay colouring defeats the very end of the art, by turning the attention from its principal excellences; that is, from truth, simplicity, and design.

If these observations are rightly founded, what shall we say of the taste and judgment of those who spend their lives and their fortunes in collecting pieces, where neither perspective, nor proportion, nor conformity to nature are observed; I mean the extravagant lovers and purchasers of China, and Indian screens. I saw a sensible foreigner astonished at a late auction, with the exorbitant prices given for these splendid deformities, as he called them, while an exquisite painting of Guido passed unnoticed, and was set aside as unfashionable lumber. Happy should I think myself to be able to convince the fair connoisseurs that make the greatest part of Mr. Langford's audiences, that no genuine beauty is to be found in whimsical and grotesque figures, the monstrous offspring of wild imagination, undirected by nature and truth.

It is of equal consequence to observe simplicity in architecture as in painting. A multiplicity of minute ornaments; a vast variety of angles and cavities; clusters of little columns, and a crowd of windows, are what distinguishes meanness of manner in building from greatness; that is, the Gothic from the Grecian; in which every decoration

arises from necessity and use, and every pillar has something to support.

Mark how the dread Pantheon stands,
Amid the domes of modern hands !
Amid the toys of idle state,
How simply, how severely great !

says the celebrated author of the ode to Lord Huntingdon. Nothing therefore offends me more than to behold the revival of this barbarous taste, in several villas, temples, and pleasure-houses, that disgrace the neighbourhood of this metropolis. Nay, sometimes in the front of the same edifice to find a Grecian plan adulterated and defiled by the unnatural and impure mixture of Gothic whimsies.

Desinit in piscem mulier formosa superne.

HOR. *ARS POET.* 4.

Whoever considers the latest importations of music and musicians from Italy, will be convinced that the modern masters of that country have lost that beautiful simplicity, which is generally the ornament of every musical composition, and which really dignified those of their predecessors. They have introduced so many intricate divisions, wild variations, and useless repetitions, without any apparent necessity arising either from the words or from any other incident, that the chief ambition of the composer seems to be rather to surprise the ear than to please the judgement ; and that of the performer, to show his execution rather than his expression. It is from these motives that the hearer is often confounded, but not delighted, with sudden and unnatural transitions from the key, and returns to it as unnaturally as the transitions themselves ; while pathos, the soul of music, is either unknown or totally neglected. Those who have studied the works of Corelli among the modern ancients, and

Handel in the present age, know that the most affecting passages of the former owe their excellence to simplicity alone ; and that the latter understands it as well, and attends to it as much, though he knows when to introduce with propriety those niceties and refinements, which, for want of that propriety, we condemn in others.

In every species of writing, whether we consider style or sentiment, simplicity is a beauty. The perfection of language, says the great father of criticism, consists in its being perspicuous but not low. A redundancy of metaphors, a heap of sounding and florid epithets, remote allusions, sudden flashes of wit, lively and epigrammatic turns, dazzle the imaginations, and captivate the minds, of vulgar readers, who are apt to think the simple manner unanimated and dull, for want of being acquainted with the models of the great antique. Xenophon among the Greeks, and Cæsar among the Romans, are at once the purest and most simple, as well as the most elegant writers, any age or nation can produce. *Nudi enim sunt, recti, et venusti, omni ornatu orationis, tanquam veste, detracto.* Among ourselves, no writer has perhaps made so happy and judicious a mixture of plain and figurative terms as Addison, who was the first that banished from the English, as Boileau from the French, every species of bad eloquence and false wit, and opened the gates of the Temple of Taste to his fellow-citizens.

It seems to be the fate of polished nations to degenerate and depart from a simplicity of sentiment. For when the first and most obvious thoughts have been pre-occupied by former writers, their successors, by straining to be original and new, abound in far-fetched sentiments and forced conceits. Some late instances in men of genius, for none but

these are capable of committing this fault, give occasion to us to deprecate this event. I must add, under this head, that simplicity of fable is an indispensable quality in every legitimate drama. We are too much enamoured with what is called intrigue, business, and bustle, in our plays. We are disgusted with the thinness, that is the unity of a plot. We must enrich it with episodes or under-characters ; and we never consider, how much our attention is diverted and destroyed by different objects, and our pity divided and weakened by an intricate multiplicity of events and of persons. The Athenians, therefore, who could relish so simple a plot as that of the Philoctetes of Sophocles, had certainly either more patience or more good sense, I will not determine which, than my present countrymen.

If we raise our thoughts to a subject of more importance than writing, I mean dress ; even in this sublime science, simplicity should ever be regarded. It might be thought presumption in me to censure any part of Miss ****'s dress last night at Ranelagh ; yet I could not help condemning that profusion of ornament, which violated and destroyed the unity and τὸ ὅλον, a technical term borrowed from the toilette, of so accomplished a figure.

To finish my panegyric on simplicity in a manner that I know is agreeable to my fair readers, I mean with a stroke of morality, I would observe, that if this quality was venerated as it ought to be, it would at once banish from the earth all artifice and treachery, double-dealing and deceit. Let it therefore be established as a maxim, that simplicity is of equal importance in morals and in taste.

No. 27. THURSDAY, JULY 5, 1753.

“ TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

“ SIR,

“ THE forming separate societies, in order to exercise the great duty of self-mortification, seems to me to be one of the most general and prevailing tendencies in human nature. For even in those countries, where the freedom of the laws, or the ill execution of them, or the licentiousness of manners, has given a sort of public sanction to a less severe discipline, in England itself, what numerous sectaries have subsisted upon this disposition of the human mind !

“ It is upon this principle that the various and opposite tenets of different systems are built. Mahomet, Confucius, and other religious law-givers ; the founders of larger societies, or smaller communities, have availed themselves of this bias in the mind of man ; which at one time or other, is sure to draw him with more than ordinary force.

“ If ambition occupies, if love monopolizes, if indolence stupefies, if literature amuses, if pride expands, or humility condenses, the immortal spirit of man ; if revenge animates, if a softer sensation mollifies, if trifles annihilate, if domestic cares engage, if dress and equipage possess the divine mind, of women ; these passions will, sooner or later, most certainly subside in both, and give place to that impulse, which begets various kinds of mortified communities in different climes and countries. Hence such multitudes in a neighbouring country,

pass the last periods of their lives in the monastic severities of the strictest devotion ; and hence it likewise is, that we see such numbers in our own country expose themselves to midnight damps at Vauxhall, and to be pressed to death by well-dressed mobs at routs.

“ Indeed, the more we consider the human species, from the rude savage up to the most polished courtier, the more we shall be persuaded of this general tendency in our natures to acts of voluntary mortification.

“ But what puts this matter out of all doubt, is, the erection of three monasteries within many of our memories, in the most conspicuous parts of this great metropolis.

“ I hope your country protestant readers will not be too much alarmed ; I can assure them that they pay no Peter-pence. They are formed at present of societies composed entirely of males ; but we hope it will not be long before they either open the arms of their communities for the reception of females, or that the ladies, excited by their example, and animated by the same principles, will form seminaries for their own sex, and that some departing matron may be prevailed upon to found a charity for this purpose.

“ For the furtherance of so desirable a community, it may not here be improper to offer a legal clause to be inserted in any last will or testament ; viz. ‘ I, A. B. spinster, or dowager, being tired of all men, and having no mortal to whom I have reason to wish well ; having settled a competent provision on my birds, dogs, and cats, do leave the sum of pounds, towards the erecting a building, and the establishing a society, for the following purposes,’ &c. &c. &c.

“ Now, as soon as a sufficient number of holy

sisters shall be collected, I think they cannot do more wisely than to form their new seminary upon the model of one of those three great monasteries so lately founded; nor would I advise them to vary much from those plans, as the difference of male and female will always be, to those who contemplate things profoundly, a sufficient badge of distinction.

“For the direction, therefore, of these future lady abbesses, it will be necessary to give them some account of the three monastic societies before mentioned; which will appear to owe their rise entirely to that innate love of separate clanship and self-mortification, which, according to my present maxim is universally implanted in the human breast.

“There are few women of fashion who have not heard of Harry the Eighth; many of them are perfectly well acquainted with that glorious fountain from which the reformation first sprung, which produced the dissolution of papal monasteries; till some years ago, a little round well-spoken man erected a large monastery near Covent-Garden, where a brotherhood was soon formed. Here he dealt out indulgences of all sorts, and extreme good internal unctions.

“But it happened, for divers reasons that the aforesaid district was not thought so proper a situation; upon which a new convent was built, near the court end of the town; the monks removed to it, and from that day have taken upon themselves the name of White-Friars.

“The difficulty of being admitted into this pious seminary, and the necessary qualifications for that purpose are sufficiently known. But how severe is their abstinence! For whereas other devout orders in other countries do not scruple to indulge themselves with the wholesome diet of plain fish, vege-

tables, and oil, it is the established rule of this order, not to admit of any eatable but what simple nature abhors, and till the texture of its parts is so totally transubstantiated, that it cannot come under the denomination of fish, flesh, or good red herring.

“ To such a degree, likewise, has their spirit of mortification carried them, that, being sensible that the most real indulgence, the most natural and homogenous beverage to the constitution of man, is pure limpid element, they have therefore banished that delightful liquid from their meals, and freely exposed themselves even to the most excruciating tortures, by daily swallowing certain potions of various kinds, the ill effects of which to the human body are well known ; and for their further penance, they have adopted nauseous medicinal waters, for their miserable inky drink.

“ But it is in the dead time of the night, when the herd of ordinary mortals repose from their labours, that these devotees perform their greatest acts of self-severity ; for the conduct of which they have three or four established rituals, composed by the celebrated father Hoyle.

“ This famous seminary, like that of some colleges, is divided into senior and junior fellows. The juniors, to a certain number at a time, not content with their ordinary acts of probation, exert a most extraordinary effort of devotion.

“ Imagining that the mortification of the body alone is not sufficient for the pious gratification of their exalted zeal, and considering how meritorious it would be to extend the same severity to the faculties of the mind, they have attained such a spiritual domination over the soul, as to be able to renounce all its most pleasing emotions, and to give it up without remorse, to be tortured by the most painful vicissitudes of hope and fear. Such is the

wonderful effect of long habit, unwearied exercise and abstracted vigils !

“ In order to facilitate this toilsome penance, and to enable themselves totally to subdue all ideas whatsoever, which have no connexion with those two passions, they have contrived incessantly to toss about two cubical figures, which are so devised as to fix the attention, by certain mystical characters, to one or other of the aforesaid passions ; and thus they will sit for many hours, with only the light of one large taper in the middle of the altar, in the most exquisite and convulsive agonies of the most truly mortified and religious penitents. In short, neither the Indian nor Chinese bonzes, nor the Italian or Spanish visionaries, in all their various distortions and penances, came up to these. And here, by the way, I cannot but remark with pleasure the great talents of my countrymen for carrying every thing they undertake to greater perfection than any other nation.

“ The second of these seminaries was founded upon the model of the first, and consists of a number of Gray Friars, remarkable for a rigorous abstinence, and indefatigable devotion. They just preserve their beings with a little chocolate or tea. They are dedicated to the great St. George, and are distinguished by the composure of their countenances, and their extraordinary taciturnity.

“ The third order is that of St. James : the members of which are known by the appellation of Scarlet Friars. It consists of a multitude of brothers, who are not near so strict as the two former orders, and is likely to become vastly numerous, under the auspices of its great patron, whose bulk is adorned by jollity and good-humour ; and who is moreover very strictly a good liver.

“ Now, Mr. Fitz-Adam, let me ask you whether

these three laudable institutions are not plainly owing to that principle which I have assigned in the beginning of my letter? For what other motive could prompt men to forsake their own elegant houses, to sacrifice domestic and conjugal satisfactions, to neglect the endearing rites of hospitality, in order to cloister themselves among those, with whom they can have no connexion, but upon the aforesaid principles?

“ But since such is the general bent of the human mind, it is become a fit subject for the World to consider by what methods these seminaries may be so multiplied, as to comprehend all ranks and orders of men and women. And if fifty new churches were thought few enough to keep pace with the zeal of good queen Ann’s days, I believe, Mr. Fitz-Adam, you will not think five hundred large mansions of the kind I am speaking of, will be too many for the present. I am,

“ Yours, &c.

“ J. T.”

No. 28. THURSDAY, JULY 12, 1753.

—*Pauci dignoscere possunt
Vera bona, atque illis multum diversa.*—

JUV. SAT. X. 2.

It is a common observation, that though happiness is every man’s aim, and though it is generally pursued by a gratification of the predominant passion, yet few have acuteness enough to discover the points which would effectually procure the long-

sought end. One cannot but wonder that such intense application as most of us bestow on the cultivation of our favourite desires, should yet leave us ignorant of the most essential objects of our study. For my part, I was so early convinced of the truth of this observation, that, instead of searching for what would contribute most to my own happiness, I have spent great part of my life in the study of what may extend the enjoyment of others. This knowledge I flatter myself I have discovered, and shall now disclose to the world. I beg to be attended to: I beg mankind will believe that I know better than any of them what will ascertain the felicity of their lives. I am not going to impart so great, though so often revealed, a secret, as that it is religion or virtue; few would believe me, fewer would try the recipe. In spite of the philosophy of the age, in spite of the gravity of my character, and of the decency which I hope I have hitherto most sanctimoniously observed, I must avow my persuasion that the sensual pleasure of love is the great cordial of life, and the only specific for removing the anxieties of our own passions, or for supporting the injuries and iniquities which we suffer from those of other men.

‘Well!’ shall I be told, ‘and is this your admirable discovery? Is this the arcanum that has escaped the penetration of all inquirers in all ages? What other doctrine has been taught by the most sensible philosophers? Was not this the text of the sermons of Epicurus? Was not this the theory, and practice too, of the experienced Alcibiades? What other were the tenets of the sage lord Rochester, or of the missionary, *saint* Evremont?’ It is very true; and a thousand other founders of sects, nay of religious orders have taught—or at least practised, the same doctrines. But I preterⁿ

to introduce such refinements into the system of sensuality, as shall vindicate the discovery to myself, and throw at a distance the minute philosophers, who, if they were my forerunners, only served to lead the world astray.

Hear, then, in one word, the mysterious precept !
‘ Young women are not the proper object of sensual love : it is the matron, the hoary fair, who can give, communicate, insure happiness.’ I might enumerate a thousand reasons to enforce my doctrine ; as the fickleness of youth, the caprices of beauty and its transient state, the jealousy from rivals, the distraction from having children, the important avocations of dress, and the infinite occupations of a pretty woman, which endanger or divide her sentiments from being always fixed on the faithful lover ; and none of which combat the affections of the grateful, tender, attentive matron. But as one example is worth a thousand reasons, I shall recommend my plan by pointing out the extreme happiness which has attended such discreet heroes as are commemorated in the annals of love for having offered up their hearts at ancient shrines ; and I shall clearly demonstrate by precedents, that several ladies in the bloom of their wrinkles have inspired more lasting and more fervent passions, than the greatest beauties who had scarce lost sight of their teens. The fair young creatures of the present hour will forgive a preference which is the result of deep meditation, great reading, and strict impartiality, when they reflect, that they can scarce contrive to be young above a dozen years, and may be old for fifty or sixty ; and they may believe me, that after forty they will value one lover more than they do twenty now ; a sensation of happiness, which they will find increase as they advance in years. I cannot but observe with pleasure, that the

legislature itself seems to coincide with my way of thinking, and has very prudently enacted, that young ladies shall not enter so early into the bonds of love, when they are incapable of reflection, and of all the serious duties which belong to an union of hearts ; a sentiment which indeed our laws seem always to have had in view ; for unless there was implanted in our natures a strong temptation towards the love of elderly women, why should the very first prohibition in the table of consanguinity forbid a man to marry his grandmother ?

The first heroine we read of, whose charms were proof against the injuries of time, was the accomplished Sarah : I think the most moderate computations make her to be ninety, when that wanton monarch Abimelech would have undermined her virtue. But as, doubtless, the observance of that virtue had been the great foundation of the continuance of her beauty, and as the rigidity of it rather exempts her from, than exposes her as an object of my doctrine, I shall say no more of that lady.

Helen, the beautiful Helen, if there is any trusting to classic parish-registers, was fourscore when Paris stole her ; and, though the war lasted ten years after that on her account, Monsieur Homer, who wrote their romance, does not give any hint of the gallant young prince having showed the least decay of passion or symptom of inconstancy : a fidelity which in all probability was at least as much owing to the experience of the dame, and to her knowledge in the refinements of pleasure, as to her bright eyes, unfaded complexion, or the everlasting lilies and roses of her cheeks.

I am not clear that length of years, especially in heroic minds, does not increase rather than abate the sentimental flame. The great Elizabeth, whose

passion for the unfortunate earl of Essex is justly a favourite topic with all who delight in romantic history, was full sixty-eight when she condemned her lover to death for slighting her endearments. And if I might instance in our own sex, the charming, the meritorious, Antony was not far from seventy before he had so much taste as to sacrifice the meaner passion of ambition, nay the world itself, to love.

But it is in France, that kingdom so exquisitely judicious in the affairs of love, from whence we may copy the arts of happiness, as well as their other discoveries in pleasure. The monarchs of that nation have more than once taught the world by their example, that a fine woman, though past her grand climacteric, may be but just touching the meridian of her charms. Henry the Second and Louis the Fourteenth will be for ever memorable for the passions they so long felt for the duchess of Valentinois, and Madame de Maintenon. The former, in the heat of youth and prospect of empire, became a slave to the respectable attractions of Diana de Poitiers, many years after his injudicious father had quitted the possession of her on the silly apprehension that she was growing old: and, to the last moment of his life and reign, Henry was a constant, jealous adorer of her still ripening charms. When the age was over-run with astrology, superstition, bigotry, and notions of necromancy, king Henry still idolized a woman, who had not only married her grand-daughter, then a celebrated beauty, but who, if any other prince had reigned, was ancient enough to have come within the description of sorcery: so little do the vulgar distinguish between the ideas of an old witch and a fine woman. The passion of the other monarch was no less remarkable. That hero, who had gained so many battles

by proxy, had presided in person at so many tournaments, had raised such water-works, and shed such streams of heretic blood ; and, which was still more glorious, had enjoyed so many of the finest women in Europe ; was at last captivated by an old *gouvernante*, and sighed away whole years at the feet of his venerable mistress, as she worked at her tent with spectacles. If Louis le Grand was not a judge of pleasure, who can pretend to be ? If he was, in favour of what age did he give the golden apple ?

I shall close my catalogue of ancient mistresses with the renowned Ninon Lenclos, a lady whose life alone is sufficient to inculcate my doctrine in its utmost force. I shall say nothing of her numerous conquests for the first half of her life : she had wit, youth, and beauty, three ingredients which will always attract silly admirers. It was not till the fifty-sixth year that her superior merit distinguished itself ; and from that to her ninetieth, she went on improving in the real arts and charms of love. How unfortunate am I, that she did not live a few years longer, that I might have had the opportunity of wearing her chains ! It was in her fifty-sixth year, that the chevalier de Villiers, a natural son whom she had had by the comte de Gerze, arrived at Paris from the provinces, where he had been educated without any knowledge of his real parents. He saw his mother ; he fell in love with her. The increase, the vehemence of his passion gave the greatest disquiets to the affectionate matron. At last, when nothing but a discovery of the truth could put a stop, as she thought, to the impetuosity of his attempts, she carried him into her bed-chamber.—Here my readers will easily conceive the transports of a young lover,

just on the brink of happiness with a charming mistress near threescore! As the adventurous youth would have pushed his enterprizes, she checked him, and pointing to a clock, said, 'Rash boy, look there! at that hour, two-and-twenty years ago, I was delivered of You in this very bed!' It is a certain fact, that the unfortunate abashed young man flew into the garden and fell upon his sword. This catastrophe had like to have deprived the age of the most accomplished mistress that ever adorned the Cytherean annals. It was above twenty years before the afflicted mother would listen to any addresses of a tender nature. At length the polite Abbè de Gedoyne pressed and obtained an assignation. He came, and found the enchanting Ninon lying on a couch, like the grandmother of the loves, in the most gallant dishabille; and, what was still more delightful, disposed to indulge his utmost wishes. After the most charming endearments, he asked her—but with the greatest respect, why she had so long deferred the completion of his happiness? 'Why,' replied she, 'I must confess it proceeded from a remain of vanity: I did pique myself upon having a lover at past fourscore, and it was but yesterday that I was eighty complete.'

No. 29. THURSDAY, JULY 19, 1753.

" TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

" SIR,

" I TROUBLED you some time ago with an account

of my distress, arising from the female part of my family. I told you, that by an unfortunate trip to Paris, my wife and daughter had run stark French; and I wish I could tell you now that they were perfectly recovered: but all I can say is, that the violence of the symptoms seems to abate, in proportion as the clothes that inflamed them wear out.

“ My present misfortune flows from a direct contrary cause, and affects me much more sensibly. — The little whims, affectations, and delicacies of ladies, may be both ridiculous and disagreeable, especially to those who are obliged to be at once the witnesses and the martyrs of them; but they are not evils to be compared with the obstinate wrong-headedness, the idle and illiberal turn of an only son; which is unfortunately my case.

“ I acquainted you, that in the education of my son, I had conformed to the common custom of this country, perhaps I conformed to it too much and too soon; and that I carried him to Paris, from whence, after six months' stay, he was to go on upon his travels, and take the usual tour of Italy and Germany. I thought it very necessary for a young man, though not for a young lady, to be well acquainted with the languages, the manners, the characters, and the constitutions, of other countries; the want of which I experienced and lamented in myself. In order to enable him to keep good company, I allowed him more than I could conveniently afford; and I trusted him to the care of a Swiss governor, a gentleman of some learning, good-sense, good-nature, and good-manners. But how cruelly I am disappointed in all these hopes, what follows will inform you.

“ During his stay at Paris, he only frequented the worst English company there, with whom he

was unhappily engaged in two or three scrapes, which the credit and good-nature of the English ambassador helped him out of. He hired a low Irish wench, whom he drove about in a hired chaise, to the great honour of himself, his family, and his country. He did not learn one word of French, and never spoke to Frenchman or Frenchwoman, excepting some vulgar and injurious epithets, which he bestowed upon them in very plain English. His governor very honestly informed me of this conduct, which he tried in vain to reform, and advised their removal to Italy, which accordingly I immediately ordered. His behaviour there will appear in the truest light to you, by his own and his governor's last letters to me, of which I here give you faithful copies.

‘ SIR,

‘ IN the six weeks that I passed at Florence, and the week I stayed at Genoa, I never had time to write to you, being wholly taken up with seeing things, of which the most remarkable is the steeple of Pisa: it is the oddest thing I ever saw in my life; it stands all awry; I wonder it does not tumble down. I met with a great many of my countrymen, and we live together very sociably. I have been here now a month, and will give you an account of my way of life. Here are a great many very agreeable English gentlemen; we are about nine or ten as smart bucks as any in England. We constantly breakfast together, and then either go and see sights, or drive about the outlets of Rome in chaises; but the horses are very bad, and the chaises do not follow well. We meet before dinner at the English coffee-house; where there is a very good billiard-table, and very good

company. From thence we go and dine together by turns at each other's lodgings. Then after a cheerful glass of claret, for we have made a shift to get some here, we go to the coffee-house again; from thence to supper, and so to bed. I do not believe that these Romans are a bit like the old Romans; they are a parcel of thin-gutted, snivelling, cringing dogs; and I verily believe that our set could thrash forty of them. We never go among them; it would not be worth while; besides, we none of us speak Italian, and none of those Signors speak English; which shows what sort of fellows they are. We saw the Pope go by t'other day in a procession; but we resolved to assert the honour of Old England; so we neither bowed nor pulled off our hats to the old rogue. Provisions and liquor are but bad here; and, to say the truth, I have not had one thorough good meal's meat since I left England. No longer ago than last Sunday we wanted to have a good plum-pudding; but we found the materials difficult to provide, and were obliged to get an English footman to make it. Pray, Sir, let me come home; for I cannot find that one is a jot the better for seeing all these outlandish places and people. But if you will not let me come back, for God's sake, Sir, take away the impertinent *mounseer* you sent with me. He is a considerable expense to you, and of no manner of service to me. All the English here laugh at him, he is such a prig. He thinks himself a fine gentleman, and is always plaguing me to go into foreign companies, to learn foreign languages, and to get foreign manners; as if I were not to live and die in Old England, and as if good English acquaintance would not be much more useful to me than outlandish ones.

Dear Sir, grant me this request, and you shall ever find me

‘ Your most dutiful son,
‘ G. D.’

‘ Rome, May the 3d, 1753.’

“ The following is a very honest and sensible letter, which I received at the same time from my son’s governor.

‘ SIR,

‘ I THINK myself obliged in conscience to inform you, that the money you are pleased to allow me for my attendance upon your son is absolutely thrown away ; since I find, by melancholy experience, that I can be of no manner of use to him. I have tried all possible methods to prevail with him to answer, in some degree at least, your good intentions in sending him abroad ; but all in vain ; and, in return for my endeavours, I am either laughed at or insulted. Sometimes I am called a beggarly French dog, and bid to go back to my own country and eat my frogs ; and sometimes I am mounseer Ragout, and told that I think myself a very fine gentleman. I daily represent to him, that, by sending him abroad, you meant that he should learn the languages, the manners, and characters of different countries, and that he should add to the classical education which you have given him at home, a knowledge of the world, and the genteel easy manners of a man of fashion, which can only be acquired by frequenting the best companies abroad. To which he only answers me with a sneer of contempt, and says, ‘ so be-like-ye, ha !’ I would have connived at the common vices of youth, if they had been attended with the least

degree of decency or refinement; but I must not conceal from you that your son's are of the lowest and most degrading kind, and avowed in the most public and indecent manner. I have never been able to persuade him to deliver the letters of recommendation which you procured him; he says he does not desire to keep such company. I advised him to take an Italian master, which he flatly refused, saying that he should have time enough to learn Italian when he went back to England. But he has taken, of himself, a music master to teach him to play upon the German flute, upon which he throws away two or three hours every day. We spend a great deal of money, without doing you or ourselves any honour by it; though your son, like the generality of his countrymen, values himself upon his expense, and looks upon all foreigners, who are not able to make so considerable a one, as a parcel of beggars and scoundrels; speaks of them, and if he spoke to them, would treat them, as such.

'If I might presume to advise you, Sir, it should be to order us home forthwith. I can assure you that your son's morals and manners will be in much less danger under your own inspection at home, than they can be under mine abroad; and I defy him to keep worse English company in England than he now keeps here. But whatever you may think fit to determine concerning him, I must humbly insist upon my own dismissal, and, upon leave to assure you in person of the respect with which I have the honour to be,

'SIR, yours,' &c.

'Rome, May the 3d, 1753.'

"I have complied with my son's request in consequence of his governor's advice; and have or-

dered him to come home immediately. But what shall I do with him here, where he is but too likely to be encouraged and countenanced in these illiberal and ungentleman-like manners? My case is surely most singularly unfortunate; to be plagued on one side by the polite and elegant foreign follies of my wife and daughter, and on the other by the unconforming obstinacy, the low vulgar excesses, and the porter-like manners of my son.

“ Perhaps my misfortune may suggest to you some thoughts upon the methods of education in general, which, conveyed to the public through your paper, may prove of public use. It is in that view, singly, that you have had this second trouble from,

“ SIR,

“ Your most humble servant and constant reader,
“ R. D.”

I allow the case of my worthy correspondent to be compassionate, but I cannot possibly allow it to be singular. The public places daily prove the contrary too plainly. I confess I oftener pity than blame the errors of youth, when I reflect upon the fundamental errors generally committed by their parents in their education. Many totally neglect, and many mistake it. The ancients began the education of their children by forming their hearts and their manners. They taught them the duty of men and of citizens; we teach them the languages of the ancients, and leave their morals and manners to shift for themselves.

As for the modern species of human bucks, I impute their brutality to the negligence or the fondness of their parents. It is observed in parks, among their betters, the real bucks, that the most troublesome and mischievous are those who were

bred up tame, fondled and fed out of the hand, when fawns. They abuse when grown up, the indulgence they met with in their youth ; and their familiarity grows troublesome and dangerous with their horns.

No. 30. THURSDAY, JULY 26, 1753.

I AM indebted for my paper of to-day to the scrupulous piety of one of my fair correspondents, and to the undeserved, though not uncommon, distresses of another. My readers will, I hope, forgive me the vanity of publishing the compliments paid me in these letters, when I assure them that I had rather what I write should have the approbation of a sensible woman, than that of the gravest and most learned philosopher in England.

“ TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

“ SIR,

“ THE candour which shines so conspicuously in your writings, the deference you express towards the literary productions of women, and the genteel turn you give to every stroke of satire on our foibles, have encouraged me to offer a few female thoughts on the arbitrary power of fashion ; or, as it is more properly and politely rendered, Taste.

“ I am not learned enough to define the meaning of the word, much less am I able to tell you all the different ideas it conveys ; but, according to

its common acceptation, I find that it is applicable to every affectation of singularity, whether in dress, in building, in furniture, or in diversions; and the further we stray from decency or propriety in this singularity, the nearer we approach to taste.

“ The prevalence of the Chinese taste has been very humorously attacked in one of your papers; and the greater prevalence of the Indian taste among us women, I mean the taste of going uncovered, has been as happily treated in another. But there is a taste at present totally different from this last, the impropriety of which can hardly, I think, have escaped your observation, though it has your censure. It is the taste of attending divine service, and of performing the most sacred duties of our religion with a hat on. However trifling this may be deemed in itself, I cannot but consider it in a serious light: and have always, for my own part, refused complying with a fashion, which seems to declare in the observers of it, a want of that awful respect which is due to the Creator from his creatures.

“ If temporal monarchs are to be served with an uncovered head, I mean, if the ceremony of uncovering the head be considered and expected by the higher powers as a mark of reverence and humility; surely reason will suggest that the Supreme over all should be approached and supplicated with at least equal veneration; yet, strange as it may appear to the more thinking part of our sex, this uncouth taste of being hatted prevails in almost all the churches in town and country; matrons of sixty adopting the thoughtless whim of girls in their teens, and each endeavouring to countenance the other in this idle transgression against the laws of decency and decorum.

“ Favour me, Sir, either by inserting this short

letter, or by giving some candid admonitions on the subject after your own manner. I am acquainted with many of your female readers, and am assured that your frequent remarks upon their most fashionable follies will have a proper effect. Reproofs are never so efficacious as when they are tempered with good-humour; a quality which is always to be found in the lucubrations of Mr. Fitz-Adam; among whose admirers I beg to be numbered, and am, SIR,

“ Your humble servant,
“ CLARISSA.”

“ TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

“ To whom, Sir, should the injured fly for redress, but to him who has made the world his province? You will not, I am sure, be offended at my taking this liberty; the Spectator was not above receiving and publishing the epistles of the female sex; nor will you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, who are writing in the cause of virtue, disdain the correspondence of an innocent young creature, who sues to you for consolation in her affliction, and for reproof of one who has broke through all rules of honour and morality. I will make no further preface but proceed.

“ My name and circumstances I need not acquaint you with; let it suffice that I am the daughter of a gentleman, and that my education has been suitable to my birth. It was my misfortune to be left at fifteen without a father; but it was with a mother, who in my earliest infancy had sown the seeds of religion and virtue in my heart; and I think I may, without arrogance, assure you, that they have not been thrown away upon unprofitable ground. After this greatest of losses we retired to a country village, some few miles from town; and there it was, Sir, that I first knew to be wretched.

“ We were visited in this village by a young gentleman, who, as he grew intimate in the family, was pleased to flatter me with an affection, which at first I did not imagine to be real—I ought to have told you that his fortune was independent, and himself neither fool or coxcomb. Young as I was, some little share of experience told me, that gentlemen at his age imagine it a most material branch of politeness to pretend love to every pretty woman they fall in company with: but indeed, Mr. Fitz-Adam, I had a heart that was not to be caught by compliments. I examined his behaviour with the strictest attention; not a grain of partiality or self-love, at least I imagined so, clouded my judgement; the flights of poetry and passion, so common in others, gave place, in him, to modesty and respect; his words, his looks were subservient to mine, and every part of his conduct seemed to speak the sincerity of his love. The approbation of friends was not wanting; and every one expected that a very little time would unite us to each other.

“ For my own part, I built all my hopes of happiness upon this union; and I flattered myself, that, by an obedient and affectionate behaviour, I might make the life of him I sincerely and virtuously loved as happy as my own. But it was not to be! Some common occurrence occasioned our separation; he parted, seemingly, with the greatest regret; asked and obtained permission to write; but some months elapsed without my seeing or hearing from him. Every excuse that partiality could suggest, I framed in his favour; but I had soon more convincing proofs of his neglect of me than either his absence or his silence. On his return, instead of apologizing for his remissness, or of renewing the subject of all our conversations,

he appeared gloomy and reserved; or whenever he inclined to talk, it was in the praises of some absent beauty, or in ridicule of marriage, which he assured me it should be many, many years before any one should prevail with him to think of seriously. With many such expressions, and a few careless visits, during a short stay in the country, he took his leave with the formality of a stranger, and I have never seen him since. Thus, Sir, did he cancel an acquaintance of two years standing; the greatest part of which time he had employed in the most earnest endeavours to convince me that he loved me.

“ If I could accuse myself of any act of levity or imprudence in my behaviour to this gentleman, the consciousness of such behaviour would have prevented me from complaining; but I appeal to his own heart, as well as to all that know me, and he and others who read this letter, will know from whom it comes, in vindication of my conduct.

“ Yet why should I flatter myself that you will take any notice of what I write? This injustice I complain of is no new one; it has been felt by thousands; or, if it had not, I have no invention to give entertainment to my story, or, perhaps to make it interesting to any but my own family, or a few female friends who love me. They will thank you for it, and be obliged: and to make it useful to your readers, tell them in your own words and manner, for I have no one to correct what I write, that the cruellest action a man can be guilty of, is the robbing a young woman of her affections, with no other design than to abandon her. Tell them, Sir, that though the laws take no cognizance of the fraud, the barbarity of it is not lessened: for where the proofs of an injury are such as the law cannot possibly ascertain, or perhaps might over-

look if it could, we claim from honour and humanity, protection and regard.

“How hateful, Mr. Fitz-Adam, among my own sex, is the character of a jilt! Yet men feel not the pangs of disappointed love as we do. From superiority of reason they can resent the injury, or, from variety of employments, can forget the trifler who inflicted it. But with us it is quite otherwise; we have no occupations to call off our attention from disappointment, and no lasting resentment in our natures, I speak from experience, against him who has betrayed us.

“Let me add a word more, and I will have done. If every gentleman of real accomplishments, who has no serious design upon the heart of a woman, would avoid being particular either in conversation or in the civil offices of good breeding, he would prevent many a silent pang and smothered sigh. It is, I am sure, from a contrary behaviour, that many a worthy young creature is hurried to her grave, by a disease not mentioned in the weekly bills, a broken heart. I am with great sincerity,

“SIR,

“Your admirer and constant reader,

“W. S.”

I cannot dismiss this amiable young lady's letter, without observing, that the injustice it complains of will admit of the highest aggravation, if we consider that it is not in human prudence to guard against it. In cases of seduction, the frail one listens to her passions, and not her reason; it is here that the passions are oftentimes directed by reason; and a woman is made miserable for ever, by listening to an offer of being virtuously happy.

No. 31. THURSDAY AUGUST 2, 1753.

Fallit te incautum pietas tua.—

VIRG. *ÆN.* x. 812.

“ TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

“ SIR,

“ YOU will be told at the close of this letter the reason why you are troubled with it. I am a clergyman ; and one, I hope, who has hitherto, as near as the imperfections of his nature would admit, performed the duties of his function. I hope also that I shall give no offence by saying, that I have been more assiduous in teaching the moral duties of Christianity, than in explaining its mysteries, or in gaining the assent of men's tongues to what their minds can have no conception of. The great duty of benevolence, as it was always my second care to inculcate, so it was my second delight to practise. But I am constrained by a fatal succession of experience to declare, that I have been unhappy in the same proportion that I have been benevolent ; and have debased myself, as often as I have endeavoured to raise the dignity of human nature.

“ In the year one thousand seven hundred and thirty-eight, when I was curate of a parish in York, the following article appeared in all the London newspapers.

‘ York, March 25th. This day William Wyatt and John Simpson were executed here for house-breaking. They behaved in a very penitent manner, but made no confession. At the tree the hangman was intoxicated with liquor ; and supposing there were three ordered for execution, was going to put one of the ropes about the parson's neck as

he stood in the cart, and was with much difficulty prevented by the gaoler from so doing.'

"This parson, Sir, was myself; and indeed every part of the article was literally true, except that the gaoler was equally intoxicated with the hangman, and that it was not till after the rope was forced about my neck, and the cart just going off, that the sheriff's officers interfered and rectified the mistake.

"Thus was I in danger of an ignominious death by performing the duties of my office, and, from a tender regard to the souls of those poor wretches, watching their last moments in order to soften their hearts, and bring them to a confession of the crime for which they were to suffer. But the indignity offered to me at the gallows was not all. There are in York, Mr. Fitz-Adam, as well as in London, scoffers at the clergy; and I assure you, upon the veracity of my function, that I hardly ever walked the streets of that city afterwards, without being saluted by the name of the half-hanged parson.

"Time had scarcely taken off the edge of this ridicule, when a worse accident befell me. It was my misfortune to send an advertisement to the Daily Advertiser, setting forth, 'That if a certain young woman', who happened, though I knew it not, to be the most noted harlot upon the town, and who then kept a coffee-house in Covent-garden, 'would apply to the reverend Mr. W. B.', which was myself, and my name printed at full length, 'at the Blue-Boar Inn, Holbourn, she would hear of something greatly to her advantage.'

"The occasion of this advertisement was literally thus. The young woman in question had formerly been a servant at York, and had been basely and wickedly seduced by her master; who, dying a few years after, and feeling the utmost remorse for so injurious an act, was willing to make this unhappy

creature all the atonement in his power, by putting privately into my hands a hundred pounds to be paid her at his decease ; and as he supposed her to be in some obscure service in London, he conjured me in the most solemn manner to find her out, and to deliver the money into her own hands.

“ It was to acquit myself of this trust that I came up to town, and put the above-mentioned advertisement into the Daily Advertiser. The young woman, in consequence of it, came the same day to my inn, and having convinced me that she was the real person, though I wondered to see her so fine a lady, and having received the donation with great modesty and thankfulness, very obligingly invited me to a residence in her house during my stay in London. I made her my acknowledgments, and the more readily embraced the proposal, as she added that the house was large, and that the young ladies, her lodgers, for she let lodgings, she said, to young ladies, were particularly pleased with the conversation of the clergy.

“ I dined with her that day, and continued till evening in the house, without the least suspicion of the occupation of its inhabitants ; though I could not help observing that they treated me with extraordinary freedom ; that their bosoms were uncovered ; and that they were not quite so scrupulous upon certain occasions as our Yorkshire young women ; but as I had never been in town before, and had heard great talk of the freedom of London ladies, I concluded it was the fashionable behaviour ; which, though I did not extremely like, I forbore, through good manners, to find fault with. At about seven in the evening, as I was drinking tea with two of the ladies, I was broke in upon by some young gentlemen, one of whom happened to be the son of a near neighbour of mine at York, who the moment

he saw me, swore a great oath, 'That I was the honestest parson in England; for that the boldest wench of them all would scruple to be sitting in a public room at a bawdy-house with a brace of whores, without locking the door.'

"A loud laugh in which all the company joined, prevented my reproving this young gentleman, as I thought he deserved; but the language and behaviour of the ladies to these gentlemen, and their coarse and indecent jests both upon me and my cloth, opened my eyes to see where and with whom I was. I ran down stairs with the utmost precipitation, and early the next morning took horse for York; where, by the assiduity of the above-mentioned young gentleman my story arrived before me, and I was ridiculed by half my acquaintance for putting myself to the trouble and expense of a journey to town for a brace of wenches, when I must undoubtedly have known that a score of them at York would gladly have obliged me for half the money.

"It was in vain for me to assert my innocence, by telling the whole story: I was a second time made ridiculous, and my function rendered useless in the place where I lived, by the punctual performance of my duty, in religiously observing the last request of a dying friend.

"I quitted York soon after this last disgrace, and got recommended, though with some difficulty, to a curacy in Lincolnshire. Here I lived happily for a considerable time, and became the favourite companion of the squire of the parish. He was a keen sportsman, hearty in his friendships, bitter in his resentments, and implacable to poachers. It so happened, that from about the time of my coming to the parish, this gentleman's park and the country about it were so shamefully robbed of hares, that every body was exclaiming against the thief. For

my own part, as I thought it my duty to detect knavery of every kind, and was fond of all occasions of testifying my gratitude to my patron, I walked out early and late to discover this midnight robber. At last I succeeded in my search, and caught him in the very act of laying his snares ; and who should he be, but the gamekeeper of my benefactor ! This impudent fellow, who saw himself detected, had the address to cry out thief first : and seizing me by the collar, late as it was, dragged me to his master's house. I was really so astonished at his consummate assurance, that I heard myself accused without the power of speaking ; and as a further proof of my guilt, there was found, upon searching me, a great quantity of wire and other things, the use of which was sufficiently obvious, and which my wicked accuser had artfully conveyed into my pocket, as he was leading me to my judge.

To be as little prolix as I can, I was imprisoned, tried, and convicted of the fact ; and after having suffered the utmost rigour of the law, was obliged at last to take shelter in town, to avoid the thousand indignities that were offered me in the country.

“ To particularize every misfortune that has happened to me in London, would be to exceed the bounds of your paper. I shall only inform you of the occurrences of last night.

“ It was past twelve when I was returning to my lodgings from visiting a sick friend. As I passed along the Strand I heard at a little distance from me the sound of blows, and the screams of a woman. I quickened my pace, and immediately perceived a very pretty young creature upon her knees entreating a soldier for mercy, who, by the fury in his looks, and his uplifted cudgel, seemed determined to show none. Common humanity as well as a sense of my duty, impelled me to stop and make my remon-

strance to this barbarous man. The effects of these remonstrances were, that I soon after found myself upon the ground, awaked as it were from a trance, my head broke, my body bruised, my pockets rifled, and the soldier and his lady no where to be found.

“Alas! Mr. Fitz-Adam, if this had been the only misfortune of the night, I had gone home contented; but I had a severer one to undergo. I was comforting myself as I walked along, that I had acted the part of a Christian in regard to these wretches; when a loud cry of thieves and murder, and immediately after it the sight of a gentleman struggling with two ill-looking fellows, again alarmed me. All bruised and bloody as I was, I flew without hesitation to his assistance; and being of an atheletic make and constitution, in a very few minutes delivered him from their clutches; who, as soon as he saw himself at liberty, made the most natural use of it, by running away. I was now left to the mercy of two street robbers, as I thought them, both of whom had so securely fastened upon me as to prevent my escape. But while I was beginning to tell them that I had been already robbed, to my utter confusion they discovered to me that they were bailiffs; that they had arrested the person whom I rescued for thirty pounds; and that I must give security for the debt, or go instantly to prison.

“To come to the close of my unhappy narration, they carried me to one of their houses; from whence I sent to the landlord where I lodged, who having something more than thirty pounds of mine in his hands, all that I am worth in the world! was kind enough to bail me. From a principle of conscience, knowing that I had really made myself the debtor, I would have paid the money immediately,

if it had not occurred to me that the gentleman whom I delivered would, upon reading these particulars in the World, be honourable enough to remit me the sum I stand engaged for on his account. As soon as I see this letter inserted, I shall make myself known to Mr. Dodsley, to whom I desire that the money may be paid : or if the gentleman chooses to come in person and discharge my bail, Mr. Dodsley will be able to inform him at what place I may be found.

"I beg your immediate publication of this letter; and am,

" SIR,

" Your most faithful servant,

" W. B."

"P.S. I forbore to make any mention of watchmen in my account of last night, because I saw none. I suppose that it was not a proper time either for their walking their rounds, or for appearing at their stands."

No. 32. THURSDAY, AUGUST 9, 1753.

" TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

" SIR,

"I WAS greatly surprised, that when in a late paper you were displaying your knowledge in diseases, and in the several specifics for their cure, you should be so very forgetful as never to mention a

malady, which at present is not only epidemical, but of the foulest and most inveterate kind. This malady is called by the learned the *cacoethes carpendi*, and by the vulgar, criticism. It is not more true that every man is born in sin, than that he is born in criticism. For many years indeed the distemper was uncommon, and not dangerous in its consequences; seldom attacking any but philosophers and men of learning, who, from a sedentary life and intense application to books, were more open to its influence than other men. In time, by the infection of dedications, it began to spread itself among the great, and from them, like the gout, or a more noble distemper, it descended to their inferiors, till at last it has infected all ranks and orders of men.

“ But as it is observable that an inhabitant of the fens in Lincolnshire is most liable to an ague, a Yorkshire-man to horse-stealing, and a Sussex-man to smuggling; so it is also observable that the persons most liable to the contagion of criticism, are young masters of arts, students in the Temple, attorneys’ clerks, haberdashers’ prentices, and fine gentlemen.

“ As I had long ago looked upon this distemper to be more particularly English than any other, I determined, for the good of my country, whatever pains it might cost me, to trace it to its first principles; but it was not till very lately that my labours were attended with any certain success. I had discovered in general that the patient had an acidity of blood, which, if not corrected in time, broke out into a kind of evil, which, though no king’s-evil, might possibly, I thought, be cured by touching: but it occurred to me that the touch of an oak-saplin might be much more efficacious than that of the ingenious Mr. Carte’s somebody. A linen-

draper's 'prentice in the neighbourhood happening at that time to be labouring under a severe fit, I hinted this my opinion to his master, who immediately applied the touch; but I will not wrong my conscience by boasting of its effect, having learnt that the lad was seen soon after at a certain coffee-house in the Strand, in all the agonies of the distemper.

"Untired by disappointment, I continued my searches with redoubled diligence; and it is this day that I can felicitate myself, as well as thousands of my countrymen, that they have not been in vain.

"The cause, then, of this loathsome distemper is most certainly wind. This being pent in the bowels for some time, and the rules of good breeding not permitting it, in public places, to take its natural course, it immediately flies up into the head, and, after being whirled about for a while in that empty region, at length discharges itself with great violence upon the organ of speech. This occasions an involuntary motion in that member, which continues with great rapidity for a longer or shorter time, according to the power or force of the original blast which set it in motion. This volubility, or rather vibration of tongue, is accompanied with certain unintelligible sounds, which, like the barkings of persons bit by a mad dog, are the most fatal proofs of the malignity of the distemper.

The late Doctor Monro, who was long ago consulted upon the case, gave it as his opinion, that it was a species of madness, known among the Greeks by the name of *κακοθυμία*, and among the Romans by *malevolentia*. It is said of that great and humane man, that from his concern for these poor creatures, he intended, if he had lived a little longer, to have proposed a new building for their reception, contiguous to that in Moorfields; and as they are quite harmless things, would charitably

have taken them under his own immediate care. The loss of that eminent physician, were it from no other consideration, cannot but be lamented as a public misfortune; his scheme being intended to prevent the contagion of criticism from spreading so universally among his Majesty's subjects. For there is one melancholy circumstance attending this disease, namely, that it is of quicker and more certain infection than the plague: being communicated, like yawning, to a large circle of company in an instant of time; and, what is sufficient confirmation of the cause, the congregated vapour which is emitted at such times, is more disagreeable and offensive than if it had taken its proper and natural course.

“ But the doctor's principal reason for conjecturing this distemper to be madness, was, its being almost continually acted upon by external objects. A man in the hydrophobia will be in agonies at the sight of water or any liquid; and it is very well known that persons afflicted with a criticism, will be thrown into equal agonies at the sight of a new book, pamphlet, or poem. But the greatest and most convulsive of all agonies, are found to proceed from the representation of a new play. I have myself observed upon this occasion a mob of poor wretches sending forth such dismal groans and such piercing shrieks, as have quite moved me: after this they have started up on a sudden, and with all the fury of madmen have torn up the benches from under them, and put an entire stop to an entertainment, which, to pay for a sight of, they have many of them borrowed the money from their masters' tills.

“ That this has the appearance of madness, I cannot deny; yet I have seen a turkey-cock behave with equal fury at the appearance of a woman in a

red petticoat; and I have always imputed it to the silliness of the bird, rather than to any disorder in his brain.

“ But whether this be madness or not, the original cause is most infallibly wind; and to have discovered the cause of any distemper, is to have taken the leading step towards effecting its cure; which is indeed the sole end and design of this letter.

“ Wind, then, being the undoubted cause of that universal disease vulgarly known by the name of criticism, the patient must enter into an immediate and regular course of carminatives. The herbs angelica, fennel, and camomile will be extremely proper for his tea; and the seeds of dill, cummin, anise, carraway, coriander, or cardamum, should never be out of his mouth. These, by the consent of all physicians, are the great dispellers of wind. But that is not all. From whence have they their name of carminatives? Not from this quality; here are no traces of such an etymology; but they are happily possessed of another and more excellent virtue; and that in so eminent a degree, as to take their name from it. This is the power of expelling all the pernicious effects of poetry, verses, songs, *carmina*; all that farrago of trumpery, which is so strangely jumbled together in the intestines of that miserable invalid who labours under the weakness and disorder of criticism. For it is a great mistake in the learned, that these medicines took their name of carminatives from the ancient jugglers in physic accompanying their operation with verses and scraps of poetry, by way of incantation or charm; they certainly obtained this appellation from their wonderful power of expelling that particular species of wind which is engendered in the critic's bowels by reading

of plays, poetry, and other works of wit, too hard for his digestion.

“ That all persons labouring under an habitual and obstinate criticism may be induced to enter into this course of carminatives, I can assure them with great certainty, that the operation of these medicines, notwithstanding the prodigious discharge of crudities which they occasion, is not attended with the least sickness to the patient himself; he has indeed the appearance of a violent fit of the colic; but in reality, he has only the trouble of eructation: all the sickness and nausea usual in other cases of the like nature, being marvellously, in this, transferred to the by-standers.

“ But as all medicines have not equal effects on all constitutions; so this, though sufficient in many cases, may possibly be defective in a few: I have therefore in reserve a secret, which I may venture to pronounce will prove of great utility. It is this: Let every man who is afflicted with this scrofulous disease immediately turn author. And if it should so happen, as it is not absolutely impossible, that his compositions should not be adapted to every body's taste, it will infallibly work so upon his stomach, as entirely to purge off those indigested particles, to which all this foul wind was originally owing. For it is true to a proverb, that if you hang a dog upon a crab-tree, he will never love verjuice.

“ I am, SIR,

“ Your most humble servant

“ B. D.”

I am sorry, in one particular, to differ in opinion with my ingenious correspondent. But I cannot allow that a critic's turning author will cure him of his malevolence; having always found that the most

difficult people in the world to be pleased, are those who know experimentally that they want talents to please.

No. 33. THURSDAY, AUGUST 16, 1753.

It has lain upon my conscience for some time, that I have taken no notice of those of my correspondents, whose letters to me, for reasons of state, have been withheld from the public. Several of these gentlemen have favoured me with their assistance from the kindest motives. They have discovered that I am growing dull, and have therefore very generously sent me some of their own wit, to restore me to reputation. But as I am not sure of a constant supply of these brilliant epistles, I have been cautious of inserting them: knowing that when once a bottle of claret is set upon the table, people are apt to make faces at plain port.

There are other gentlemen to whom I am no less obliged. These have taken it for granted, that as I declared in my first paper against meddling with religion, I must certainly be an infidel: upon which supposition they have been pleased to shower in upon me, what they call, their free thoughts: but these thoughts, as I have hitherto given no assurances of my infidelity, are rather too free for this paper. And besides, as I have always endeavoured to be new, I cannot consent to publish any thing so common as abuse upon religion.

But the majority of these my private correspondents are politicians. They approved, they tell me, of my neutrality at first; but matters have been so managed lately by those in power, that it is the part

of every honest man to become an opposer. The compliments which these gentlemen are pleased to pay my abilities, are the highest satisfaction to me. Their letters do me the honour to assure me, that if I will but exert myself, the ministry must do exactly as I would have them; and that the next general election will certainly take whatever turn I have a mind to give it.

I am very far from denying that I have all this power; but I have ever been of opinion that it is greater to save than to destroy: for which reason I am willing to continue the present administration a little longer; though at the same time I must take the liberty of declaring, that if I find the popular clamours against a late act of Parliament to be true, namely, that it will defeat all the prophecies relating to the dispersion of the Jews; or that the new Testament is to be thrown out of our bibles and common-prayer books; or that a general circumcision is certainly to take place soon after the meeting of the new Parliament; I say, when these things are so, I shall most assuredly exert myself as becomes a true-born Englishman.

I confess very freely that I had conceived some dislike to the marriage bill; having been assured by the maid-servant where I lodge, that after the 25th day of next March, no young woman could be married without taking her bible oath that she was worth fifty pounds. But as I have read the bill since, and have found no such clause in it, I am tolerably well satisfied.

To those of my correspondents who are angry with me for not having endeavoured to inculcate some serious moral in every one of these papers, I shall just take notice, that I am writing essays, and not sermons. But though I do not avowedly once a week attack envy, malice, and uncharitableness,

I hope that a paper now and then written with pleasantry and good-humour, though it should have no direct moral in view, may so amuse and temper the mind, as to guard it against the approaches of those tormenting passions. There is nothing truer than that bad spirits and ill-humour are the parents of misery and mischief; he, therefore, who can lead the imagination from gloom and vapours to objects of cheerfulness and mirth, is a useful member of society.

Having now discharged my conscience of its burthen, I shall close this paper with a letter which I received yesterday by the penny post. I insert it here to show, that a late very serious essay of mine, calculated for the support and delight of ladies in years, has done real harm; while others of a gayer nature, and without a moral, have been perfectly inoffensive.

“ TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

“ SIR,

“ THAT you have been the occasion of misery to an innocent woman is as true, as that I hope I may acquit you of any evil intention: you have indeed misled me, but it is another who has wronged me. Yet if I had not used my utmost endeavours, and practised every honest art to get redress from this unjust person, I should neither desire nor deserve a place in your paper.

“ But alas! Sir, while I am prefacing my sad story, through a too modest reluctance to begin it, I am fearful that you will mistake me for some credulous young creature, who has yielded up her honour to betraying man. Indeed, Mr. Fitz-Adam, I am no such person, being at present in my fifty-sixth year, and having always entertained such an aversion to impurity, as to be ready to die with

shame even of my very dreams, when they have sometimes happened to tend that way. But how has my virtue been rewarded!—I will conceal nothing from you, Sir, though my cheeks are glowing with shame as well as indignation.—I am wronged, barbarously wronged, and will complain.

“The hand that is now penning this letter was three tedious weeks ago given at the altar to the most unworthy of men—Forgive me, Sir, a moment’s pause—I cannot think of what I am without exclaiming in the bitterness of my heart, how cruelly I am disappointed! I will be particular in my relation.

“My father was a country gentleman of a good estate, which by his death, that happened near two months ago, devolved to me as his only child. It was matter of wonder to our neighbours, that a person so agreeable as I was thought to be, and who had been marriageable a good while, for as I mentioned before, I am in my fifty-sixth year, should be suffered to live single to so ripe an age. To say the truth, I could never account for this wonder, any otherwise than from that excess of delicacy which I always observed in my conversation with the men, and which, in all probability, prevented them from declaring themselves.

“As soon as I had performed the last duties to my father, I came up to town, and took lodgings in Bury-street—Would it had been in Pall-mall, or a street still wider! for then I might have escaped the observation of a tall well made gentleman from Ireland, who, unfortunately for my peace, lodged directly over the way.

“I will not trouble you with the methods he took from his window to engage my attention, or with what passed between us on his being permitted to visit me. All I shall say is, that whatever ground

he had gained in my heart, it might have proved a difficult task for him to have carried me without a settlement, if 'The World' of July the 12th, upon the love of elderly women, had not fallen into my hands. Before the reading of that fatal paper, I had suspicions that my person might possibly be less desirable than my fortune; but now I believed, and my wishes assisted my belief, that he languished to possess me. I read the story of Ninon L'Enclos above a dozen times over; and I rejoiced to find myself of the exact age of that lady, when her charms had such an ascendancy over the unfortunate De Villiers.

"My lover found me with the paper in my hand. I read it to him; and he confirmed me in my opinion, by wishing himself the Abbé Gedoyn, and his angel, as he called me, eighty years old, that he might be as happy as the Frenchman. In short, being now thoroughly convinced that the only object of a sincere, fervent, and lasting passion in a young man, was a woman in years, I made no secret to him of my inclinations; and the very next morning we were publicly married.

"Alas! Sir, were you in jest or earnest when you wrote that paper? I have a melancholy reason for believing you were in jest. And is a woman of fifty-five then so undesirable an object? Is she not to be endured? Or are all men deceivers? No; that is impossible; it is I only that am deceived. I dare not say more, unless it be to tell you, that a fortune of thirty thousand pounds is rather too much to be given in exchange for a mere name, when, if you knew the whole truth, I have no real right to any name but my maiden one. I am, by no name at all,

"SIR,

"Your most humble servant."

No. 34. THURSDAY, AUGUST 23, 1753.

WHEN I declared against meddling with politics in these my lucubrations, I meant only that kind of politics, or art of government, which is so learnedly and logically reasoned upon in all the coffee-houses and barbers' shops of this great metropolis ; intending, as it is my province, to take cognizance of any particular act of the legislature, that, contrary to its intention, has been prejudicial to the morals of my fellow-citizens.

But it is the repeal of an act of parliament, and not the act itself, that I am now about to complain of. The act I mean is the witch act. I am not considering the repeal of this act as affecting our religious belief, according to the Scotch proverb, 'Tauk away the deel, and good hwee to the Lord.' I think of it only in a moral light, as it has given such encouragement to witchcraft in this kingdom, that one hardly meets with a grown person either in public or private, who is not, more or less, under its influence.

Whoever attends to the sermon at church, or listens to the conversation of grave and good men, will hear and believe that the present age is the most fruitful in wickedness of any since the Deluge. Whether these gentlemen have discovered the true reason of this depravity, or whether the discovery has been reserved for me, I will not pretend to determine; but certain it is, that the repeal of an act of parliament, which was meant to restrain the

power of the devil, by inflicting death upon his agents, must infallibly give him a much greater influence over us, than he ever could have hoped for, during the continuance of such an act.

I am well aware that there are certain of my readers who have no belief in witches ; but I am willing to hope they are only those, who either have not read, or else have forgot, the proceedings against them, published at large in the state trials; if there is any man alive who can deny his assent to the positive and circumstantial evidence given against them in those trials, I shall only say that I pity most sincerely the hardness of his heart.

That the devil may truly be said to be let loose among us by the repeal of this act, will appear beyond contradiction, if we take a survey of the general fascination that all ranks and orders of mankind seem at present to be under.

What is it but witchcraft that occasions that universal and uncontrollable rage of play, by which the nobleman, the man of fashion, the merchant and the tradesman, with their wives, sons, and daughters, are running headlong to ruin? What is it but witchcraft that conjures up that spirit of pride and passion for expense, by which all classes of men, from his grace at Westminster to the salesman at Wapping, are entailing beggary upon their old age, and bequeathing their children to poverty and the parish? Again, is it possible to be accounted for, from any natural cause, that persons of good sense and sober dispositions should take a freak four or five times in a winter, of turning their houses into inns; cramming every bed-chamber, closet, and corner with people whom they hardly know; stifling one another with heat; blocking up the streets with chairs and coaches; offending themselves and pleasing nobody; and all

this for the vain boast of having drawn together a greater mob than my lady Somebody, or the honourable Mr. Such-a-one? That nothing but witchcraft can be the occasion of so much folly and absurdity, must be obvious to the common sense of all mankind.

Another and more melancholy proof of the power of witchcraft, is, that a wife may be beautiful in her person, gentle in her manners, fond of her husband, watchful for his quiet, careful of his interest, kind to his children, cheerful to his friends, and obliging to all; yet be yoked to a wretch so blind to his own happiness, as to prefer to her endearments the hired embraces of a diseased prostitute, loathsome in her person, and a fury in her disposition. If this is not witchcraft, I should be glad to know of such a husband what name I may call it by. Among the lower kind of tradesmen, for every dealer even in broken glass bottles has his *fille de joie*, it is a common thing for a husband to kick his wife out of doors in the morning, for his having submitted over-night to a good drubbing from his mistress.

It would be endless to take notice of every argument that suggests itself in proof of witchcraft; I shall content myself with only one more, which I take to be incontestible. This is the spirit of jacobitism, which is so well known to possess many of his Majesty's Protestant subjects in this kingdom. That a poor Highlander in Scotland may be a jacobite without witchcraft, I am ready to allow; zeal for a lost cheeld of the gude house of Stuart may have eaten him up: but that an English country gentleman, who is really no papist in his heart, or that a wealthy citizen of London, who goes to church every Sunday, and joins in the prayers for the present royal family, should be drinking daily

to the restoration, as he calls it, of a popish bigot, who would burn him at Smithfield the next week for not going to mass, and whose utmost merit is his precarious descent from a family, remarkable for little else than pedantry, obstinacy, debauchery, and enthusiasm; that such a person should be a jacobite, or, in other words, an enemy to the best of kings, and the wisest of constitutions, cannot possibly be accounted for but by the power of witchcraft.

From all these considerations it is much to be wished that a new witch act may take place next session of parliament. *Vox populi est vox Dei*, is a wise and a true saying; and that the *vox populi* is in favour of such an act, let the late proceedings at Tring, and some similar occurrences in other parts of England, bear testimony.

That the legislature may be further induced to take this matter into consideration, I am clearly of opinion, that the passing such an act will go a great way towards silencing the clamours which have gone forth so grievously against the Jew bill: for it is shrewdly suspected that the same people who imagined their religion to be at stake by the repeal of the one, are at present under the most terrible consternation at the passing of the other: and besides, it will be a convincing proof to all sorts of persons, that the administration is as well inclined to discourage the devil, as it is to favour the Jews; a circumstance which, as matters stand at present, seems to want confirmation.

In the mean time, I entreat all my readers, as much as in them lies, to be upon their guard against witches: for the better discovery of whom, as the law does not admit of the usual trials by fire and water, I shall here set down all I know or have been told upon the subject. If a woman

turned of eighty, with gray hairs upon her chin, and a high-crowned hat on, should be seen riding upon a broomstick through the air, or sailing in an egg-shell upon the Thames in a high wind, you may almost swear that she is a witch. If, as often as you see any particular old woman, you feel a pricking of pins all over you, or if your stomach be sick, and should happen to discharge a great quantity of the said pins, or if, while you are speaking to this old woman, she should suddenly transform herself into a horse without a head, or any such uncommon animal, you may very fairly conclude that she is no other than a witch. In such cases it will be a happy circumstance if you are able to say the Lord's prayer: for, by repeating it three times to yourself, she becomes as harmless as a babe.

A lady of my acquaintance, who has often been bewitched, assures me of her having detected multitudes of these hags, by laying two straws one across the other in the path where they are to tread. It is wonderful, she says, to see how a witch is puzzled at these straws: for that, after having made many fruitless attempts to step over them, she either stands stock still, or turns back. But to secure yourself within doors against the enchantment of witches, especially if you are a person of fashion, and have never been taught the Lord's prayer, the only method I know of is, to nail a horseshoe upon the threshold. This I can affirm to be of the greatest efficacy; insomuch that I have taken notice of many a little cottage in the country, with a horseshoe at its door, where gaming, extravagance, routs, adultery, jacobitism, and all the catalogue of witchcrafts, have been totally unknown.

I shall conclude this paper by signifying my in-

tention, one day or other, of hiring a porter, and of sending him with a hammer and nails, and a large quantity of horse-shoes to certain houses in the purlieus of St. James's. I believe it would not be amiss, as a charm against play, if he had orders to fix a whole dozen of these horse-shoes at the door of White's. From St. James's he shall have directions to proceed to the city, and to distribute the remainder of his burthen among the thresholds of those doors, in which the witchcraft of jacobitism has been most suspected to enter.

NO. 35. THURSDAY, AUGUST 30, 1753.

“ TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

“ SIR,

“ THAT you may know who it is that offers you his correspondence, and how qualified I am to make a figure in the World, I shall let you into the secret of my birth and history.

“ I have the honour to be descended from the ancient family of the Limbertongues, in Staffordshire. My grandfather was of the cabinet with Oliver Cromwell; but unfortunately happening to whisper a secret of some importance to his wife, the affair unaccountably became public, and sentence of dismission was immediately passed upon him. My father was decypherer to king William. It was by his diligence and address that the assassination plot

and some other combinations in that reign were brought to light. But being somewhat too officious in his zeal, he was suspected of betraying the secrets of his office, the better, as is supposed, to insinuate himself into those of the opposition, and was discarded with disgrace. With a fortune barely sufficient for support, he retired to his native village in Staffordshire; and soon after marrying the daughter of an unbeneficed clergyman in the neighbourhood, he had issue male, the writer of this letter.

“ My earliest infancy gave indications of an inquisitive mind; and it was my father’s care to implant in me, with the first knowledge of words, an insatiable desire to communicate. At twelve year’s old I discovered the frailty of a maiden aunt, and brought the curate of the parish into disgrace. A young lady of uncommon discretion, who boarded in the family, was so delighted with the story, that she made me a party in all her visits, to give me new occasions of relating it; but happening one evening to steal a little abruptly upon the retirement of this lady, I discovered her in the prettiest familiarity imaginable with the harlequin of a strolling company.

“ It was about this time that a fever carried my mother to her grave. My father for some weeks was inconsolable; but making an acquaintance with an inn-keeper’s daughter in the village, and marrying her soon after, he became the gayest man alive. By the direction of my new mother, who, for unknown reasons, grew uneasy at my prying disposition, I was sentenced to a grammar-school at fifty miles’ distance. Mortified as I was at first, I began early to relish this change of life. A new world was open to me for discovery: I wormed myself into the secrets of every boy, and made immediate information to the master. Many were the whippings upon

these occasions ; but as my heart always felt for the mischiefs of my tongue, I was the first to condole with the sufferer, and escaped suspicion by my humanity. But all human enjoyments are transitory. It happened in the course of my discoveries, that by a perverse boy's denying the fact he was charged with, I was unfortunately called up to give evidence against him ; and though I delivered it with the strictest regard to truth, I found the whole school in combination against me, and every one branded me with the name of tell-tale.

“ From this unlucky accident, hardly a day passed but I was called upon to answer facts which I never committed, and was as certainly punished for denying them. I was buffeted and abused by every boy, and then whipped for quarrelling ; or if any thing was missing in the school, it was constantly found in one of my coat pockets, or locked up safely in my trunk. During this continued state of persecution, I wrote repeatedly to my father for leave to return home : but the government of that family was transferred, and admittance to it, even at common vacation times, denied me. At the end of five years, however, and, as you will soon be informed, to my utter disgrace, I obtained the favour of passing the Christmas holidays at home.

“ The morning after my arrival, I perceived at breakfast, by the demure looks of the maid, and now and then a side wink at her mistress, that there were secrets in the family. It was not long before I discovered some particular familiarities between my mother-in-law and a spruce exciseman in the neighbourhood. The room I lay in was the next to her's ; but unadvisedly attempting a small peep-hole in the wainscot, I unluckily bored through the face of my father's picture, which hung on the other side ; by which misfortune I underwent the mort-

fication of a discovery, and the severest discipline I ever felt. Stung with the reproaches I met with from this adventure, I doubled my assiduities, and had the satisfaction of discovering one afternoon in the garden, that the exciseman and my mother were made of the very same flesh and blood with the curate and my aunt. My father happening to be engaged at the next village, I had time to go from house to house to inform the parish of his disgrace : but how great was my surprise, when at my return home, instead of gaining credit to my story, my mother had art enough to turn the mischief upon myself, and to get me driven out of doors as the most wicked of incendiaries.

“ Enraged as I was at my father’s inhumanity, I fell upon my knees in the street, and made a solemn oath never to enter his doors again, whatever misery might be the consequence. With this resolution, and somewhat more than a guinea in my pocket, which I had saved from the benefactions of some particular friends at my return from school, I took the road, by moon-light, for London. Nothing remarkable occurred to me on the way, till the last mile of my journey ; when joining company with a very civil gentleman, who was kind enough to conduct me over the fields from Islington, and giving him a history of my life, I found this humane stranger so touched with my misfortunes, as to offer me a bed at his own house, and a supply of whatever money I wanted, till provision could be made for me. Such unexpected generosity drew tears from me. I thanked him for his goodness ; and showing him a guinea, which was yet unbroken, I told him the favour of his house would be sufficient obligation. I was indeed a little surprised to find at that very instant my benefactor’s pistol at my breast, and a menace of immediate death, if I re-

fused to deliver : but you will imagine, Mr. Fitz-Adam, that I could withhold nothing from so kind a friend ; and obligations being thus mutual between us, he left me to pursue my way with a few half-pence in my pocket.

“ To particularize my distresses on my first arrival in town, would be to write a volume instead of a letter. In a short time my inquisitive talents were taken notice of, and I commenced business in the post of retainer to a bailiff’s follower : but forgetting that secrecy was necessary to my commission, I communicated my errand wherever I was sent upon the look out, and gave many a fine gentleman time to escape. This employment, though of short duration, got me a natural interest among the lawyers ; and by the merit of scholarship, as well as writing a tolerable hand, I succeeded in time to the smart post of clerk to a solicitor. But here too it was my misfortune to be a little too unguarded in my discoveries, for happening sometimes to be sent abroad with bills of costs for business never done, and fees never paid, I found it impossible to conceal any thing from the clients, and was discarded as a betrayer of my master’s secrets. In the course of a few years I was obliged to combat necessity in the various characters of a poet, a ballad-singer, a soldier, a tooth-drawer, a mountebank, an actor, and a travelling tutor to a Buck. In this last post, I might have lived with ease and profit, if I could have concealed from my pupil that he was the plague of every country he came to, and the disgrace of his own. By gradual progression, and having acquired some knowledge of French, I rose in time to be assistant-secretary to an envoy abroad. Here it was that my inquiring mind began to be of service to me ; but happening in a few months to make discovery of certain transactions

not much to the honour of my master, and being detected in transmitting them to my friends in England, I was discarded from my office with contempt and beggary. Upon this occasion my necessities hurried me to an act of guilt, that my conscience will for ever upbraid me with: for being thus deserted in a country where charity was unfashionable, and reduced to the very point of starving, I renounced my religion for bread, and became a brother of the Mendicants of St. Francis. Under the sanctity of this habit, and from the example of the brotherhood, I led a life of profligacy and wantonness. But though my conscience was subdued, my tongue retained its freedom: for it was my misfortune one day, through ignorance of my company, to betray the secrets of a lady's confession to her own husband. The story began to spread; and it was by a sort of miracle that I found the means of escaping with life.

“ At my return into England, I made a solemn renunciation of my apostasy; and by the favour of a certain great man, became of consequence enough for the service of a ministerial writer. My performances for some time were highly applauded: but being a little too fond of communicating objections for the sake of answering them, I was accused of weakening the cause, and ordered to look out for other employment. Enraged at the injustice of this treatment, I devoted my pen to the service of patriotism; but being somewhat too indiscreet in my zeal, and occasionally hinting to the world that my employers were only contending for power, I had the sentence of dismissal passed upon me for in-advertency.

“ Being thus driven from all employment, and neither inclined nor able to conquer the bent of my mind, I began seriously to consider how I might

turn this very disposition to advantage. In the midst of these reflections it occurred to me that the ladies were naturally open-hearted like myself, and that if I tendered them my services, and supplied them with scandal upon all their acquaintance, I might find my account in it. But as wicked as this town is thought to be, and as knowing as I was in what was doing in it, I soon found that the real occurrences of life were too insipid for the attention of these fair ones, and that I must add invention to facts, or be looked upon as a trifler. I accordingly laid about me with all my might, and by a judicious mixture of truth and lies, succeeded so well, that in less than two months I carried off a dowager of quality, and am at present a very resigned widower with a handsome fortune.

“ This, Sir, is my history ; and as I cannot keep any thing I know, and as I know almost every thing that people would wish to keep, I intend myself the honour of corresponding with you often ; and am,

“ SIR,

“ Your most humble servant,

“ NIC LIMBERTONGUE.”

I accept of Mr. Limbertongue's correspondence with all my heart. The varieties he has experienced will enable him to furnish useful cautions, and instructive entertainment. The ladies will be taught to avoid scandal by virtue ; and the men either to reform or conceal their vices, while the tell-tale is abroad.

No. 36. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1753.

I WAS formerly acquainted with a very honest old gentleman, who, as often as he was asked at the tavern how his wife did, never failed to assure us, 'that he did not come abroad to be put in mind of his wife.' I could wish with all my heart that those persons who are married to the town for at least eight months in the year, would, upon their removal into the country, forget the amusements of it, and attach themselves to those pleasures which are to be found in groves and gardens, in exercise and temperance. But as fond as we are of variety, and as pleasing as the changes of the seasons are generally acknowledged to be, it is observable that in all the large villages near London, the summer seems only to be endured, as it is made to resemble the winter in town. Routs, visits, assemblies, and meetings for drinking, are all the pleasures that are attended to; while the meadows and corn fields, where

— the milk-maid singeth blythe,
And the mower whets his scythe,

are neglected and despised.

I have received a letter upon this subject, which, for its candour and good sense, I shall lay before my readers for the speculation of to-day.

" TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

" SIR,

" In this season of universal migration, when the fireworks of Marybone, and the tin-works of Vaux-

hall are deserted for the salutary springs of Tunbridge, Cheltenham, and Scarborough; it would not be amiss, methinks, if you were to give us your opinion of those seats of idleness and pleasure, health and gaiety. Or suppose you should extend your views still further, and tell us what you think in general of summer amusements, and the fashionable employments of rural life? To supply in some measure this defect, give me leave to acquaint you with the principal occurrences that engaged my attention very lately, in a ten days' retirement in the country.

“As the friend I visited was a man who had seen much of the world; as his wife and daughters were adorned with all the accomplishments of genteel life; and as they were no less admired for their understandings than their persons; my expectation was raised and flattered with the pleasing, yet reasonable thought of passing my time with no less improvement than delight, in a situation where art and nature conspired to indulge my utmost wishes.—But how grievously disappointed was I to find, that whenever I walked out I must walk alone; and even then was sure to be reproached: in the afternoon, for rising before the bottle was out; and in the evening, for breaking a set of cards! The former part of my conduct disobliged the men, and the latter offended the ladies. Scarce could I reach the end of the avenue, before my friend, with a gentle rebuke, summoned me back to give a toast; and hardly could I contemplate the view from the terrace, before Miss Kitty would come running to tell me that the rubber was up, and that it was my turn to cut in. This, I doubt, is too general a complaint to be soon redressed; yet it is not less a grievance. That persons so well qualified for giving and re-

ceiving the pleasures of conversation, should thus agree to banish thought, at least all subjects that are worth the thinking of, must be almost incredible to those who are unacquainted with polite life. That a season, in which all the beauties of nature appear to such advantage, should be thus thrown away, and as much disregarded as the depth of winter, seems utterly inexcusable, and in some degree immoral. 'How,' thought I to myself, 'can talents designed for the noblest purposes be thus perverted to the meanest? Is it the sole province of wit to give toasts, and of beauty to shuffle cards? How are the faculties of reason suspended, while those of passion alone prevail! Since it is no less certain that the sweetest temper may be destroyed by cards, than that the best constitution may be ruined by wine.' These were my usual reflections as I returned to my company, chagrined and disappointed at the loss of a walk, which, though a solitary one, I should always prefer to the pleasures of the bottle, or a party at whist by daylight, in the best assembly in England.

"Be so good Mr. Fitz-Adam, as to espouse the cause of injured nature, and remonstrate loudly against this enormous barbarity of killing the summer. Let cards prevail in winter, and in cities only: too much of them do we see in this great town to desire them elsewhere. Let drinking be confined to election dinners and corporation feasts, and not continue, as it too much does, imperceptibly to make havock of our private families. Assure the ladies, the young ones I mean, that however their mothers may instruct them by example, or whatever they themselves may think, anxiety and disappointment, hope and fear, are no improvers of their beauty: that Venus never kept her court at a rout;

and that the arrows of Cupid are not winged with cards. Let them take but one walk, and the milk-maid that gives them a syllabub at the end of it, will convince them that air and exercise are the true preservatives of health and beauty, and will add more lively bloom and fresher roses to their cheeks than all the rouge of French art, or all the flush of English avarice. Inform the men, if they know it not already, that though they may esteem themselves sober when they are not dead drunk, and possibly may never be in a state of intoxication, yet drinking to any degree of excess will certainly hurt, if not totally ruin their constitutions, and be the sure, though perhaps slow, occasions, of rheumatisms, gouts, dropsies, and death itself. Many instances of this will occur in the sphere of every one's acquaintance; and if some of the deceased have lived fifty or sixty years, it is hardly to be doubted, that had this barbarous custom never prevailed, their lives might have been extended to at least seventy or eighty.

“ In short, while these practices continue, by which every rural delight is entirely lost, country seats may be esteemed an idle expense, and a useless burthen. London is certainly the fittest place for either the bottle or cards: it is there that the gentlemen may pursue the one, and the ladies the other, without being interrupted by such troublesome guests as myself, who may be now and then desirous of picking a nosegay, or of listening to the nightingale. For in vain does nature lavish her charms, if they are thus neglected; in vain do the birds sing, if no one hears them; and in vain do the flowers blow, if they blow

— unseen,

And waste their sweetness on the desert air.

“ But if these polite persons will continue to re-

side in the summer at their country seats, merely because it is the fashion, it would be no unfriendly office to spare them the mortification of continually gazing upon unwelcome objects. In order, therefore, to fix their attention to the most important concerns, I would humbly propose, and I doubt not but the proposal would meet with their approbation, that immediately after dinner the windows be closed, and the light of the sun be exchanged for that of wax candles; by which means the gentlemen over their bottle, in one room, may uninterruptedly harangue on hounds and horses, while the ladies, in another, may be shut up till midnight with cards and counters. And that the latter may be spared the disquiet of having recourse on a Sunday to fields and gardens, I mean, if their mammas or husbands should happen to be so enthusiastically rigid as to forbid gaming upon that day, let it be lawful for them to lie abed and study Mr. Hoyle.

“ I am, SIR,

“ Your most humble servant,

“ RUSTICUS.”

No. 37. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1753.

THE following letter is written with so much nature and simplicity, that rather than curtail it of its length, I have thought proper, as I once did before, to extend my paper to another half sheet.

“ TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

“ SIR,

“ I AM the widow of a merchant, with whom I lived happily, and in affluence of many years. We had no children, and when he died he left me all he had ; but his affairs were so involved, that the balance which I received, after having gone through much expense and trouble, was no more than one thousand pounds. This sum I placed in the hands of a friend of my husband's, who was reckoned a good man in the city, and who allowed me an interest of four per cent. for my capital ; and with this forty pounds a year I retired, and boarded in a village about a hundred miles from London.

“ There was an old lady of great fortune in that neighbourhood, who visited often at the house where I lodged : she pretended, after a short acquaintance, to take a great liking to me : she professed a friendship for me, and at length persuaded me to come and live with her.

“ Between the time of taking this my resolution and putting it into execution, I was informed that this lady, whom I shall call Lady Mary, was very unequal in her humours, and treated her inferiors and dependents with that insolence which she imagined her superior fortune gave her a right to make use of.

“ But as I was neither her relation nor dependent, and as all that I desired from her was common civility, I thought that whenever her ladyship or her house became disagreeable to me, I could retire to my old quarters, and live in the same manner as I did before I became acquainted with her ; and upon the strength of this reasoning, I packed up my clothes, paid off my lodgings, and was conveyed by

VOL. XXII.

T

my Lady Mary in her own coach to her mansion-house.

“ For the first year she treated me with civility and confidence; but in that time I could not help observing that she had no affection for any body. I found out that she did not love her nearest relations, who were highly esteemed by all the rest of the neighbourhood; and therefore I gave but little credit to all the protestations of friendship which she was continually making to me.

“ She told me all that she knew, and more than she knew; and insinuated to me, that I was to look upon the trust she reposed in me as the strongest proof of the highest friendship. But these insinuations lost their effect; for I knew by experience, that there are many people, of which number her ladyship was one, that often have a need to unbosom themselves, who must have somebody to impart their secrets to, and who, when they know any thing that ought not to be told, are never at ease till they tell it.

“ But to proceed in my story. One day, when her ladyship had treated me with uncommon kindness, for my having taken her part in a dispute with one of her relations, I received a letter from London, to inform me that the person in whose hands I had placed my fortune, and who till that time had paid my interest money very exactly, was broke, and had fled the kingdom.

“ Lady Mary, in her fits of friendship, had offered me presents, and perhaps the oftener, because I always refused them. She had sometimes told me how desirous she was to do me good in any thing that lay within her power. But in those days I had the inexpressible happiness of having no wish or view beyond what my little fortune could afford me; and I was truly sensible of, and blessed in, the heart-

felt satisfaction of independence. Imagine then, Sir, what I felt at the receipt of the above-mentioned letter. All that I shall say to you about what it produced, is, that I took my resolution immediately. I carried the letter in my hand to Lady Mary; but before I gave it to her, I told her, that I had never doubted the sincerity of her friendship, and that I was thoroughly sensible of the kindness with which she treated me. I put her in mind of the presents which she had offered me, and added, that while I was not in want of her assistance, I thought it wrong to accept of them; but the time was now come when her friendship was likely to become my only support; that it would be unjust in me to suspect that I should not receive it; and that the letter I then gave her would tell her all, and spare my tears.

“ Her ladyship immediately read it over with more attention than emotion; but after returning it to me, she embraced me and assured me, in a condoling voice, that however great my misfortunes might be, she could not help feeling some satisfaction in thinking, that it was in her power to alleviate them, by giving me proofs of her unalterable friendship; that her house, her table, her servants, should always continue to be mine; that we should never part while we lived, and that I should feel no change in my condition from this unhappy alteration of my circumstances.

“ To any body that knew her ladyship less than I did, these words would have afforded matter of great consolation; but when I retired to my chamber, and reflected upon my past and present situation, I saw that I had every thing to regret in the one, and very little to hope for from the other; and the following day convinced me of the manner in which I was to lead my future life.

"Whenever Lady Mary spoke to me, she had hitherto called me Mrs. Truman; but the very next morning at breakfast she left out Mrs.; and upon no greater provocation than breaking a tea-cup, she made me thoroughly sensible of her superiority and my dependence. 'Lord! Truman, you are so awkward! Pray be more careful for the future, or we shall not live long together. Do you think I can afford to have my china broke at this rate, and maintain you into the bargain?'

"From this moment I was obliged to drop the name and character of friend, which I had hitherto maintained with a little dignity, and to take up that which the French call *complaisante*, and the English humble companion. But it did not stop here; for in a week I was reduced to be as miserable a toad-eater as any in Great Britain, which in the strictest sense of the word is a servant; except that the toad-eater has the honour of dining with my lady, and the misfortune of receiving no wages.

"The beginning of my servitude was being employed in small business in her ladyship's own presence.—Truman fetch this; Truman, carry that; Truman, ring the bell; Truman, fill up the pot; Truman, pour out the coffee; Truman, stir the fire; Truman, call a servant; Truman, get me a glass of water, and put me in mind to take my drops.

"The second part of my service was harder. I was a good housewife; I understood preserving, pickling, and pastry, perfectly well; I was no bad milliner, and I was very well skilled in the management of a dairy. All these little talents I had frequently produced, sometimes for my own amusement, and sometimes to make my court to my lady. But now what had been my diversion became my employment: my lady could touch no sweetmeat, pickle, tart, or cheesecake, but what was the work

of my hands. I made up all her linen ; I mended and sometimes washed her lace ; the butter she eats every morning is all of my churning, and I make every slip-coat cheese that is brought to her table ; and if any of these my various works miscarry, I am scolded or pouted at, as much as if I was hired and paid for every branch of the different employments to which I am put.

“ This degradation of mine has not escaped the eyes of the quick-sighted servants. The change in my situation has produced a total one in their behaviour. There is hardly a chambermaid that will bring me up a bottle of water into my room, or a footman that will give me a glass of small beer at dinner.

“ I must now give you an account of certain regulations which I am enjoined to observe at table. I am absolutely forbid to taste any dish that is eatable cold as well as hot, or that may be hashed for supper. By this I am prevented from eating of most dishes that come before us. I must never taste boiled or roast beef ; and ham, and venison-pasty are equally contraband. Fowls, chicken, and all sorts of game, come under the article of prohibited goods ; and though I see brawn and sturgeon served up every day during the whole winter, I am no more the better for them than Tantalus was for his apples ; and really sometimes I eat as little as those who dine with duke Humphry, or as Sancho did when he was made governor of Barataria. To this I may add, that I have not tasted a glass of wine in our house for some years, and that punch, bishop, cool tankard, and negus are equally denied me ; and I never must touch any fruit, unless when I am to preserve it.

“ The rewards I receive for the service I do, and

the restraint which I submit to, consist in having the enjoyment of the mere necessities of life, provided you exclude money out of the number. I am clothed out of Lady Mary's wardrobe ; and I have offended Mrs. Pinup, her ladyship's woman, past all forgiveness, because her ladyship chooses that I should not go naked about the house.

" Not being much used to a coach, I am generally sick with sitting backwards in one. This my lady knows perfectly well ; but since I entered into my state of dependance, I am constantly obliged to let her sit forwards alone in the daily airings that we take upon the adjacent common.

" You have already seen, Sir, that I do the work of most of the servants in the house : but I must now descend a little lower, and acquaint you with some abject employments, which I am forced to submit to.

" I have already hinted to you, that my lady has no real friendship for either man or woman. Her affections are settled upon the brute creation, for whom she expresses incredible tenderness. You would take her monkey to be her eldest son, by the care she shows of him ; and she could not be more indulgent to her favourite daughter than she is to her lap-dog ; she has a real friendship for her parrot ; and the other day she expressed much more joy at the safe delivery of a beloved cat, than she had done, some months before at the birth of her grandson.

" It is my province to tend, wait upon, and serve this favourite part of the family. I am made answerable for all their faults ; and if any of them are sick, it is I that am to blame. It was through my negligence that Pug broke my lady's finest set of china ; and my forgetting to give Veny her dinner was the occasion of the dear creature's illness. Poll's

silence is often attributed to my ill usage ; and the murder of two or three kittens has been most unjustly laid to my charge.

“ I now come to some grievances of another kind, which I am almost ashamed to own, but which are necessary to be told.

“ My lady has, for the humour in her eyes, by the bye I make all her eye-water, three issues ; one in each arm, and one in her back. Now it happened that her own woman being one day confined to her bed, I was desired to perform the operation of dressing them in her stead ; and unfortunately I acquitted myself of the task so much to my lady's satisfaction, that Mrs. Pinup has been turned out of that office, which is given to me, and I am afraid it is a place for life.

“ There was another thing happened to me last year which deserves to be inserted in this letter, and which, though it made me cry, will, I am afraid, make other people laugh.

“ Lady Mary, out of the few teeth she had left, had one that had the impudence to ache and keep her ladyship awake for two nights together ; upon this, Mr. Mercy, the surgeon, was sent for, who, upon viewing the affected part, declared immediately for extraction. This put my lady into a terrible agony : she declared she never had a tooth drawn in her life, and that she could never be brought to undergo it, unless she saw the same operation performed upon somebody else in her presence. Upon this all the servants were summoned, and she endeavoured to persuade them one after the other to have a tooth drawn, for her service ; but they all refused, and chose rather to lose their places than their teeth. Lady Mary addressed herself to me, and conjured me by the long friendship that had subsisted between us, and by all the

obligations I had already to her, and those she was determined to confer upon me, to grant her this request. I blush to tell you that I yielded, and parted with a fine white sound tooth: but what will you say when I also tell you, that after I had lost mine, Mr. Mercy was at last sent away without drawing her ladyship's.

"Lady Mary takes great quantities of physic, and part of my business is to prepare and make up the doses; but what is still worse, her ladyship will swallow nothing till I have tasted it in her presence. I also make and administer all the water-gruel that she drinks with her physic, and am forced to attend her with camomile tea, when she takes a vomit. This last is hard duty, as it not only makes me constantly sick, but as often stains my only gown and apron.

"I have now, Sir, done with all my bodily hardships, and shall proceed to a grievance, which lies heavier on me than all I have already mentioned; I mean that perpetual sacrifice of truth, which I am forced to make for her ladyship's service.

"Lady Mary is about sixty-five, and labours under a vice, which sometimes persons of the same sex and age are subject to; I mean that of telling long and improbable stories. She has a fine invention, which often carries her beyond the bounds even of possibility. She deals largely in the marvellous, and whenever she perceives that she has made the company stare a little too much, she constantly appeals to me for the truth of a fact which I never heard before; but of which I am declared to be an eye-witness.

"Another grievance is, that my lady being much the richest person in the neighbourhood, is thoroughly convinced that nobody of an inferior fortune can ever be in the right in any dispute which

may happen between them; and as her ladyship's arguments are generally very weak, so her passions are very strong; and what she wants in reason she makes up in anger, which sometimes rises to abuse: and in all these disputes, she never fails to apply to me as an equitable judge, for my decision of the contest: which appeal being accompanied with one of Colonel Hernando's looks, sentence is immediately pronounced in her favour; for what can reason or argument do against fear and poverty? These unjust judgements have made all the neighbours my enemies, who imagine also, that, by this behaviour of mine, I must be highly in my lady's good graces, so that they hate what they ought to compassionate, and envy what they should rather pity. It is the same case in every quarrel that happens between her ladyship and her own relations. I am made the witness and judge in every cause; and I own very freely that my testimony is generally false, and my judgement partial: so that upon the whole, my neighbours hate me, the family detest me, and my lady herself does not love, and cannot esteem me.

"You are now, Sir, fully informed of the wretched life I lead; and as I dare say that there are many who pass their days exactly in the same manner, you will do them and me a singular service by printing this letter. My lady takes in your paper, and lends it about to all the neighbours; and there are some features of my condition too strongly drawn to be mistaken by any of my acquaintance. A common likeness would not have been sufficient; but such a caricature as I have painted, must strike and be known at first sight, and perhaps may contribute to change my scene for a better. But one thing I am sure of, which is, that no alteration that

can happen to me from the publishing this paper, can be for the worse.

“ I am, SIR,

“ Your most obedient humble servant,

“ MARY TRUMAN.”

No. 38. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1753.

*Exilis domus est, ubi non et multa supersunt,
Et dominum fallunt, et prosunt furibus.—*

HOR. EPIST. I. 6. 45.

That's an unfurnish'd house, that master poor,
Which hath things necessary, and no more. CREECH.

“ TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

“ SIR,

“ THERE is a species of luxury, which though you must often have observed, I do not find that you have hitherto taken notice of. I mean that extravagance of expense, which people of all ranks and conditions are daily running into in the article of furniture. In the houses of the great, not to mention the profusion of French ornament, and costly glitter of every room, the meanest utensils of the kitchen are all of plate. But it is not upon the follies of other people that I am going to descant; it is of myself and my country-house, or rather of my wife and her villa, that I intend to be particular. The house I am speaking of, together with a very considerable estate, was left me by an uncle in the city, with whom I lived from the age

of sixteen. As he intended me for trade, you may be sure he gave me no other education, a little school learning excepted, than what was necessary to a counting-house. But finding myself at his death in possession of a plentiful fortune, I resolved to commence gentleman; and accordingly disposed of my effects in business, and took a house at the other end of the town.

“ Here I became acquainted with a lady of quality, who, though she had the highest notions of birth, yet from so trifling a circumstance as want of fortune, condescended to give me her hand, notwithstanding the meanness of my family, and the difference of our educations. As I thought myself extremely honoured by an alliance with so great a lady, I gave the management of every thing into her hands, and grew as indolent as if I had really been a man of fashion. My wife was a woman of exceeding fine taste, as it is called; or, in other words, one who liked to have every thing about her in the newest and most expensive manner. As soon as I brought her to my country-house, I thought she would have fainted away at the sight of my furniture; the whole of it, to use her own words, was so frightful, so odious, and so out of taste! Her upholsterer must be sent for that instant! for there was no enduring life in the midst of so much antiquated lumber. I forgot to tell you that I had entirely new-furnished the house about three months before; but though every thing was extremely good and neat, I must do my wife the justice to own, there was very little in it but what was of real use. Early the next day down comes the upholsterer. ‘ Lord, Mr. Kifang,’ says she, ‘ I am glad you are come. Pray, rest yourself a little; but I am afraid you can’t find a chair fit for a Christian to sit down upon. Such seats! such backs! such legs! such—but they are so of a piece

with the rest of the furniture!—Dear Kifang, I am glad you are come.' So, without waiting for his reply, or suffering him to sit down, she conducted him through all the apartments, except the offices, which indeed she has never once condescended to visit since her becoming mistress of my family.

“ Mr. Kifang, who is said to be of Chinese extraction, and who must be allowed to understand his business as well as any man alive, agreed perfectly with her la'ship, and observed, 'that such out-of-fashion things might do well enough for a citizen; but that persons of quality and distinction, who had a taste and all that, should have something foreign and superb, and quite in another-guess sort of a manner.' In short, Sir, by the indefatigable zeal of this Chinese upholsterer, in about four months my house was entirely new furnished; but so disguised and altered, that I hardly knew it again.—There is not a bed, a table, a chair, or even a grate, that is not twisted into so many ridiculous and grotesque figures, and so decorated with the heads, beaks, wings, and claws of birds and beasts, that Milton's

Gorgons, and hydras, and chimeras dire.—P. L. ii. 628.

are not to be compared with them. Every room is completely covered with a Wilton carpet; I suppose to save the floors, which are all new laid, and in the most expensive manner. In each of these rooms is a pair or two of stands, supported by different figures of men or beasts, on which are placed branches of Chelsea china; representing lions, bears, and other animals, holding in their mouths or paws, sprigs of bay, orange, or myrtle; among the leaves of which are fixed sockets for the reception of wax candles, which by dispersing the light among the foliage, I own, make a very agreeable appearance. But I can see no use for the lions

and bears : to say the truth, I cannot help thinking it a little unnatural ; for it is well known that all kinds of savages are afraid of fire. But this I submit to you, having observed of late several wild beasts exhibited on the stage, without their showing the least surprise at the lamps, or even at the loud shouts of applause which have been bestowed upon them from the galleries. The upper apartments of my house, which were before handsomely wainscoted, are now hung with the richest Chinese and India paper, where all the powers of fancy are exhausted in a thousand fantastic figures of birds, beasts and fishes, which never had existence. And what adds to the curiosity is, that the fishes are seen flying in the air, or perching upon the trees ; which puts me in mind of a passage I learnt at school, for I have not absolutely forgot my Latin,

Delphinum sylvis appingit.

HOR. ARS POET. 30.

the oddness of which, I suppose, was the reason of my remembering it.

“ The best, or, as my wife calls it, the state bed-chamber, is furnished in a manner that has half undone me. The hangings are white satin, with French flowers and artificial moss stuck upon it with gum, and interspersed with ten thousand spangles, beads, and shells. The bed stands in an alcove, at the top of which are painted Cupids strewing flowers, and sprinkling perfumes. This is divided from the room by two twisted pillars, adorned with wreaths of flowers, and intermixed with shell-work. In this apartment there is a cabinet of most curious workmanship, highly finished with stones, gems, and shells, disposed in such a manner, as to represent several sorts of flowers. The top of this cabinet is adorned with a prodigious

pyramid of china of all colours, shapes, and sizes. At every corner of the room are great jars filled with dried leaves of roses and jessamine. The chimney-piece also, and indeed every one in the house, is covered with immense quantities of china of various figures; among which are Talapoins and Bonzes, and all the religious orders of the East.

“The next room that presents itself is my wife’s dressing room; but I will not attempt to describe it to you minutely, it is so full of trinkets. The walls are covered round with looking-glass, interspersed with pictures made of moss, butterflies, and seaweeds. Under a very magnificent Chinese canopy stands the toilette, furnished with a set of boxes of gilt plate for combs, brushes, paints, pastes, patches, pomatums; powders, white, gray, and blue; bottles of hungary, lavender, and orange-flower water, and in short, all the apparatus for disguising beauty. Here she constantly pays her devotions two hours every morning; but what kind of divinity she adores, may be safer for you to guess than for me to tell. By this time I imagine you will conceive my house to be much fuller of furniture than my head. Alas! Sir, I am but a husband, and my wife is a woman of quality. But I could submit with some degree of patience to all this folly and expense, if my children—and I have two fine boys and a girl—were not either kept close prisoners in the nursery, or driven into the kitchen among the servants, to prevent their playing about the rooms, and making havoc of the crockery.

“I have a thousand other curiosities in my house, of which I neither know the uses nor the names. But I cannot help mentioning the gravel-walks, rivers, groves, and temples, which on a grand day make their appearance at the dessert. For you are not to suppose that all this profusion of ornament is

only to gratify my wife's curiosity ; it is meant as a preparative to the greatest happiness of life, that of seeing company. And I assure you she gives above twenty entertainments in a year to people for whom she has no manner of regard, for no other reason in the world than to show them her house. In short, Sir, it is become so great a sight, that I am no longer master of it ; being continually driven from room to room, to give opportunity for strangers to admire it. But as we have lately missed a favourite Chinese tumbler, and some other valuable moveables, we have entertained thoughts of confining the show to one day in the week, and of admitting no persons whatsoever without tickets ; unless they happen to be acquainted with the names, at least, of some of my wife's relations. For my own part, if every thing in the house was stolen, it would give me less concern than I have felt for many years past at every India sale, or at the shortest visit that she has made at Deard's : for I find, to my sorrow, that as my furniture increases, my acres diminish ; and that a new fashion never fails of producing a fresh mortgage.

“ If you think my case may be of service to any of those husbands who are unhappy enough to be married to wives of taste, you have free leave to publish it from,

“ SIR,

“ Your most humble servant,

“ SAMUEL SIMPLE.”

No. 39. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1753:

I HAVE received no less than four letters from my friend Nic. Limbertongue, since last Thursday was three weeks, at which time I had the honour of exhibiting his character and history in this paper. But all I dare do with these letters is, to give a short abstract of them to my readers ; my friend having entered so minuteiy into family secrets, and, as he assures me upon his honour, with the strictest regard to truth, that I myself should be the tell-tale, if I gave them to the public in the manner I received them.

In the first of these letters he gives me the history of the third lying-in of a young lady of fashion near St. James's, who is at present only in her nineteenth year, and who lives with a very pious old aunt, and passes for a pattern of modesty and virtue. He also favours me with the names and characters of two gentlemen, who have the honour, separately, of passing the evening with this young lady, without either suspecting the other of being any thing more than a visiting acquaintance.

The second letter contains the secret memoirs of a woman of quality, whose husband is just upon the point of parting with her for indiscretion. Till the reading of this letter, I confess myself to have had a very inadequate idea of the meaning of this word. To be indiscreet, it seems, is for a married woman to listen to the addresses of one, two, or half a dozen lovers ; to make assignations with them separately ; to declare her hatred to her husband, and to admit

her said lovers to every liberty but one. All this, provided the lady be detected in some of her closest familiarities, is to be indiscreet : and though the virtue of such a lady is not to be called in question, yet every body has a right to say, that she has been guilty of indiscretions.

My friend's third letter is a good deal too wag-gish for the sobriety of this paper. It is the history of a parson and his two maids, whom he calls Rachel and Leah. To say the truth, I have another reason for suppressing this letter, which is, that the doctor happens to be the rector of my own parish, and, setting Rachel and Leah, and eating and drinking, out of the question, is really a very continent and abstemious man.

The fourth and last letter is a voyage from Vauxhall to Whitehall, in a dark night, under a tilt, performed by persons of distinction of both sexes. All that I shall inform my readers of this voyage, is, that it appears from the journal of it, which was kept by one of the passengers, and communicated to my friend, to have been a very indiscreet one ; and that in the latitude of Westminster-bridge, Miss Kitty, a young country beauty of eighteen, was heard to say with great quickness to a colonel of the guards, who sat next to her, ' Be quiet Sir ! ' and to accompany her words with so smart a slap on the face, that the centre arch rung again ; upon which her aunt, who was one of the party, took occasion to observe, ' That her niece would always be a country girl, and know nothing of the world.'

Having now taken sufficient notice of my friend Limbertongue's letters, I shall leave my readers to animadvert upon them, and devote the remainder of this paper to a female correspondent.

“ TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

“ SIR,

“ I AM a young woman, born to no great fortune, but, from the indulgence of my parents, am so happy as to enjoy the advantages of a good education. I have really a handsome face, have a natural gentility about me, walk as well as any body, and am told by my mother, and have heard it whispered a thousand times by the maids, that I am a clever girl.

“ It was my fortune some time ago when I was upon a visit in the country, to make a hole in a gentleman's heart, as he sat in the next pew to me at church ; and as I am above disguises, I shall confess very freely that I was equally struck. I took a pleasure in looking at him from the first moment I saw him ; and it was no trifling satisfaction to me, that as often as I dared squint that way, I found his eyes to be fixed fully upon mine.

As he was known to the lady at whose house I was entertained, it was matter of no great difficulty for him to introduce himself to my acquaintance. I inquired into his character, and was told that he was a gentleman addicted to no kind of vice ; that his fortune was a very handsome one ; that he had great sensibility and generosity ; but that he was extremely quick-sighted to the foibles of women. I was not much pleased with this last information ; but having a pretty good opinion of myself, I did not doubt that I should so hamper him with discretion and beauty, that he could not possibly escape me.

“ To be as short as I can, he soon made proposals to me in form, which, after the usual hesitations, were in form accepted. My parents were written to upon the occasion, and every thing was preparing for our happiness, when Alphonzo, for so I shall

call him, was unfortunately summoned to a distant part of the country, to attend the last moments of a near relation. There was no disobeying this cruel summons : and with a thousand protestations of unalterable love, away he went.

During his absence, which happened to be much longer than, I believe, either of us wished, the fashion came up among the ladies of wearing their gowns off the shoulders : and though my skin was rather of the brownest, and I had also the misfortune of having a large scar across my bosom, I immediately pared away six inches of my stays before and behind, and presented myself to him at his return in all the nakedness of the fashion. I was indeed greatly astonished, that as he was running into my arms with all the eagerness of a long absent lover, he stopt of a sudden to survey me, and after giving me only a cold salute, and inquiring how I did, sat himself down for about a quarter of an hour, and then wished me a good night.

“ It really never occurred to me, to what accident I was to attribute so mortifying a change, till early the next morning I was let into the secret by the following letter :

‘ MADAM,

‘ To have but one defect in your whole person, and to display it to the world with so much pains, is to betray a want of that prudence, without which the marriage state is generally a state of misery. I must therefore take the liberty of telling you, that my last visit was paid yesterday, and that my last letter waits only till I have subscribed myself,

‘ MADAM,

‘ Your most obedient humble servant,

‘ ALPHONSO.’

“ You may imagine, Mr. Fitz-Adam, into what

awkward confusion and distress this letter threw me. At first I reproached the inconstancy of my lover, and called him the basest and most perfidious of men : but when my passion was abated, and I began seriously to reflect upon my incautious behaviour, I could not help allowing that he had reason on his side ; though I hope you will be of opinion, that his letter is a little too mortifying, and his resolution too hasty.

“ Some months have elapsed since I have worn the willow ; and I have at present hardly any expectation of being restored to grace ; though if Alphonso had thought it worth his while to make any inquiries about me, he would have known that ever since the discovery of that fatal scar, which I can assure him upon my honour was only occasioned by a burn, I have worn my stays as high, and pinned my gown as decently, as his hard heart would desire ; and notwithstanding the very warm weather we have had this summer, I have never made a visit or appeared any where in public, but in a double handkerchief, and that too pinned under my chin.

“ I have two reasons, Sir, for troubling you with this letter, and desiring your publication of it. The first is, that my lover may see how penitent I am for my fault ; and the second, to do service to two ladies of my acquaintance ; one of which has a most disconsolate length of face, which she makes absolutely frightful by wearing the poke of her cap quite back to her pole ; the other, with the feet and legs of a Welch porter, is for ever tripping it along the Mall in white shoes and short petticoats. If I cannot benefit myself, it will be some little satisfaction to have been a warning to my friends.

“ I am, SIR,

“ Your most unfortunate humble servant,

“ CELIMENA.

“ P. S. Since my writing this letter I have some distant hope that my lover may come about again ; having been informed of a saying of his to a friend, ‘ That in spite of the scar upon my bosom, my appearance that night put him in mind of a book lately published, called ‘ Heaven open to all men ! ’ ”

No. 40. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1753.

Of all the eastern stories that have hitherto made their appearance in English, there is not one that conveys so perfect and beautiful a moral as that of the prince Ruzvanchad and the princess Cheheristany, in the first volume of the Persian Tales. Ruzvanchad was king of China, and Cheheristany princess of an island of Genies. They fell desperately in love with each other, and, after the usual delays, were married in due form in the island of Cheheristan, where the lady was queen. But before the solemnization of this marriage, the princess of the Genius addressed the king of China in the following manner : ‘ I am not going,’ said she, ‘ to make your majesty any unreasonable request, though the power I have over you, and the superiority of my nature, claim obedience in all things : I shall only demand a promise from you, that for the honour of your queen, and for our mutual happiness, you will blindly comply with me in every thing I have a mind to do. The Genies are never in the wrong. If therefore at any time my actions should happen to appear unaccountable and extravagant, say with-

in yourself, my wife has reason for what she does : for it is impossible that we should live together in love and harmony, unless you implicitly believe that I am always in the right.' The king, according to the universal custom of lovers, promised very readily to think in all things as his princess would have him ; and the marriage was celebrated with all imaginable splendour.

The sequel of the story informs us, that his majesty of China did not absolutely keep his royal promise ; for that upon certain trifling occasions, such, for instance, as the queen's flinging her son into the fire, giving her daughter to be devoured by a wild beast, destroying the provisions of his whole army, and the like, which are only allegorical expressions, signifying a mamma's giving up her son to the fire of his passions, carrying her daughter to the masquerade, and consuming the substance of her husband, he not only thought her in the wrong, but had the rashness to tell her so. Here begins the misery of this royal and once happy couple ; the queen separates herself from her husband, and at the end of ten whole years, consents to cohabitation upon no other terms than a renewal of the old promise, ratified by an oath. The story adds, that the king of China, having seen his error, never failed to acknowledge the wisdom of his queen in all she did, and that they lived to an extreme old age, the happiest monarchs of the East.

If every husband in England was to read this story night and morning till he had got it by heart ; and, in imitation of the king of China, if he would consider himself as a mere son of Adam, and his wife of the superior nature of the Genies, the happiness of his life would in all probability be secured ; for I am fully persuaded that all the infelicities of the married state are occasioned by men's finding

fault with the conduct of their wives, and imagining themselves to be fitter for government than for obedience.

For my own part, I have always looked upon the husband to be the head of his wife, just in the same manner as a fountain is the head of a stream ; which only finds supplies for its wanderings, without directing the current which way it shall flow. It may possibly be objected that wives are commanded in a certain book, called the Bible, to be obedient to their husbands ; but a lady of my acquaintance, who is a great casuist in divinity, seems to have set this matter in a true light, by observing that as most of the commentators upon the New Testament have agreed that some of its particular commands and prohibitions are merely local and temporary, and intended only as cautions to the Christians against giving scandal to the Jews and Heathens, among whom they lived ; she makes no manner of doubt that obedience to husbands was among the number of these commands, and that it might be right to observe it in the infancy of Christianity, but not now.

Many persons, as well Christians as others, are of opinion, that to command is neither the province of the wife nor the husband ; and that to advise or entreat is all that either has a right to. But this I take to be wrong policy ; for as every private family is a little state within itself, there should be a superior and laws, or all will be anarchy and confusion : and as it is indisputable that the wife knows more of family affairs than the husband, there is no reason in the world for taking the command out of her hands.

Everybody sees that when men keep mistresses they commence subjects under an absolute tyranny ; and that a wife should have less authority, is, in my

own private opinion, a very hard case ; especially if it be considered, that she is not only one flesh with her husband, but, as the universal phrase is, his better part. Everybody knows, too, that good-humour in a wife is the most necessary of all the virtues to secure the happiness of a husband ; and how is her good-humour to be preserved, if she is to be under perpetual control ? It is no new discovery, that the first wish of a woman is power ; if, therefore, you give the sceptre into her hand, and entreat her to say and do according to her own good pleasure, it would be almost impossible for her to be always out of temper.

But the subordination of husbands will appear to be of greater necessity, if it be considered how unfit almost every man is to govern himself. I have known husbands of hopeful dispositions, who, from being left entirely to their own management, have run into every excess of riot and debauchery ; when it has been obvious, that had their wives exerted the proper authority over them, they would have made the soberest and meekest men alive. How thankful, therefore, ought we to be, that our wives are inclined to take upon themselves the troublesome office of government, and to leave to their husbands the easy duty of obedience, which a child of six years old is as capable of performing, as his father of forty !

I have indeed heard it objected, that all women are not sufficiently qualified for the government of their husbands. But by whom is this objection made ? By some obstinate old bachelor, who, for want of conversing with the sex, has formed very erroneous opinions of their dignity and abilities. To decide this question, I would only appeal to those husbands who have lived in a constant state of subjection to their wives ; and if any one of them dare

tell me that he has once wished to be his own master, I will be a bachelor in unbelief. It has also been objected, that the tyranny of a wife may sometimes be a little more absolute than the husband may wish it to be : but it has always been a maxim, that an absolute monarchy is the best, provided that we know, and have a right of choosing, our ruler ; the husband therefore should be satisfied with a small extension of the prerogative, whose monarch is not only of his own choosing, but one whom he has courted to reign over him.

It is a matter of no small satisfaction to me, that by vindicating the sovereignty of the ladies, I am doing service to my king and country ; for while men are kept under a continued state of subjection at home, they will submit with more alacrity to the laws, and feel a deficiency of those spirits, which, for want of proper control, might lead them into riots, insurrections and rebellions. It were to be wished indeed that the ladies would drop the study of natural politics, and confine themselves to family government only ; for while a husband is no other than the vassal of his wife, a female jacobite, unless she should happen to be ugly or an old maid, may be a dangerous creature. I shall therefore conclude this paper by recommending it to the administration to have a particular eye to those seminaries of female learning, known by the name of boarding-schools. It might not be improper if the oaths of allegiance and abjuration were to be administered to the superiors and mademoiselles of such colleges, or if the head of his present majesty, king George, was to be worked by every pretty miss at the bottom of her sampler.

No. 41. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1753.

As the writers of the two following letters are of a sex for which I have the sincerest regard and veneration, I have made no delay in committing them to the press, not doubting that the evils they complain of will excite the attention of my readers.

“ TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

“ SIR,

“ I AM a very hearty old maid of seventy-three; but I have a parcel of impertinent nephews and nieces, who, because I have kept my good-humour, will needs have it that I have parted with something else. Pray Mr. Fitz-Adam, be so kind as to tell these graceless relations of mine, that it is not impossible for a woman to have two virtues at a time; and that she may be merry and chaste, as well as merry and wise. But as I am always to be teased upon this subject, I have some thoughts of renouncing my virginity, to secure my good-humour; for I am afraid that by contending with them every day for what they say I have lost, I shall run the hazard of losing in reality what they allow me to possess. I beg your advice in this critical affair, and am,

“ SIR,

“ Your most humble servant,

“ PRUDENTIA HOLDFAST.”

In answer to Miss Holdfast, I shall only say that, if I was to be teased out of my virginity, it should be by the most impudent fellow living, sooner than by these undutiful relations.

“ MR. FITZ-ADAM,

“ I AM a young woman of fashion, and a great admirer of a town life. But it has been my misfortune, for these three months past, to be condemned to the odious country, and the more odious diversions of it; and this in compliance to an old-fashioned aunt, who, excepting her two daughters, and the company they keep, is the most odious thing of all. But it is not for the sake of abusing my friends or of ridiculing the country, that I trouble you with this letter; I have really escaped such dangers in this retirement, that I mean it as a caution to myself against giving up the innocent amusements of a town life, for the destructive pleasures of woods and shades.

“ I had hardly been a week at my aunt's before I lost all the delicacy of quality; and from the palest complexion in the world, and no appetite, the best proofs of high birth, and of keeping good company, I began to look as rosy as a milk-maid, and to eat like a plough-boy. I shall never forget the awkward compliments that were made me upon these defects; but a new mortification succeeded, which removed me still further from upper life, and had like to have killed me. I began absolutely, Mr. Fitz-Adam, to grow fat. What was to be done now? Why I must walk forsooth! I wondered they did not bid me fly; for to a woman of condition, who had never stirred out of doors but in her chair, flying seemed as easy as walking. But my disease was desperate, and so must be my cure: in short, they taught me how to walk, and in less than a week I verily believed I had travelled a mile.

x 2

“ And now I was teased upon another account.— My cousins, who were grown quite intimate with me, and who were what they call neat girls, were perpetually finding fault with the looseness of my morning dress. I really pitied their ignorance, but could hardly forbear laughing when I saw them come down as prim to breakfast, as if they were dressed for visitors. It was in vain for me to tell them that women of fashion were above such regards ; I was again forced to comply, and to stick pins into my clothes, as if dressing for a drum.

“ I am far from denying that air, exercise, and neatness contributed to my health ; but I remember with confusion the alteration they produced. I had lived in the polite circle to the age of five-and-twenty without conceiving an idea of the other sex, any further than what related to their uses in public places, a treat upon the water, or a party at Brag. Indeed the perpetual hurry of a town life puts all other things quite out of one’s head. But idleness is the root of all evil. In less than a fortnight my heart told me that I had passions as well as appetites. To deal plainly with you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, for want of something to do, I fell desperately in love. With shame I confess it, I was caught I know not how ; for my rustic, though he paid me particular regards, and was a handsome fellow with a good estate, had no one accomplishment upon earth to recommend him to a woman of fashion. His education had been at the University, where he had pursued nothing but his studies. He knew nobody in town but people whom nobody knows ; had been at court but once : detested play, and had no ideas of routs and drums. His virtues, for my aunt and cousins were continually talking of them, reached no further than a little charity to the poor ; a vast deal of what they call good-nature ; abund-

ance of duty to the old lady his mother, and a ridiculous fondness for a sister, who was one of the plainest women I ever saw. But in affairs of gallantry, or the fashions of the town, he was as ignorant as a Hottentot. He would sometimes, indeed, make a party with us at Whist for half-crowns, which he called deep play ; but as to shuffling, fuzzing, changing of seats, hints to a partner, setting up honours without holding them, and the like, which are the essentials of the game, he was an absolute idiot. He considered cards, he said, only as an amusement, and was perfectly indifferent whether he won or lost. Yet, in spite of myself, and so contemptible an animal, I was really in love with him. Nay, so entirely did he possess me, that I contrived to be ill, and to keep my chamber three mornings together, to engage him alone. But would you think it, Mr. Fitz-Adam ; if he approached only to touch my hand, I had such frights and fears about me, that I hardly knew where I was. I trembled at every word he spoke to me ; and had he offered at those trifling liberties, which every fine gentleman is admitted to in town, and which the strictest modesty would only cry pish at, I verily believe I should have died. But his country education was the saving of my life. His intentions, I perceived, were to make a wife of me ; a character which of all characters in the world I had the greatest aversion to ; as, in all probability, it would connect me with the cares of a mother, and a thousand ridiculous duties and affections, that a well-bred woman has really no time for. Yet this deplorable creature I had certainly been, if he had not all of a sudden, for what reason I know not, unless he thinks it a crime for a lady to be a little witty upon the Bible, taken a crotchet into his head of treating me like a stranger. The man is most evidently mad ; for in-

stead of directing all his discourse to me as usual, he is for ever caballing with my youngest cousin, and talking by the hour in praise of a country education.

“ But thanks to my stars, there is a place called London ; where, in a very few weeks, the business of play, and the amusements of polite life, shall cure me of my folly, and restore me to my complexion. I shall fly to the brag-table as to my asylum against the passions. It is there that love is never thought of. The men have no designs, nor the women temptations. It puts me in mind of the state of innocence which our first parents fell from. The sexes may meet naked, and not be ashamed, nor even know that they are naked.

“ It would take up too much of your paper to enforce the advantages of play, by laying before you the evils it prevents. Scandal was never heard of at a card table : the question when we meet is not who lost her honour last night ? but who her money ? We need never go to church to ridicule the parsons, or stay at home to be the plague of husbands or servants. In short, if women would escape the pursuits of men, the drudgery of wives, the cares of parents, and the plagues of home, their security is play. I know of nothing that can be said against it, but that it may possibly lead to ill-nature, quarrels, cheating, and ruin.

“ I am, SIR,

“ Your constant reader, and most humble servant,

“ SOPHIA SHUFFLE.”



No. 42. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1753.

It is a common phrase, when we speak of a person who has nothing remarkably bad in his disposition, that he is a good sort of a man; but of these good sort of men there are multitudes to be met with, who are more troublesome and offensive than a swarm of gnats within one's bed-curtains.

A good sort of a man is sometimes he, who from shallowness of parts, and a narrow education, believes every action of mankind, that is not calculated to promote some pious or virtuous end, to be blameable and vicious. He prescribes to himself rules for the conduct of life, and censures those who differ from him as immoral or irreligious. Walking in the fields on a Sunday, or taking up a newspaper, is an offence against Heaven. I have heard a young lady severely reprimanded for reading a Spectator upon that day; and I have known it prophesied of a boy of eight years old, that he would certainly be an atheist, for having written God with a little g, and Devil with a great D. In the opinion of this good sort of a man, to say, 'Lord bless me,' is a breach of the third commandment; and to affirm, upon one's word, that this or that thing is true or false, is downright swearing.

To such characters as these, the infidelity of others may, in some measure, be owing. To avoid one extreme we are apt to run into another; and because one man happens to believe a great deal too much, another is determined to believe nothing at all.

During the usurpation of Cromwell, we were a nation of psalm-singers; which is the best reason I can give for the inundation of bawdy songs that poured in upon us at the Restoration: for though the king and his court were indefatigable in the propagation of wantonness, and every body knows how apt men are to copy the manners of court, they would have found it a very hard task to debauch the whole kingdom, if it had not been a kingdom of enthusiasts.

Another, though less mischievous, good sort of a man is he, who upon every occasion, or upon no occasion at all, is teasing you with advice. This gentleman is generally a very grave personage, who happening either to have outlived his passions, or to have been formed without any, regulates all his actions by the rules of prudence. He visits you in a morning, and is sorry to hear you call those persons your friends who kept you at the King's-arms last night after the clock had struck twelve. He tells you of an acquaintance of his, of a hundred and two years old, who was never up after sun-setting, nor a bed after sun-rising. He informs you of those meats which are easiest of digestion, prescribes water-gruel for your breakfast, and harangues upon the poison of made dishes. He knows who caught a fever by going upon the water, and can tell you of a young lady who had the rheumatism in all her limbs by wearing an India persian in the middle of October. If, at a jovial meeting of friends, you happen to have drank a single glass too much, he talks to you of dropsies and inflammations, and wonders that a man will buy pleasure in an evening, at the hazard of a head-ach in the morning. That such a person may really be a good sort of a man, and that he may give his advice out of pure humanity, I am very ready to allow; but I cannot help think-

ing, and I am no advocate for intemperance, that if it was not now-and-then for giving prudence the slip, and for a little harmless playing the fool, life would be a very insipid thing.

A third good sort of a man, is one who calls upon you every day, and tells you what the people say of you abroad. As how 'Mr. Nokes was very warm in your praises, and that Mr. Stiles agreed with him in opinion; but that Mr. Roe and Mrs. Doe, who by the bye pretend to be your friends, were continually coming in with one of their ill-natured ifs. But they are like the rest of the world. You have a thousand enemies, though you do nothing to deserve them. I wonder what could provoke Mr. A. to fall upon you with so much violence before lady B.: but then to hear Mr. C. and Miss D. who are under such obligations to you, join in the abuse, was what, I own, I did not expect. But there is no sincerity among us: and I verily believe you have not a friend in the whole world besides myself.' Thus does he run on, not only lessening you in your own opinion, but robbing you of the most pleasing satisfaction of life, that of thinking yourself esteemed by those with whom you converse. If you happen to be in any public character, the Lord have mercy upon you! for unless you can stop your ears to the croakings of these ravens, you must be miserable indeed. There are very few good sort of men that are more pernicious than these: for as almost every man in the world is curious of knowing what another thinks of him, he is perpetually listening to abuses upon himself, till he grows a hater of his kind. It is for this reason that dissimulation is often to be ranked among the virtues; for if every man of your acquaintance, instead of assuring you of his esteem and regard, was to tell you that he did not care a straw for you, which

twenty to one is the truth, the motives to benevolence would be entirely destroyed ; and though the 'loving those that hate us' be a precept of Christianity, it would puzzle me to name a Christian of my acquaintance, who has grace enough to practise it.

A fourth good sort of a man, and with whom I shall conclude this paper, is the man of Ceremony. But as this character is drawn from the life by one of my correspondents who has felt the inconvenience of it, I shall give it to my readers in his own words.

" MR. FITZ-ADAM,

" I BELONG to a club of very honest fellows in the city, who meet once a week to kill care and be innocently merry. Every one of us used to sing his song or tell his story for the entertainment of his friends, and to be good-naturedly jocose upon the foibles of the company. But all our merriment has been at a stand for some time, by the admission of a new member, who it seems is a person of very fine breeding. You must know that he is our superior in fortune ; from which consideration we show him a great deal of respect. At his entrance into the club room we all rise from our chairs, and it is not till he has paid his compliments to each of us separately, and kept us standing for near a quarter of an hour, that he entreats us to be seated. He then hopes we are all perfectly well, and that we caught no colds that day se'nnight by walking home from the club ; for that the night was foggy, or it was rainy, or it was cold, or it was something or other, that gave him a good deal of pain till he saw us again. After we have all made our bows, and assured him of our exceeding good healths, the inquiry begins after our ladies and families. He is always so unfortunate as to forget the number and

names of our children, for which he most heartily begs pardon, and hopes the dear little creatures, whom he has not the pleasure of knowing, will forgive him for his want of memory. The finishing this ceremony generally takes us up about an hour; after which, as he is the first man of the club, it is necessary, in point of good manners, that he should find us in conversation; and to say the truth, since his admission into our society, we have none of us a word to say, unless it be in answer to his inquiries. And now it is that we are entertained with the history of a dinner at lady Fidfad's, at which were present lord and lady Lavender, Sir Nicholas Picktooth, and a world of polite company. He names every dish to us in the order it was placed, tells us how the company was seated, the compliments that passed, and, in short, every thing that was said; which, though it may be called polite conversation, is certainly the dullest I ever heard in my life. By this time we generally begin to look upon our watches; a bill is called for, and after a contention of about three minutes who shall go out last, we return to our homes.

"This, Sir, is the true history of our once jovial club; and as it is not impossible that this well bred gentleman may be a reader of *The World*, I trouble you with this letter, and entreat your publication of it; for with so much good-manners as he is undoubtedly master of, he will absent himself from our society when he knows how miserable he has made us.

"I am, SIR,

"Your very humble servant,

"FRANCIS HEARTY."

No. 43. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1753.

I HAVE devoted to-day's paper to the miscellaneous productions of such of my correspondents as, in my own opinion, are either whimsical enough, or witty enough, to be entertaining to my readers.

“ TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

“ SIR,

“ I AM an Englishman and a Patriot, but neither a Freeholder nor an Independent Whig. I am neither a Craftsman nor a Fool, but a Freethinker, and a Plain-dealer ; a steady Champion for virtue, and a sharp Protester against vice.

“ I am a daily Inspector of my neighbour's actions, and take a Monthly Review of my own ; yet do not assume the title of Censor, or Guardian ; being contented with the office of Monitor or Remembrancer. My enemies nevertheless will call me a Tatler, a Busybody, an Impertinent, &c.

“ I am a great Reader, and a Lover of Polite Literature. I am sometimes an Adventurer abroad, sometimes a Rambler at home, and rove like the Bee from Musæum to Musæum, in quest of knowledge and pleasure.

“ I am an Occasional Writer too ; in a fit of gaiety I am a Humourist, in a fit of seriousness a Moralist ; and when I am very angry indeed, I scourge the age with all the spirit of a Busby.

“ To conclude, I am not an idle Spectator, but a close Examiner of what passes in the World, and Mr. Fitz-Adam's

“ Admirer and humble servant,

“ PHILOCOSMOS.”

This letter puts me in mind of the following advertisement in a late Daily Advertiser, 'Whereas Thomas Toovey, snuffman, who is lately removed from the Blackamoor's Head in Piccadilly, to the shop, late the Crown and Dagger, three doors lower, and hopes for the continuance of his friends' custom' — And there it ends. I should have been more obliged to my correspondent, if after his Whereas that he was an Englishman, a Patriot, a Freeholder, &c. he had thought proper to inform me to what purpose he was all this. But I have the pleasure of hoping that this epistle is only an introductory discourse to a larger work: and as such I have given it to the public without addition or amendment.

"SIR,

"IF it would not be meddling with religion, a subject which you have declared against touching upon, I wish you would recommend it to all rectors, vicars, and curates of parishes, to omit the prayer, commonly used in the pulpit before sermon, the petition for Jews, Turks, and Infidels. For as the Jews, since a late act of parliament, are justly detested by the whole nation; and as it is shrewdly suspected that a bill is now in agitation for naturalizing the Turks, wise men are of opinion that it is no business of ours to be continually recommending such people in our prayers. Indeed as for the Infidels, who are only our own people, I should make no scruple of praying for them, if I did not know that persons of fashion do not care to hear themselves named so very particularly in the face of the congregation. I have the honour of an acquaintance with a lady of very fine understanding, who assures me that the above-mentioned prayer is absolutely as terrible to her as being churched in pub-

lic: for that she never hears the word Infidel mentioned from the pulpit, without fancying herself the stare of the whole rabble of believers.

"As it is certainly the duty of a clergyman to avoid giving offence to his parishioners; and as our hatred to the Jews, our alarms about the Turks, and the modesty of persons of quality, are not to be overcome, I beg that you will not only insert this letter in the World, but that you will also give it as your opinion that the petition should be omitted.

"I am, SIR,

"Your most humble servant,

"I. M."

"MR. FITZ-ADAM,

"Now the theatres are open, and the town is in high expectation of seeing Pantomimes performed to the greatest advantage, it would not be improper if you would give us a paper upon that subject. Your predecessor the Spectator, and the Tatler before him, used frequently to animadvert upon theatrical entertainments; but as those gentlemen had no talents for Pantomime, and were partial to such entertainments as themselves were able to produce, they treated the nobler compositions with unwarrantable freedom. Happy is it for us, that we live in an age of taste, when the dumb eloquence, and manual wit and humour of Harlequin is justly preferred to the whining of tragedy, or the vulgarity of comedy. But it grieves me, in an entertainment so near perfection, to observe certain indelicacies and indecorums, which, though they never fail of obtaining the approbation of the galleries, must be extremely offensive to the politeness of the boxes. The indelicacies I mean, are, the frequent and significant wriggings of Harlequin's tail, and the affront that Pierot is apt to put upon the modesty of Columbine, by sometimes supposing,

in his searches for her lover, that she has hid him under her petticoats. That such a supposition would be allowable in comedy, I am very ready to own; the celebrated Mrs. Behn having given us in reality what is here only supposed. In a play of that delicate lady's, the wife, to conceal the gallant from her husband, not only hides him under her petticoats, but, as Trulla did by Hudibras, straddles over him, and, holding her husband in discourse, walks backwards with her lover to the door; where with a genteel love-kick she dismisses him from his hiding-place. But that the chaste Columbine should be suspected of such an indelicacy, or that Pierot should be so audacious as to attempt the examination of premises so sacred, is a solecism in Pantomime. Another impurity that gives me almost equal offence, is Harlequin's tapping the neck or bosom of his mistress, and then kissing his fingers. I am apprehensive that this behaviour is a little bordering upon wantonness; which, in the character of Harlequin, who is a foreigner, and a fine gentleman, and every thing agreeable, is as absurd as it is immodest.

“ When these reformatations can be brought about, every body must allow that a Pantomime will be a most rational and instructive entertainment; and it is to be hoped that none but principal performers will be suffered to have a part in it. How pleased will the town be this winter to read in one of the articles of news in the Public Advertiser, ‘ We hear that at each of the theatres royal there is an entire new Pantomime now in rehearsal, and the principal parts are to be performed by Mr. Garrick, Mr. Woodward, Mr. Mossop, Mrs. Cibber, and Mrs. Pritchard, at Drury Lane: and at Covent-Garden by Mr. Quin, Mr. Lun, Mr. Barry, Miss Nossiter,’ &c. It is not to be doubted that a Pantomime so

acted would run through a whole season to the politest as well as most crowded audiences. Indeed, I have often wondered at the good-humour of the town, that they can bear to see night after night so elegant an entertainment with only one performer in it of real reputation.

“ It was very well observed by a person of quality, ‘ That if Mr. Addison, Doctor Swift, and Mr. Pope were alive, and were unitedly to write a pantomime every winter, provided Mr. Garrick and Mrs. Cibber were to do the principal parts, he verily believed there would not be a hundred people at any one rout in town, except it was of a Sunday.’ If it be from no other consideration than this, I am for having Pantomimes exhibited to the best advantage: and though we have no such wits among us as his lordship was pleased to name, we are reckoned to have as good carpenters as any age has produced; and I take it, that the most striking beauties of Pantomimical composition are to be ascribed to the carpenter, more than to the wit.

“ I am, SIR,

“ Your constant reader and most humble servant,
“ S. W.”

No. 44. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1753.

“ TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

“ SIR,

“ A JUSTLY-admired poet of our own times, speaking in reference to his art, tells us, that

True wit is nature to advantage dress'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd.

“ The same, it is presumed, may be said of almost every kind of writing. Europe is at present so much enlightened, that it is hardly possible to strike out a single notion absolutely new, or which has never been touched upon by somebody before us. Religion, philosophy, and morality in particular, have been so thoroughly canvassed, that such as would treat upon those subjects now, have scarce any thing left them, but to set some beaten thought in a different light, and, like a skilful cook, endeavour to make the fare of yesterday palatable again to-day, by a various dressing. If it can be got down, and digested, there are always hopes of its conveying some nourishment; and whether it be taken for turtle or venison, pheasant or moor-game, beef or mutton, is not a farthing's matter, so it be relished by the guests. Whether I am possessed of any part of this skill, must be left to the decision of each person's taste. All I dare engage for is, that no unwholesome ingredient shall enter into my composition, and if, on the one hand, it should be insipid, on the other, it shall be as harmless as a bit of dry bread.

“ But to my subject. The comparison of man's life to a journey, and the conclusions usually drawn from thence are not the less true for being trite and common. When we reflect, that to be excessively anxious for the wealth, honours, and pleasures of this transitory world, is just as ridiculous as it would be to torment ourselves because our accommodations at an inn, which we are to quit the next morning, are not sufficiently sumptuous, the aptness of the allusion stares us in the face: the assent is extorted while the mind dwells upon it; and people of every

persuasion, however they may disagree in other propositions, concur in this, as in a self-evident axiom.

“ Yet herein do we resemble the case of him, who is said in scripture, to behold his figure in a glass, but ‘straight forgetteth what manner of man he was’; and, as if a strange fatality hung over us, our memories are still found worst, in matter that concerns us most; namely, in the acquisition of tranquillity, that *summum bonum* on this side the grave. A heathen could tell us, that this inestimable treasure lies at our feet; but that we giddily stumble over it, in the pursuit of bubbles. On these we bestow all our strenuous exertions; the other has only indolent wishes.

“ But if we are candidates in earnest for this temporal felicity, and which at the same time leads by the smoothest road to the celestial, the first step should be to discover what that is, which opposes and excludes it: and as it is utterly impossible that two contraries should peaceably inhabit the same breast, let us resolve to drive out the aggressor.

“ That perturbations of every kind are capital enemies to tranquillity, speaks itself: but it may require some scrutiny to discern that the common parent from whence most of these proceed, is pride. I say most these; for if want, pain, fear, and intemperance be excepted, it is presumed that few obstacles to serenity can be imagined, which are not fairly deducible from this single vice.

“ The inimitable Mr. Addison, in one of his Spectators, mentions guilt and atheism, as the only warrantable precluders of cheerfulness: nor is it here intended to controvert his superior judgement: this being merely an essay to prove that pride is the great source from whence almost every other species of guilt flows. And as for atheism, it may, I

think, without much torturing the argument, be placed to the same account.

“ But let us first try the truth of this proposition, upon actual or practical vices, as distinguished from speculative errors ; and thence discover to what degree they may be said to hold of this lady paramount ; consequently, how far we are indebted to her for the miseries which fill the world with complaints.

“ Sickness, pain, fear, want, and intemperance have already been excepted, as productive of disorders in the soul, which derive not immediately from this origin : at least, it can hardly with propriety be said, that a person is proud of a disease, of cowardice, or of indigence ; though it has been observed, that some had the preposterous folly to glory in being lewd, a drunkard, or a glutton.

“ Whether human nature be capable of bearing up with cheerfulness and indolence against these evils, from what cause soever arising, is a question foreign to the present business, which is to excite every thinking person strictly to examine the catalogue of vices, one by one ; and then to ask his own heart what resemblance they bear to the prolific parent here assigned them : and it is presumed, that nothing more is necessary than the holding up the progeny to view, in order to ascertain their descent.

“ It may be gathered from the most authentic testimony, that her first born was ambition ; brought to light in the days of your namesake Adam, and ever since, whether clad in a red coat, and armed with a scimitar and firebrand, or in the more gentle habit of a statesman, courtier, beau, lawyer, divine, &c. still confesses the kindred in every feature and action. It is not very material in what order the subsequent issue were produced. But that envy,

hatred, malice, tyranny, anger, implacability, revenge, cruelty, impatience, obstinacy, violence, treachery, ingratitude, self-love, avarice, profusion ; together with the smaller shoots, detraction, impertinence, loquacity, petulance, affectation, &c., do all derive from this *mater familiæ*, will, I persuade myself, most evidently appear to a curious observer.

“ To enumerate the infinite disorders and calamities that disperse themselves from this root, intrude into every place, and are incessant plagues to individuals, as well as to society, were an endless task. Who shall tell the secret pangs of the heart in which she is planted? But her baneful influence is discernible, ‘ wherever two or three are gathered together’. Even at the altar, and whilst the tongue, in compliance with the ritual, is uttering the most humiliating epithets, you shall perceive her inconsistently tricked out, and by a thousand fantastic airs, attracting the worship of the assistants, from the Deity to herself.

“ Trace her from the court into the city; and there, from the general trader, to the retailer, mechanic, and pedlar ; thence into the country, from the squire, to the farmer and day-labourer: descend as low as to the scavenger, chimney-sweeper, and night-man ; still, through all their dirt and filth, you may occasionally discern her.

“ Nor is her parental dominion confined to the climates or nations called civilized. Travel to the poles, or into the burning zone ; among the Bramins, Banians, and Facquars ; among the Iroquois, Cannibals, and Hottentots ; even there shall you meet the operations of this *primum mobile*. What, but the arrogance of superior merit, instigates the first of these to assume a right of domineering over the consciences of their fellows, and damning the souls of those who differ from them ? And for the Hot-

tentots, who that reads the accounts of the insolence with which they torment before they eat their enemies, can doubt whether they be actuated by hunger or haughtiness? In a word, from the feuds that lay waste whole kingdoms, down to the sickly spleen which devours the slighted coquet, or the fine lady superseded in her place, we need look no further for the author of the griefs which poison our peace.

“ In relation to matters purely speculative, none who are ever so little conversant in them, can be at a loss for numerous instances of the havoc made with learning, truth, and religion, by the dogmatical imposition of hypotheses and systems, invented by men of more power than knowledge; and the no less arrogant prohibition of new lights, which might detect the fallacy, or otherwise clash with an assumed all-sufficiency. Hence was the asserter of the Antipodes persecuted in the inquisition. Hence all the mischiefs arising from enthusiasm, hypocrisy, bigotry, and zeal. Hence—but I am entering into a field too wide for the limits of an ordinary epistle. Yet having mentioned the possibility of accounting for atheism by the same way, I shall here only appeal to your readers, whether that man is simply a fool, or if he must not necessarily be a very conceited fool, who says in his heart there is no God?

“ And now, Sir, should it be asked to what purpose this epistle? or where the remedy? it is answered, that the utility of such a discussion, which for the sake of the World, I could heartily wish had been more accurately handled, must be obvious; for by this means the hydra being reduced to one head, it becomes a more compendious task to cut off that one, than to vanquish a legion successively sprouting out from different stems: or, to change the allusion, the recipe, instead of applying to the infinite variety of symptoms, might be comprised in

two words—banish pride: as indeed this disease, pregnant of so many others, is most emphatically cautioned against in six words of Holy Writ—
 ‘Pride was not made for man.’

“I am, SIR,” &c.

No. 45. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1753.

— *Necte coronam*
 POSTIBUS. —

JUV. SAT. VI. 51.

“TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

“SIR,

“THERE is hardly a greater instance of ill-nature, or a more certain token of a cruel disposition, than the abuse of dumb creatures; especially of those who contribute to our advantage and conveniency. The doing an ill office to one who has intended us no harm, is a strong proof of inhumanity: but unkindness to a benefactor is both inhuman and ungrateful.

“But it is not my intention at present to animadvert upon our barbarity to the animal creation: if you will accept of so unworthy a correspondent, I may take another opportunity of sending you my thoughts upon that subject: the business of this letter is only to vindicate from reproach a poor inanimate being vulgarly called a Post, which every body knows is held in the lowest contempt, yet

whose services to mankind entitle it to a very high degree of regard and veneration.

“ ‘As stupid as a post,’ is a phrase perpetually made use of. If we want to characterize a fool, or a man absolutely without an idea, the expression is, ‘as stupid as a post.’ ‘As dull as a beetle,’ is a term I have no dislike to ; nor have I any great objection to ‘as grave as a judge,’ which I have considered as a synonymous phrase, ever since I saw an old gentleman in company extremely angry at being told he looked grave ; when it was observed by a third person, that grave in the dictionary was *vile* dull. But though it is admitted that the idea of dullness may be illustrated by a beetle, and the idea of gravity by a judge, I positively deny that stupidity and a post have any similitude whatsoever.

“ It is well known, that the ancients, and more especially the Egyptians, the wisest nation of them all, paid the greatest degree of veneration to several inanimate things. Almost all vegetables were considered as gods, and consequently worshipped as such. Leeks and onions were particularly esteemed ; and there was hardly a garden to be seen that was not overrun with deities. Now I own that I have no such superstitious regard for a post, as to recommend its deification ; nor am I for making it minister of state, as Caligula did his horse ; I only think, that when it is undeservedly branded into a proverb of contempt, common justice requires its vindication.

“ In former ages, how much posts were esteemed, appears from what Juvenal says of them :

Ornentur Postes, et grandi janua lauro :

SAT. VI. 79.

where we see that they were crowned with laurel. Virgil likewise, in describing the destruction of

Troy, says, that the women in the height of despair,

Amplexæque tenent Postes, atque oscula figunt ;
ÆN. ii. 490.

without doubt to take an affectionate leave of them. And old Ennius, knowing that they were in some measure sacred, employs no less a person than the Goddess Discord herself to demolish them ;

— *Discordia tetra*
Belli ferratos Postes, portasque refregit.

“ But before I consider the service of posts to mankind in general, I shall take this opportunity of acknowledging the obligation which I have personally received from one of them, and which may very possibly bias me in favour of the whole fraternity.

“ I was travelling very lately, where I was entirely ignorant of the road, in a part of England too far from town for the common people to give that rational direction to a stranger, which they do in and about London ; and too near it, as I afterwards found, not to relish strongly of its vices. Coming at last to a place, where the road branched out into different paths, I was quite at a stand, till seeing a country fellow passing by, I enquired the road to Bisley. ‘ To Bisley ! ’ says he scratching his head, and looking up in my face—‘ Where did you come from, Sir ? ’ I was nettled a good deal at the fellow’s useless and impertinent question, especially as it began to grow dusk ; however, that I might get what instruction from him I could, I satisfied him. He then, after having attentively looked round the country, and informed me I might have come a nearer way, gave me to understand, ‘ That he could not well tell, but that I was not above two miles from it.’ ‘ P—x take the fellow ! ’ says I, ‘ he is as

stupid as a post, and rode on : but I had hardly gone a hundred yards before I discovered a post, which very good-naturedly held out its finger to show me the road, and informed me in a few words that I had still three miles to go. I followed the advice of this intelligent friend, and soon arrived at the end of my journey, ashamed and vexed at the ingratitude I had been guilty of, in abusing so serviceable a guide.

“ If a man reflects seriously with himself, as I did then, he will find the posts are very far from being so stupid as they are imagined to be. I may safely venture to assert, that they have all negative wisdom. They neither ruin their fortunes by gaming, nor their constitutions by drinking. They keep no bad company ; they never interfere either in matters of party or religion, and seem entirely unconcerned about who is in favour at court, or who out. Though I cannot say that their courage is great, they never suffer themselves to be affronted unrevenged ; for they are always upon the defensive, though they seldom give the challenge. Drunkards they have a particular aversion to ; nor is it uncommon for a man, though the fumes of wine may have made him insensible at night, to feel the effects of their resentment in the morning. In short, they seem devoted to the service of mankind ; sleeping neither day nor night, nor ever deserting the station which is assigned them. One thing I own may be justly laid to their charge, which is, that they are often guilty of cruel behaviour to the blind ; though I think they amply repay it, by lending support to the lame.

“ I could enumerate several sorts of posts, which are of infinite service ; such as the mill-post, the whipping-post, the sign-post, and many others ; I

shall at present content myself with making a few observations on the two last, the whipping-post, and the sign-post.

“ If to put in execution the laws of the land, be of any service to the nation, which few I think will deny, the benefit of the whipping-post must be very apparent, as being a necessary instrument of such an execution. Indeed the service it does to a country place is inconceivable. I myself knew a man who had proceeded so far as to lay his hand upon a silver spoon, with a design to make it his own ; but upon looking round, and seeing a whipping-post in his way, he desisted from the theft. Whether he suspected that the post would impeach him or not, I will not pretend to determine ; some folks were of opinion, that he was afraid of a Habeas Corpus. It is likewise an infallible remedy for all lewd and disorderly behaviour, which the chairman at sessions generally employs it to restrain, nor is it less beneficial to the honest part of mankind, than the dishonest : for though it lies immediately in the high road to the gallows, it has stopped many an adventurous young man in his progress thither.

“ But of the whole family of the posts, I know none more serviceable than the sign-post, which, like a bill of fare to an entertainment, always stands ready without the door, to inform you what you are to expect within. The intent of this has been very much perverted, and accordingly taken notice of by your predecessor the Spectator. He was for prohibiting the carpenter the use of any sign but his saw ; and the shoe-maker but his boot ; and with great propriety ; for the proverb says, *ne sutor ultra crepidam*. And indeed it is reasonable “ every shop should have a sign that bears some affinity to the

wares in which it deals:" for otherwise, a stranger may call for a yard of cloth at a bookseller's, or the last World at a linen-draper's. But when these things are adjusted, nothing can be of greater service than a sign-post; inasmuch as it instructs a man, provided he has money in his pocket, how he may supply all his wants; and often directs the hungry traveller to the agreeable perfumes of a savoury kitchen: from whence it is imagined that the common expression comes, of smelling a post.

"Thus, Mr. Fitz-Adam, you see how much we are indebted to these serviceable things, called posts: and I think it would be a great instance of your goodness, to endeavour to correct the world's ingratitude to them; since it is grown so very notorious, that I have known several, who owe all they have to a post, industrious to undervalue its dignity, and make its character appear ridiculous.

"I am, SIR,

"Your most humble servant,

"W. R.

"N. B. All Posts of honour, Posts in war, letter Posts, and Post the Latin preposition, though they spell their names in the same manner, are of a quite different family; nor do I undertake to plead in their behalf, knowing that most of them are in too flourishing a condition to stand in need of an advocate."

No. 46. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1753.

“ TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

“ SIR,

“ ‘ WHEN a rich man speaketh,’ says the son of Sirach, ‘ every man holdeth his tongue ; and lo ! what he sayeth is extolled to the clouds : but if a poor man speak, they say, What fellow is this ?’ I had a mortifying opportunity, yesterday, of experiencing the truth of this observation.

“ It is not material that I should tell you who or what I am ; it will be enough to say, that though I dine every day, and always make my appearance in a clean shirt, I have no thoughts of offering myself as a candidate for a borough at the next general election, nor am I quite so rich as a certain man of fashion, who took such a fancy to me this summer in the country, as hardly to be easy out of my company.

“ This great person came to town last week for the winter ; whither I was called upon business soon after ; and having received a general invitation to his table, I went yesterday to dine with him. Upon my being shown into the parlour, I found him sitting with two young gentlemen, who, as I afterwards learnt, were persons of great quality, and who, before I was bid to sit down, entered into a short whisper with my friend, which concluded with a broad stare in my face, and the words ‘ I thought so,’ uttered with a careless contempt, loud enough for me to hear.

“ I was a little disconcerted at this behaviour, but was in some measure relieved by a message a few minutes after, that dinner was upon the table.

We were soon seated according to form; and as the conversation was upon general subjects, or rather upon no subject at all, and as the having something to say enables a man to sit easier in his chair, I now-and-then attempted to put in a word, but I found I had not the good fortune to make myself heard. The play-houses happening to be mentioned, I asked very respectfully if any thing new was to be exhibited this season? Upon which it was observed, 'that the winter was come in upon us all at once, and that there had been ice in Hyde-park, of near half an inch thick!' Upon my friend's taking notice that there had been a very great court that morning, I took occasion to inquire how the king did? when it was immediately remarked 'that the opera this season would certainly be a very grand one.' As I was a proficient in music, and a friend to the Italian opera, I hoped to be attended to, by saying something in favour of so elegant an entertainment: but before I had proceeded through half a sentence, the conversation took another turn, and it was unanimously agreed, 'that my lord Somebody's Greenland dog was the finest of the kind ever seen in England.' It was now high time for me to have done; I therefore contented myself with playing the dumb man till the cloth was removed, and then took my leave.

"At my return to my lodgings I could not help thinking that it was not absolutely impossible for great men to be very ill-bred; but however that matter may be, I shall eat my dinner at the chop-house to day, notwithstanding I have just received a card from my friend, to tell me, 'that he dines alone, and shall be quite unhappy without me.'

"I am, SIR,

"Your most humble servant,

"F. B."

“MR. FITZ-ADAM,

“AMONG the many inventions of this wise and polite age, I look upon the art of not knowing people to be one of the greatest. But for fear the term should be a little too technical for many of your readers, I shall explain it at large. What I mean is, that persons of distinction shall meet their inferiors in public places, and either walk, sit, or stand close at their elbows, without having the least recollection of them; whom, but a week or a day before, they have been particularly intimate with, and for whom they have professed the most affectionate regard. As you have taken no notice of this art, in all probability the professors of it have escaped you; but as I have lately been the subject of its fullest exertion, I beg leave to trouble you with a few words upon the occasion.

“I am a clergyman of some fortune, though no preferment; and knowing that I had many friends at the Bath this season, I came hither last week to enjoy the pleasure of their conversation. The morning after my arrival I took a walk to the pump-room, where I had the honour of seeing a noble lord, a baronet, and some ladies of quality, with whom I was very well acquainted: but to my great surprise, though I stood at the distance of only two or three yards from them, I did not perceive that any one of them knew me. I have dined several times with his lordship, have frequently drank tea with the ladies, and spent two months this summer with the baronet, and yet am throwing myself in their way every morning, am sitting next them in the rooms every evening, nay, playing at cards with them at the same table, without their having the least remembrance of me. There is also a very genteel family in the place, in which I have been so extremely intimate, that according to the song,

I have drank with the father, have talked with the mother,
Have romped with the sister, and gamed with the brother ;

but, for what reason I know not, unless it be in imitation of the lords and ladies above mentioned, with whom they happened to be acquainted, I do not find that any one of them has the least knowledge of me.

" I have looked in the glass above a hundred times, from a suspicion that my face must have undergone some extraordinary change, to occasion this total want of recollection in my friends ; but I have the satisfaction to find that my eyes, nose, and mouth are not only remaining, but they stand as near as I can guess, in the very individual places, as when my friends knew me ; and that their forgetfulness is altogether owing to this new invented art ; an art, which it seems none but persons of fashion, or a few very genteel people who have studied under them, can make themselves masters of. But it is an art that will undo me, if a living which my friend the noble lord has been so good as to assure me of, should happen to become void while I am in this place : for how can I suppose that his lordship will give that to an entire stranger, which he has so long ago promised to an intimate acquaintance ?

" I am, SIR,

" Your humble servant,

Bath, Oct. 29, 1753.

" ABRAHAM ADAMS."

I have taken the first opportunity of publishing these letters, not from a conviction that the writers of them have any cause of complaint, but from a desire of removing false prejudices, and of doing justice to the character of great people. As for the son of Sirach, whom the first of my correspondents has thought proper to quote, every body knows that his writings are apocryphal ; and as to the mat-

ter complained of, namely that a private man cannot make himself heard among lords and great folks, it is the fault of nature, who it is well known has formed the ears of persons of quality only for hearing one another. My other correspondent, who is piqued at not being known, is equally unreasonable, for he cannot but have observed at the play-houses and other public places, from the number of glasses used by people of fashion, that they are naturally short sighted. It is from this visual defect, that a great man is apt to mistake fortune for honour, a service of plate for a good name, and his neighbour's wife for his own. His memory is in many instances as defective as his sight. Benefits, promises, and payment of debts, are things that he is extremely liable to forget. How then is it to be wondered at, that he should forget an acquaintance? But I have always observed that there is a propensity in little people to speak evil of dignities : and that where real errors are wanting, which is the case at present, they will throw out their invectives against natural defects, and quarrel with the deaf for not hearing them, and with the blind for not seeing them.

I could go near to write a whole paragraph in praise of great men, if I was not restrained by the consideration, that of all things in the world, they hate flattery.

No. 47. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1753.

“ TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

“ SIR,

“ DIM-SIGHTED as I am, my spectacles have assisted me sufficiently to read your papers. Permit me,

as a recompense for the pleasure I have received from them, to send you an anecdote in my family, which till now has never appeared in print.

“I am the widow of Mr. Solomon Muzzy; I am the daughter of Ralph Pumpkin, Esq.; and I am the grand-daughter of Sir Josiah Pumpkin, of Pumpkin-hall in South Wales. I was educated, with my two elder sisters, under the care and tuition of my honoured grandfather and grandmother, at the hall-house of our ancestors. It was the constant custom of my grandfather, when he was tolerably free from the gout, to summon his three grand-daughters to his bed side, and amuse us with the most important transactions of his life. I took particular delight in hearing the good old man illustrate his own character, which he did, perhaps not without some degree of vanity, but always with a strict adherence to truth. He told us, he hoped we would have children, to whom some of his adventures might prove useful and important.

“Sir Josiah was scarce nineteen years old, when he was introduced at the court of Charles the Second, by his uncle Sir Simon Sparrowgrass, who was at that time Lancaster herald at arms, and in great favour at Whitehall. As soon as he had kissed the king’s hand, he was presented to the duke of York, and immediately afterwards to the ministers, and the mistresses. His fortune, which was considerable, and his manners, which were extremely elegant, made him so very acceptable in all companies, that he had the honour to be plunged at once into every polite party of wit, pleasure, and expense, that the courtiers could possibly display. He danced with the ladies; he drank with the gentlemen; he sung loyal catches, and broke bottles and glasses in every tavern throughout London. But still he was by no means a perfect

fine gentleman. He had not fought a duel. He was so extremely unfortunate, as never to have had even the happiness of a rencounter. The want of opportunity, not of courage, had occasioned this inglorious chasm in his character. He appeared not only to the whole court, but even in his own eye, an unworthy and degenerate Pumpkin, till he had shown himself as expert in opening a vein with a sword, as any surgeon in England could be with a lancet. Things remained in this unhappy situation till he was near two-and-twenty years of age. At length his better stars prevailed, and he received a most egregious affront from Mr. Cucumber, one of the gentlemen-ushers of the Privy-chamber. Cucumber, who was in waiting at court, spit inadvertently into the chimney, and as he stood next to Sir Josiah Pumpkin, part of the spittle rested upon Sir Josiah's shoe. It was then that the true Pumpkin honour arose in blushes upon his cheeks. He turned upon his heel, went home immediately, and sent Mr. Cucumber a challenge. Captain Daisy, a friend to each party, not only carried the challenge, but adjusted the preliminaries. The heroes were to fight in Moor-fields, and to bring fifteen seconds on a side. Punctuality is a strong instance of valour upon these occasions. The clock of St. Paul's struck seven, just when the combatants were marking out their ground, and each of the two-and-thirty gentlemen was adjusting himself into a posture of defence against his adversary. It happened to be the hour for breakfast in the hospital of Bedlam. A small bell had rung to summon the Bedlamites into the great gallery. The keepers had already unlocked the cells, and were bringing forth their mad folks, when the porter of Bedlam, Owen Macduffy, standing at the iron gate, and beholding such a number

of armed men in the midst of the fields, immediately roared out, 'fire, murder, swords, daggers, bloodshed!' Owen's voice was always remarkably loud, but his fears had rendered it still louder and more tremendous. His words struck a panic into the keepers; they lost all presence of mind; they forgot their prisoners, and hastened most precipitately down stairs to the scene of action. At the sight of naked swords, their fears increased, and at once they stood open-mouthed and motionless. Not so the lunatics; freedom to madmen, and light to the blind, are equally rapturous. Ralph Rogers, the tinker, began the alarm. His brains had been turned with joy at the Restoration, and the poor wretch imagined that this glorious set of combatants were Roundheads and Fanatics, and accordingly he cried out, 'Liberty and property, my boys! down with the Rump! Cromwell and Ireton are come from hell to destroy us. Come, my Cavalier lads, follow me, and let us knock out their brains.' The Bedlamites immediately obeyed, and with the tinker at their head, leaped over the balusters of the stair-case, and ran wildly into the fields. In their way they picked up some staves and cudgels, which the porters and the keepers had inadvertently left behind, and rushing forward with amazing fury, they forced themselves outrageously into the midst of the combatants, and in one unlucky moment, destroyed all the decency and order with which this most illustrious duel had begun.

"It seemed, according to my grandfather's observation, a very untoward fate, that two-and-thirty gentlemen of courage, honour, fortune, and quality, should meet together in hopes of killing each other, with all that resolution and politeness which belonged to their stations, and should at once be

routed, dispersed, and even wounded, by a set of madmen, without sword, pistol, or any other more honourable weapon than a cudgel.

"The madmen were not only superior in strength, but numbers. Sir Josiah Pumpkin and Mr. Cucumber stood their ground as long as possible, and they both endeavoured to make the lunatics the sole objects of their mutual revenge, but the two friends were soon overpowered, and no person daring to come to their assistance, each of them made as proper a retreat as the place and circumstances would admit.

"Many of the other gentlemen were knocked down and trampled under foot. Some of them, whom my grandfather's generosity would never name, betook themselves to flight in a very inglorious manner. An earl's son was spied clinging submissively round the feet of mad Pocklington, the tailor. A young baronet, although naturally intrepid, was obliged to conceal himself at the bottom of Pippin Kate's apple-stall. A Shropshire squire of three thousand pounds a year, was discovered chin deep, and almost stifled in Fleet-ditch. Even Captain Daisy himself was found in a milk-cellar, with visible marks of fear and consternation. Thus ended this inauspicious day. But the madmen continued their outrages many days after. It was near a week before they were all retaken and chained down in their cells. During that interval of liberty, they committed many offensive pranks throughout the cities of London and Westminster; and my grandfather himself had the misfortune to see mad Rogers come into the queen's drawing-room, and spit in a duchess's face.

"Such unforeseen disasters occasioned some prudent regulations in the laws of honour. It was enacted that from that time, six combatants, three

on a side, might be allowed and acknowledged to contain such a quantity of blood in their veins, as should be sufficient to satisfy the highest affront that could be offered.

“ Afterwards, upon the maturest deliberation, as my grandfather assured me, the number six was reduced to four; two principals, and two seconds; each second was to be the truest and best-beloved friend that his principal had in the world: and these seconds were to fight, provided they declared upon oath, that they had no manner of quarrel to each other: for the canons of honour ordained, that in case the two seconds had the least heat or animosity one against the other, they must naturally become principals, and therefore ought to seek out for seconds to themselves.

“ Having told you a very remarkable event in my grandfather's life, almost in his own words, and finding that the story has carried me perhaps into too great a length of letter, I shall not mention some curious facts relating to my father, and to poor dear Mr. Solomon Muzzy, of whom I am the unfortunate and mournful relict. But I have at least the honour and consolation to be,

“ SIR,

“ Your constant reader, and

“ Most humble servant,

“ MARY MUZZY.”

No. 48. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1753.

THOUGH the demand for this paper has more than answered my expectations, yet the profits

VOL. X XII. A A

arising from it have not been so immense as to enable me, at this present time, to set up the one-horse chair which I promised myself at first setting out. For which reason, and for certain private objections, which I cannot help making to a post-chaise or hired chariot, when I am inclined to make an excursion into the country, I either travel on foot, or, if the distance or the weather should make it necessary, I take my place in that sociable and communicative vehicle called a stage-coach. Happy is the man, who, without any laboured designs of his own, finds his very wants to be productive of his conveniencies! This man am I; having met with certain characters and adventures upon these rambles, that have contributed more to the enriching my stock of hints towards carrying on this work, than would ever have presented themselves, had I drove along the road, admiring the splendour of my own equipage, or lolled at my ease in the hired one of another.

Many of those characters and adventures had appeared before now in these essays, if the desire of obliging my correspondents, assisted by a modesty peculiar to myself, that of thinking the productions of others to be almost as valuable as my own, had not inclined me, if I may speak in the language of traffic, to turn factor for my friends, and to trade by commission, rather than to do business entirely on my own account. And in carrying on this commerce, I have consulted the satisfaction of my customers, as well as my own interest: for though I do not pretend to so much humility as absolutely to allow that any other trader can send such goods to market as my own, or, to drop the allusion, that there is a man now living who can write so wittily, so wisely, and so learnedly as my-

self; yet the productions of many will probably have more variety than those of a single person, even though that single person should be myself. But I have still a stronger reason for giving place to correspondents; it is the strong propensity which I have always found in my nature to communicate happiness. Every body knows, at least every writer, with what infinite satisfaction a man sees himself in print. For my own part, I shall never forget the flutterings and heart-beatings I felt upon the honour that was done me many years ago, by the author of the Gentleman's Magazine, in publishing a song to Cælia, which was the first of my compositions. Indeed there was a small inconvenience attending the pleasure at that particular time; for as my finances were a little low, I almost ruined myself by the many repeated half dozens which I bought of that magazine to distribute among my friends for their wonder and admiration. And hence, if I was in haste to set up an equipage, would arise another motive to the inserting the letters of correspondents; but as every pecuniary consideration is of small weight, when compared with the pleasure of communicating happiness, I have given it but little of my attention. One thing I must request of my readers before I have done entirely with this subject, which is, that if it should ever enter into their heads that I have laid before them a dull paper, they will please to impute it to the abundance of my good nature, and not to any laziness in my disposition, or deficiency in my judgement.

But to return to my country excursions. I was coming to town from one of them this week in the Windsor stage-coach, which, as we passed through Brentford, stopped to take up two of the fair sex, inhabitants of that genteel place, one of them at a

collar-maker's, and the other at a breeches-maker's. The collar-maker's lady, who was a person of very fine breeding, wished the breeches-maker's lady joy of her coming abroad after her lying-in, and excused herself by illness for not having waited upon her on the occasion: to which the breeches-maker's lady answered, in the politest manner imaginable, 'that she should have been extremely glad to have seen her, but that she sent cards to none of her acquaintance, as indeed there was no occasion; for that, excepting herself, meaning the collar-maker's lady, she had been visited at her sitting up by all the Quality of Brentford.'

The Quality of Brentford fixed my attention to these ladies; and during so short a journey as to Hyde-park corner, where I made my compliments of departure, I acquired so much knowledge in the affairs of Child-birth, in Thrushes, Red-gums, and the management of the month, that I shall hardly decline a debate upon those subjects with the most experienced nurse at the lying-in hospital in Brownlow street.

As there are few circumstances too trivial to furnish useful hints to a considerate mind, at my return to my lodgings I could not help looking upon this boast of the breeches-maker's wife, concerning the number and grandeur of her visitors, namely, that they were all the Quality of Brentford, to be exactly of a piece with the vanity that possesses almost every individual of mankind.

To mention a stage-coach once more; who is there that has travelled in one, but must have heard it observed by the most ordinary of the passengers, that this was the first time in their lives that they had ever suffered themselves to be crowded into so mean a carriage? For my own part, I have always remarked it, that within half a dozen miles of the

end of our journey, if there has been a fine-spoken lady in the coach, though but a country shop-keeper's wife, who imagined herself a stranger to the company, she has expressed great anger and astonishment at not seeing the chaise, the chariot, or the coach coming to meet her on the road. To what is this vanity owing, but to the desire of being thought in her own person, one of the Quality of Brentford?

If we look into the city, and observe the eating and drinking of almost every common tradesman; the strut of the husband in his gown and hood upon a lord-mayor's day; the extravagance of the wife in dress, furniture, and servants; their parties to Vauxhall and Sadler's Wells; their visits and entertainments; the question will occur, whence are all these vanities, but to see and be seen by the Quality of Brentford?

The fine gentleman, whose lodgings no one is acquainted with; whose dinner is served up under cover of a pewter plate from the cook's shop in Porridge Island; and whose annuity of a hundred pounds is made to supply a laced suit every year, and a chair every evening to a rout; returns to his bed-room on foot, and goes shivering and supperless to rest, for the pleasure of appearing among people of equal importance with the Quality of Brentford.

The confectioner's wife, who lights up her rooms with wax candles, and pays for them with the card money; who borrows chairs, tables, and servants of her neighbours; who sweats under the fatigue of doing the honours of her house, and who is almost stifled to death by the mob she has invited; has no other gratification from her folly, than the idle boast of having brought together to her rout, all the Quality of Brentford.

But to take characters in the group, why is every ordinary mechanic, every pettifogging attorney, every clerk in an office, every painter, player, poet, and musician, or, in short, why is almost every man one knows, making a show beyond his income, but from a desire of being ranked among the Quality of Brentford.

I shall conclude this paper with a short letter, which I received two days ago from a correspondent, who, if I can form any judgement of his rank by his manner of writing, must be one of the Quality of Brentford.

“MR. FITZ-ADAM,

“I AM no enemy to humour and irony and all that, but I cannot help thinking that you must have spent the chief part of your time among low people; and this is not only my own opinion, but the opinion of most of the persons of quality with whom I converse. If you are really acquainted with the manners of upper life, be so good as to convince us of it, by copying its language, and drawing your future characters from that inexhaustible source of politeness and entertainment.

“I am,

“Your friend and well-wisher,

“Z.”

No. 49. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1753.

THOUGH I am an old fellow, I am neither sour nor silly enough yet, to be a snarling *laudator temporis acti*, and to hate or despise the present age because it is the present. I cannot, like many of my con-

temporaries, rail at the wonderful degeneracy and corruption of these times, nor, by sneering compliments to the ingenious, the sagacious, moderns, intimate that they have not common sense. I really do not think that the present age is marked out by any new and distinguished vices and follies, unknown to former ages. On the contrary, I am apt to suspect that human nature was always very like what it is at this day, and that men, from the time of my great progenitors down to this moment, have always had in them the same seeds of virtue and vice, wisdom and folly, of which only the modes have varied, from climate, education, and a thousand other conspiring causes.

Perhaps this uncommon good-humour, and indulgence of mine to my contemporaries may be owing to the natural benignity of my constitution, in which I can discover no particles of envy or ill-nature, even to my rivals both in fame and profit, the weekly writers ; or perhaps to the superiority of my parts, which every body must acknowledge, and which places me infinitely above the mean sentiments of envy and jealousy. But whatever may be the true cause, which probably neither my readers nor I shall ever discover with precision, this at least is certain, that the present age has not only the honour and pleasure of being extremely well with me, but if I dare say so, better than any that I have yet either heard or read of. Both vices and virtues are smoothed and softened by manners ; and though they exist as they ever have done, yet the former have become less barbarous, and the latter less rough. Insomuch that I am as glad as Mr. Voltaire can be, that I have the good fortune to live in this age ; independently of that interested consideration, that it

is rather better to be still alive, than only to have lived.

This my benevolence to my countrymen and contemporaries ought to be esteemed still the more meritorious in me, when I shall make it appear that no man's merit has been less attended to, or rewarded, than mine; and nothing produces ill-humour, rancour, and malevolence so much as neglected and unrewarded merit.

The utility of my weekly labours is evident, and their effects, wherever they are read, prodigious. They are equally calculated, I may say it without vanity, to form the heart, improve the understanding, and please the fancy. Notwithstanding all which, the ungrateful public does not take above three thousand of them a week. Though, according to Mr. Maitland's calculation of the number of the inhabitants in this great metropolis, they ought to take two hundred thousand of them, supposing only five persons, and one paper to each family; and allowing seven millions of souls in the rest of the kingdom, I may modestly say, that one million more of them ought to be taken and circulated in the country. The profit arising from the sale of twelve hundred thousand papers, would be some encouragement to me to continue these my labours for the benefit of mankind.

I have not yet had the least intimation from the ministers, that they have any thoughts of calling me to their assistance, and giving me some considerable employment of honour and profit: and having had no such intimations, I am justly apprehensive that they have no such intentions. Such intimations being always long previous to the performance, often to the intentions.

Nor have I been invited, as I confess I expected

to be, by any considerable borough or county to represent them in the next parliament, and to defend their liberties, and the Christian religion, against the ministers and the Jews. But I think I can account for this seeming slight, without mortification to my vanity and self-love; my name being a pentateuch name, which, in these suspicious and doubtful times, savours too strongly of Judaism; though, upon the faith of a Christian, I have not the least tendency to it; and I must do Mrs. Fitz-Adam, who I own has some influence over me, the justice to say, that she has the utmost horror for those sanguinary rites and ceremonies.

Notwithstanding all this ill usage, for every man may be justly said to be ill used who is not rewarded according to his own estimation of his own merit, which I feel and lament, I cannot however call the present age names, and brand it with degeneracy. Nature, as I have already observed, being always the same, modes only varying. With modes, the signification of words also varies, and in the course of those variations, convey ideas very different from those which they were originally intended to express. I could give numberless instances of this kind, but at present I shall content myself with this single one.

The word honour in its proper signification, doubtless implies, the united sentiments of virtue, truth, and justice, carried by a generous mind beyond those mere moral obligations which the laws require, or can punish the violation of. A true man of honour will not content himself with the literal discharge of the duties of a man and a citizen; he raises and dignifies them into magnanimity. He gives where he may with justice refuse; he forgives where he may with justice resent; and his whole

conduct is directed by the noble sentiments of his own unvitiated heart; surer and more scrupulous guides than the laws of the land, which being calculated for the generality of mankind, must necessarily be more a restraint upon vices in general, than an invitation and reward of particular virtues. But these extensive and compound notions of honour have been long contracted, and reduced to the single one of personal courage. Among the Romans, honour meant no more than contempt of dangers and death in the service, whether just or unjust, of their country. Their successors and conquerors, the Goths and Vandals, who did not deal much in complex ideas, simplified those of honour, and reduced them to this plain and single one, of fighting for fighting's sake, upon any, or all, no matter what, occasions.

Our present mode of honour is something more compounded, as will appear by the true character which I shall now give of a fashionable man of honour.

A gentleman,* which is now the genteel synonymous term for a man of honour, must, like his Gothic ancestors, be ready for, and rather desirous of single combat. And if by a proper degree of wrongheadedness he provokes it, he is only so much the more jealous of his honour, and more of a gentleman.

He may lie with impunity, if he is neither detected nor accused of it : for it is not the lie he tells, but the lie he is told of, that dishonours him. In

* A gentleman, is every man, who, with a tolerable suit of clothes, a sword by his side, and a watch and snuff-box in his pockets, asserts himself to be a gentleman, swears with energy that he will be treated as such, and that he will cut the throat of any man who presumes to say the contrary.

that case he demonstrates his veracity by his sword, or his pistol, and either kills or is killed with the greatest honour.

He may abuse and starve his own wife, daughters, or sisters, and he may seduce those of other men, particularly his friends, with inviolate honour, because, as Sir John Brute very justly observes, he wears a sword.

By the laws of honour he is not obliged to pay his servants or his tradesmen; for as they are a pack of scoundrels, they cannot without insolence demand their due of a gentleman: but he must punctually pay his gaming-debts to the sharpers who have cheated him; for those debts are really debts of honour.

He lies under one disagreeable restraint: for he must not cheat at play, unless in a horse-match: but then he may with great honour defraud in an office, or betray a trust.

In public affairs, he may, not only with honour, but even with some degree of lustre, be in the same session a turbulent patriot, opposing the best measures, and a servile courtier, promoting the worst; provided a very lucrative consideration be known to be the motive of his conversion; for in that case the point of honour turns singly upon the quantum.

From these premises, which the more they are considered the truer they will be found, it appears, that there are but two things, which a man of the nicest honour may not do, which are declining single combat, and cheating at play. Strange! that virtue should be so difficult, and honour, its superior, so easy to attain to.

The uninformed herd of mankind are governed by words and names, which they implicitly receive without either knowing or asking their meaning. Even the philosophical and religious controversies,

for the last three or four hundred years, have turned much more upon words and names, unascertained and misunderstood, than upon things fairly stated. The polite world, to save time and trouble, receive, adapt, and use words, in the signification of the day ; not having leisure nor inclination to examine and analyse them : and thus often misled by sounds, and not always secured by sense, they are hurried into fatal errors, which they do not give their understandings fair play enough to prevent.

In explaining words, therefore, and bringing them back to their true signification, one may sometimes happen to expose and explode those errors, which the abuse of them both occasions and protects. May that be the good fortune of this day's paper ! How many unthinking and unhappy men really take themselves to be men of honour, upon these mistaken ideas of that word ! And how fatal to others, especially to the young and unexperienced, is their example and success in the world ! I could heartily wish that some good dramatic poet would exhibit at full length and in lively colours upon the stage, this modish character of a man of honour, of which I have but slightly and hastily chalked the outlines. Upon such a subject I am apt to think that a good poet might be more useful than a good preacher, as perhaps his audiences would be more numerous, and his matter more attended to. Besides,

*Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem,
Quàm quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, et quæ
Ipse sibi tradit spectator.—* HOR. ARS POET. 180.

P. S. To prevent mistakes, I must observe that there is a great difference between a Man of honour, and a Person of honour. By Persons of honour were meant in the latter end of the last century,

bad authors and poets of noble birth, who were but just not fools enough to prefix their names in great letters to the prologues, epilogues, and sometimes even the plays with which they entertained the public. But now that our nobility are too generous to interfere in the trade of us poor professed authors, or to eclipse our performances by the distinguished and superior excellency and lustre of theirs; the meaning at present of a Person of honour, is reduced to the simple idea of a Person of illustrious Birth.

No. 50. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1753.

Et quæ tanta fuit Romam tibi causa videndi?

VIRG. ECL. i. 27.

“ TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

“ SIR,

“ THOUGH I am a constant inhabitant of this town, which is daily producing some new improvement in the polite and elegant arts, in which I interest myself, perhaps to a degree of enthusiasm, and have always a thousand reasons for not leaving it a single day; yet I cannot help still accosting my friends, upon their first arrival from the country, with the usual question at this time of the year, ‘ Well, Sir, what brings you to town?’ The answer has always varied according to the circumstances of the person asked: ‘ To see the new bridge; to put a son to Westminster; the inns of court, the army, &c. To

VOL. XXII.

B B

hear the new opera; to look out for a wife; to be in fortune's way at the drawing of the lottery; to print a sermon, a novel; the state of the nation, &c. &c.; to kiss hands for an employment; to be elected fellow of the Royal Society; to consult Doctor Ward; to be witness for Mrs. Squires.' In short, the reasons given are infinite, and I am afraid the detail has been already tedious. But I must observe, that the most general motive of the men has been to buy something they wanted, and of the ladies to buy something they did not want.

"This year, indeed, that general reason has given place to another, which is not only general but universal; for now, ask whom you will what he is come up for, he draws up all his muscles into a most devout gravity, and with an important solemnity answers you, 'To repeal the Jew bill.' This religious anxiety brings to my mind the political zeal, no less warm or universal, in the year ten. I remember I then met with a Welch collier who asked me for a halfpenny, telling me he was starving here, as were his wife and children two hundred miles off. As I knew him by his dialect to be of a good family, I expressed to him my surprise that he would leave his principality to come into a country where they paid so little regard to the antiquity of his house, or the length of his pedigree; and desired that he would tell me why he came to London. He immediately swelled with all the pride of his ancestors, put his arms a kimbo, and answered, 'To pull down the French king.'

"But the worst reason for coming to London that I ever heard in my life, was given me last night at a visit by a young lady of the most graceful figure I ever beheld; it was, 'to have her shape altered to the modern fashion.' That is to say, to have her breasts compressed by a flat, straight line, which is to

extend cross-wise from shoulder to shoulder, and also to descend, still in a straight line, in such a manner, that you shall not be able to pronounce what it is that prevents the usual tapering of the waist. I protest when I saw the beautiful figure that was to be so deformed by the stay-maker, I was as much shocked, as if I had been told that she was come to deliver up those animated knowls of beauty to the surgeon.—I borrow my terms from gardening, which now indeed furnishes the most pregnant and exalted expressions of any science in being—And this brings to my mind the only instance that can give an adequate idea of my concern. Let us suppose Mr. Browne should, in any one of the many Elysiums he has made, see the old terraces rise again and mask his undulating knowls, or straight rows of cut trees obscure his noblest configurations of scenery. When lord Burlington saw the rebuilding of St. Paul's by Sir C. Wren, the remembrance of the front which had been destroyed, and his partiality to the work of his admired Inigo Jones, drew from him the following citation. 'When the Jews saw the second temple, they wept.' I own, though no Jew, I did the same, when I heard that the most beauteous remain of nature's architecture was so soon to be destroyed; and could not help reciting those once admired lines in the *Henry and Emma*,

No longer shall the bodice, aptly laced,
From thy full bosom to thy slender waist,
That air and harmony of shape express,
Fine by degrees, and beautifully less;

— A horseman's coat shall hide
Thy taper shape and comeliness of side.

Observe the force of every word; and as a testimony that this excellent writer was peculiarly happy in the expression, comeliness of side, the nicest ob-

server of our times, who is now publishing a most rational Analysis of Beauty, has chosen for the principal illustration of it, a pair of stays, such as would fit the shape described by the judicious poet; and has also shown, by drawings of other stays, that every minute deviation from the first pattern is a diminution of beauty, and every grosser alteration a deformity.

“I hear that an ingenious gentleman is going within these few days to publish a treatise on Deformity. If he means artificial as well as natural deformity, he may make his work as voluminous as he pleases. A few books of travels will furnish him with abundant instances of head-moulders, face-squeezers, nose-parers, ear-stretchers, eye-painters, lip-borers, tooth-stainers, breast-cutters, foot-swathers, &c. &c. all modelled by fashion, none by taste. Whenever taste or sense shall interpose to amend, by a slight improvement, the mere deficiencies in the human figure, we may see by a single instance how it is likely to be received.

“A country family, whose reason for coming to London, was to have their pictures drawn, and principally that of the hopeful heir, brought him to Sir Godfrey Kneller. That skilful artist, soon discovering that a little converse with the world might, one day or other, wear off the block, which to a common observer obscured the man, instead of drawing him in a green coat with spaniels, or, in the more contemptible livery of a fop, playing with a lap-dog

Os homini sublime dedit.—

OV. MET. i. 85.

He gave him a soul darting with a proper spirit through the rusticity of his features. I met the mother and sisters coming down stairs the day it was finished, and I found Sir Godfrey in a most violent rage above. ‘Look there,’ says he, point-

ing to the picture, 'There is a fellow! I have put some sense in him, and none of his family know him.'

"Sir Godfrey's consciousness of his own skill was so well known, that it exposed him frequently to the banter and irony of the wits his friends. Pope, to play him off, said to him, after looking round a room full of beauties that he had painted, 'It is pity, Sir Godfrey, that you had not been consulted at the creation.' Sir Godfrey threw his eyes strong upon Pope's shoulders, and answered, 'Really I should have made some things better.' But the punishment for this profaneness pursued our wit still further.

"It is remarkable that the expletive Mr. Pope generally used by way of oath, was, 'God mend me!' One day, in a dispute with a hackney coachman, he used this expression:—'Mend you!' says the coachman; 'it would not be half the trouble to make a new one.' If it may be allowable to draw a moral reflection from a ludicrous story, I could heartily wish that the ladies would every morning seriously address to their Maker this invocation of Mr. Pope; and, after devout meditation on the Divine patronage to which they have recommended their charms, apply themselves properly to pursue all human means for the due accomplishment of their prayer. I flatter myself that this advice may be palatable, inasmuch as it comprehends that celebrated example of uniting religion and politeness, delivered down to us from the ancients in these few words, 'Sacrifice to the Graces.' And I hope the sex will consider how great a blemish it will be to the present age, if the painter or historian should declare to posterity that the ladies of these times were never known to sacrifice to any god but Fashion.

“ To conclude the history of my unhappy visit. I must confess I was provoked beyond all patience, reserve, or good-breeding; and very rudely flung out of the room, having first told the lady she need not have given herself the trouble of her journey to London, for I would answer for him, the talents of Mr. Square, her Somersetshire staymaker, were sufficient to dress her in the most elegant taste of the modern fashion, or indeed, if he was not an old man, to put her in a way that she could not possibly dress out of it.

“ I am, as a lover of elegance,

“ Your admirer and humble servant.”

No. 51. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1753.

—*Quod medicorum est,
Promittunt medici : tractant fabrilis fabri.*

HOR. EPIST. ii. l. 115.

THOUGH there is nothing more pleasing to the mind of man than variety, yet it may be pursued in such a manner as to make the most active and varied life a tiresome sameness. To illustrate this seeming paradox, I shall relate what I learnt from an humble companion of a gentleman of vast spirits, as he is called by his acquaintance, who thinks he has shown his value for time by never having yet enjoyed one moment of it. The active gentleman, it seems, proposed to the other to make the tour of England, and ride daily from house to house, and from garden to garden : which indeed they did in so expeditious a manner, not to lose time, that they

did not allow the least portion of it for the objects they saw to make any impression on their memories. In the hottest weather they never walked under the shade of the plantations they so much admired, and came on purpose to see ; but crossed the scorching lawn for the nearest way to the building they would not rest in, or the water they refused to be rowed upon. Thus they flew through the countries and gardens they went to see, with as much fatigue, and not more observation, than a post horse in his stage ; and this for the pleasure of variety, and the advantage of improvement.

In what respect does this gentleman's conduct differ from his who seeks a variety of acquaintance ? The consequence must be exactly the same ; viz. use and enjoyment of none. An unexperienced man, who has happened to see one of this turn eagerly following, or boasting of his acquaintance with the builder, the planter, the poet, the politician, the seaman, the soldier, the musician, the jockey, would naturally suppose he was generally talking with these gentlemen in the several sciences they respectively excelled in. No, this is the only discourse which he studies to avoid.

Before I endeavour to account for this strange absurdity, I would just observe, that the persons I am speaking of, are of a very different character from those who from a mere principle of vanity are continually numbering among their friends, though upon the slightest grounds, men of high birth and station, and who always bring to my mind justice Shallow's acquaintance with John of Gaunt, who never saw him but once, and then he broke his head. Equally wide of the question is that character, who from a love of talking avoids the company where his news has been already published, and dreads the

man who is better heard than himself on general topics.

Ignorance and an imbecility of attention, if I may be allowed the expression, are the most probable causes of this inconsistent behaviour. To avoid metaphysical disquisitions, let us try if we can set our judgements by comparison. Men of the weakest stomachs are ever solicitous of the greatest variety of dishes and the highest sauces, which they constantly reject upon tasting, being, as they confess, too strong for them, though the objects of their desire and expectation before they were brought upon the table. It is also observable, that when gentlemen, after a certain age, devote themselves to the fair sex, they generally pursue with more fervour, and always express themselves with more warmth, than when in the heat of youth, so long as the game is out of reach; but a nearer prospect of success soon discovers the difference between natural heat, and the delusion of false desire and imaginary passion. The sportsman cannot be more apprehensive and concerned for the death of the hare he wishes to save, than the old gallant is at the approaching opportunity of accomplishing his desires; which if he obtain, I am afraid he will sing no other 'Te Deum' than that of Pyrrhus—'Such another victory will ruin me.'

Animasque in vulnere ponunt. VIRG. GEORG. IV. 238.

was a famous quotation of Dr. Bentley's on the sudden death of an old bridegroom.

To avoid a dry argument, and as I do not remember to have seen this subject touched upon by any writer ancient or modern, I have endeavoured to throw it into a measure.

Ye sages say, who know mankind,
Whence, to their real profit blind,
All leave those fields which might produce
Fit game for pastime or for use?
The well-stored warren they forsake,
And love to beat the barren brake;
Sooner their pleasures will avoid,
Than run the chance of being cloy'd.

Damœtas ever is afraid
Lest merchants should discourse on trade:
And yet of commerce will inquire,
When drinking with a country squire.
Of ladies he will ask how soon
They think count Saxe can take a town,
Or whether France or Spain will treat.
But if the brigadier he meet,
He questions him about the sum
He won or lost at last night's drum.
Or if some minister of state
Will deign to talk of Europe's fate,
Th'important topic he declines,
To prate of soups, ragouts and wines;
Yet he, at Helluo's board, can fix
On no discourse but politics.

Once were the linguist and the bard
The objects of his chief regard;
Now with oppressive shrugs and looks
He flies the haunts of men of books:
Yet o'er his cups will condescend
To toast the prebend for his friend:
For depth of reading tell his merit,
Extol his style for force and spirit:
Ask where he preach'd, or what his text,
Inquire what work he'll publish next:
What depth of matter, how he treats it—
He can't be easy till he gets it.
Wet from the press 'tis sent him down,
Three days before 'tis on the town:
The title read, for never more is,
Next having writ *ex don. authoris*,
He spends at least the time in finding,
A place to suit its size and binding,
As might have served, if well directed,
To read the volume thus neglected.

When last with Atticus I dined,
Damœtas there I chanced to find,
Who straight address'd me with complaint
How Pollio talk'd of the Levant;
And how he teased him near an hour
With the Grand Signior and his power:
Then Athens' ruin'd domes explain'd,
And what in Egypt still remain'd.
This talk Damœtas could not bear,
For Pollio had himself been there;
But from some fellow of a college
Would think the subjects worth his knowledge.
The table now removed, again
Began Damœtas to complain;
' I knew Eugenius in his prime,
' The best companion of his time;
' But since he's got to yonder board,
' You never hear him speak a word,
' But tiresome schemes of navigation,
' The built of vessels and their station—
' Such stuff as spoil all conversation.'
' Good Atticus, repeat the verses
' You said were lately made by Thyrsis.'
John at that instant introduces
This very servant of the muses;
Damœtas starts, and in confusion,
Cursing the d—d ill-timed intrusion,
Whispers the servant in his ear,
' John, be so good to call a chair;'
And flies the spot, alarm'd with dread,
Lest Thyrsis should begin to read.

And yet, for all he holds this rule,
Damœtas is in fact no fool:
For he would hardly choose a groom
To make his chairs or hang his room;
Nor with th' upholsterer discourse
About the glanders in his horse;
Nor send to buy his wife a *tête*
To Puddle-dock or Billingsgate;
Nor if in labour, spleen, or trance,
Fetch her Sir Thomas for Sir Hans;
Nor bid his coachman drive o' nights
To parish-church instead of White's;
Nor make his party or his bets
With those who never pay their debts;

Though dazzled with the midnight glass,
Clasp the procuress for the lass;
When dinner's served upon the table,
Run to the greenhouse or the stable.
Nor at dessert of wax and china
Neglect the eatables, if any,
To smell the chaplet in the middle,
Or taste the Chelsea-china fiddle.

No. 52. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1753.

“ TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

“ SIR,

“ I HAVE been betrayed and ruined by the basest of mankind. My father was a merchant of considerable note in this town; but, by unavoidable losses and misfortunes, he died two years ago, broken-hearted and insolvent. I was his only child and the delight of his life. My education, my dress and manner of living, were such as would hardly have discredited a young woman of fashion. Alas! the dear parent, to whose fondness I was indebted for every advantage and enjoyment, intended to have given me a considerable fortune; but he died as I have told you, and has left me to lament that I was not a beggar from my cradle.

“ I was ignorant of his circumstances, and therefore felt not my misfortune in its full force till a month after his death: at which time his creditors entered upon his house, sold all his furniture and effects, and left me nothing but my clothes and trinkets, which they had no right to take from me.

“ In the days of my prosperity I had a maid-servant, of whom I was extremely fond; and to whom,

upon her marriage with a reputable tradesman, I gave a little portion of fifty pounds, which were left me by a relation. This young woman was lately become a widow; and being left in but indifferent circumstances, she hired a large house near the Exchange, and let lodgings for her support. It was to this woman that I flew for shelter; being no more than eighteen years of age, and as my father used often to tell me, too handsome to have friends.

"I do not mention this circumstance, indeed I do not, as any thing to be vain of: Heaven knows that I am humbled by it to the very dust: I only introduced it as the best excuse I could think of for the unkindness of my acquaintance.

"I was received by this favourite servant with great appearance of gratitude and esteem. She seemed to pity my misfortunes, and to take every opportunity of comforting and obliging me.

"Among the gentlemen that lodged at her house, there was one whom she used to talk of with great pleasure. One day, after I had lived with her about a week, she told me that this gentleman had a great inclination to be known to me, and that if I had no objection to company, he would drink tea with me that afternoon. She had hardly done speaking, when the gentleman entered the room. I was angry in my heart at this freedom; but his genteel appearance and behaviour soon got the better of my resentment, and made me listen to his conversation with more than common attention—To be as short as I can, this first visit made me desirous of a second, that second of a third, and the third of a thousand more: all of which he seemed as eager to pay as I was willing to receive.

"The house was so crowded with lodgers, that the mistress of it had only one parlour for herself and me; and as she had almost constant employ-

ment at home, my lover had very few opportunities of entertaining me alone. But the presence of a third person did not hinder him from declaring the most tender and unalterable love for me, nor did it awe me from discovering how pleasing and happy I was at the conquest I had made.

“ In this delightful situation near a twelvemonth passed away ; during which time he would often lament his dependence upon an old uncle, who, he said, would most assuredly disinherit him, if he married a woman without a fortune.

“ I wanted no better reason for this delay ; and was waiting for an event that promised me the possession of all I wished for, when my happiness was interrupted by the most villainous contrivance that ever was heard of.

“ I had walked out one morning to buy some shades of silk, in order to finish the covering of a settee which I was working for my benefactress ; and was returning home through a by-court, when, to my inexpressible surprise, I found myself stopt by two men, who, producing what they called a writ against me, hurried me into a coach, and conveyed me half-dead with terror, to a wretched house whose windows were guarded with iron bars.

“ As soon as I had power to speak, I desired to know by whom and for what crime I was thus cruelly insulted. They shewed me without hesitation their authority ; by which it appeared that the woman with whom I lived had ordered me to be arrested for a debt of thirty pounds, which she had sworn I owed her for board and lodgings. ‘ It is impossible ! ’ cried I ; ‘ she cannot have served me so ! There must be some mistake in this ! Send for her this moment ! I am sure it is a mistake ! ’ ‘ Very possible, madam, ’ answered one of the fellows with a smile ; ‘ but if you would take my advice, it should

be to send for a gentleman instead of the plaintiff. A young lady like you, madam, need not stay here for a debt of thirty pounds.' 'Go where I send you, Sir,' said I; 'tell her what has happened to me, and bid her hasten to me, if she would save my life.' The fellow shook his head as he went out, but promised to do as I directed. His companion asked me what I pleased to call for, and explained his meaning by telling me I was in a public house. I bid him call for what he liked, and charge it to me. He thanked me very civilly and locking the door after him, left me to myself.

"I had now a little leisure to reflect upon this adventure; but the more I thought of it, the greater was my perplexity. I remained in this uncomfortable suspense for near an hour, when I heard the door open with some precipitation, and saw my lover enter the room with an astonishment not to be imagined. 'Good God!' said he, snatching me to his arms, 'is this an apartment for my charmer?—That inhuman woman!'—'What woman?' said I interrupting him; 'can it be possible?'—'She owns it herself,' answered he; 'this professing friend, this grateful servant, owns that she has arrested you.' I was ready to faint at what I heard; but recovering myself as well as I could, I inquired into the motives of this woman's cruelty. 'Her motive,' he replied, 'was avarice; I had some words with her two days ago, and threatened her in jest that I would leave her lodgings. She thought me in earnest; and believing I was soon to marry the angel whom I doated on, she determined to make what money she could of me, by arresting my sweet girl. She was not mistaken when she guessed with what haste I should discharge the debt. Here, Sir,' continued he, turning to the bailiff, 'is the full sum, and a gratuity for yourself. Come, madam, let us

exchange this detested place, for apartments more worthy of you.'

"The coach that brought him to my prison was at the door. He immediately put me into it, and conducted me to a lace-shop upon Ludgate-hill. I remained in the coach while he stepped into the shop, and continued for a minute or two in conversation with the mistress of it; when returning to me with great cheerfulness, he gave me joy of his success, and handed me up stairs into pleasant and convenient apartments. The exact order in which I found every thing in these apartments put me upon observing that the owner of them was a prophetess, and knew that I should have need of them that very morning. My lover made no answer to my remark, but straining me in his arms, and almost pressing me to death, he called them my bridal apartments, and bid me welcome to them as such. He then went down to order dinner and a bottle of champagne from the tavern, and returned to me with so much love and joy in his looks, that I was charmed with him beyond expression. When dinner was removed, and the servant who attended us withdrawn, he said and looked so many fond and endearing things, and mingled such caresses with his words and looks, forcing upon me at the same time three or four glasses of a wine I was not used to, that my heart, warm as it was before with love and gratitude, consented to his desires, and in one fatal moment betrayed me to a villain.

"I lived in this guilty commerce till the effects of it made me apprehensive of being a mother in a few weeks. I had often pressed him for the performance of his promises; and was now resolved to be more particularly urgent with him upon that subject; but instead of listening to me as I hoped he

would, he called hastily for his sword, and took leave of me till the evening.

"I expected his return with the utmost impatience. The evening came; another, and another after that; but I neither saw him nor heard from him. Upon the fourth day of his leaving me, I received a visit from the mistress of the house, who, to my great astonishment, addressed me in these words.

" 'I thought, madam, at your entrance into this house, that you were a married woman. The lady who hired the lodgings for you two days before, gave me assurance that you were married.' 'What lady!' cried I. 'You amaze me! I heard not of these lodgings till I had taken possession of them. Be quick and tell me who was this lady?' 'Alas!' answered my visitor, 'I knew not till this morning that you were fallen into the snares of the worst of women, and the most artful of men.' She saw my amazement; but desiring my attention, proceeded thus: 'As for the gentleman, if he deserves the name of one, you will never see him more.' 'How, madam, never see him more!' interrupted I.—My voice failed me as I uttered these words; and leaning backwards in my chair, I fainted away. She recovered me from my swoon, and then went on. 'He has just now sent his servant to discharge the lodgings; of whom when I inquired how you were to be taken care of in your approaching hour, his answer was, that he had no commission to speak to such questions. Pray, madam,' continued she, 'is it true that you were arrested in the street the morning of your entrance into these lodgings?' I told her, Yes. 'The servant then is honest,' she replied; 'he has given me your whole history. The contrivers of that arrest were the woman where you lodged, and the villain whom you trusted. Their

design was to fling you entirely into his power, that he might use it to your destruction. But do not despair, madam,' added she, seeing me in the utmost affliction; 'all women are not monsters. I have compassion upon your youth, and will assist you in your distresses. These apartments are yours, till you desire to resign them: nor shall any thing be wanting that your situation shall require, or that a lady in happier circumstances would wish to be provided with. And hereafter, if you should choose to continue with me, and assist me in my business, I will look upon you as my daughter, and forget every thing which has befallen you.'

"Oppressed as I was with grief and shame, my heart bounded at this proposal, I fell upon the neck of my benefactress, and bedewed it with my tears; telling her, as well as those tears would permit me, that I was bound to her for ever, and would wish for no other happiness than to love and please her.

"Three months are past since I have been the mother of a sweet boy; in all which time I have never seen, and I pray heartily that I never may see, his inhuman father. The generous woman, who supports me, is even kinder to me than her promise. She pays herself, she says, in the comfortable thought that she has been an instrument in the hand of heaven to save me from destruction. She told me yesterday, that the stratagem by which this monster got me into his power, with every particular of his behaviour to me before and after it, is his favourite subject in all companies. To deprive him therefore of his principal pleasure, I have thought proper to take the story out of his hands by telling it myself.

"I am, SIR,

"Your most humble servant,

"AMANDA."

No. 53. THURSDAY, JANUARY 3, 1754.

THERE are very few employments which require a greater degree of care and circumspection than that of conducting a public paper. Double meanings are so much the delight of all conversations, that people seldom choose to take things in their obvious sense; but are putting words and sentences to the torture, to force confessions from them which their authors never meant, or if they had, would have deserved a whipping for.

For this reason I take all the pains I can to be understood but one way. And indeed, were I to publish nothing in these papers, but what I write myself, I should be very little apprehensive of double constructions. But it seems, I have not been sufficiently guarded against the subtilities of my correspondents. Amanda's letter in my last paper has been discovered to be a manifest design to remove the lace-trade from Ludgate-hill to Duke's-court. Some people make no conscience of declaring that I am the author of it myself, and that I received a considerable bribe for writing it. Others are of opinion that it is the production of a very pretty journey-woman in Duke's-court, who is entering into partnership with her mistress in the lace-trade, and has taken this method to bring custom to the shop. But whoever is the writer of this

letter, or whatever was the design of it, all people are agreed that the effect is certain ; it being very observable that the virtuous women have been seen, for this week past, to crowd to the lace-shops in Duke's court, and that scarcely half a dozen of them have appeared upon Ludgate-hill since they were apprised by this paper that such a person as Amanda was known to be housed there.

From at least half a dozen letters which I have received upon this occasion, I shall only publish the two following :

“ TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

“ SIR,

“ I beg to be informed if the letter signed Amanda in your last paper be reality or invention. If reality, please to tell me at which of the lace-shops the creature lives, that I may avoid the odious sight of her, and not be obliged to buy my laces of a milliner, or to murder my horses by driving them upon every trifling occasion to the other end of the town.

“ I am, SIR,

“ Your humble servant,

“ REBECCA BLAMELESS.”

“ Cheapside, Dec. 29th, 1753.”

“ MR. FITZ-ADAM,

“ I beg that you will do me the justice to inform the public that I have not had a lying-in in my house, since I was brought to bed of my fourteenth child, which is five years ago next Lady-day ; and that the young woman who has assisted me in the

lace-trade for these last three months, is not called Amanda, but Lucretia. I am,

“ Your very humble servant,

“ WINNEFRED BOBBIN.

“ Ludgate-Hill, Dec. 30th, 1753.”

I wish with all my heart, that it was as easy for me to make amends for what has happened, as it is to vindicate myself from any interested design in the publication of Amanda's letter. It was sent to Mr. Dodsley's by the penny post, written in a very pretty Italian hand, and will be shown to as many of the curious as are desirous of seeing it.

I will not deny that I ought to have cancelled this letter ; as I might reasonably have supposed that no lady who entertained a proper regard for her virtue, would be seen at a lace-shop upon Ludgate-hill, while there was a bare possibility of her being served by Amanda. Indeed to confess the truth, I have always been of opinion, that every young creature, who has been once convicted of making a slip, should be compelled to take upon her the occupation of street-walking all her life after.

It is a maxim among the people called Quakers, and a very laudable one it is, not to suffer a convicted and open knave to be one of their body. They have a particular ceremony, by which they expel him their community : and though he may continue to profess the opinions of Quakerism, they look upon him to be no member of their church, and no otherwise a brother, than as every man is descended from one common father.

I make no doubt but that the Quakers have copied this piece of policy from the ladies ; but as most

copies are observed to fall short of the spirit of their originals, this industrious, prudent, and opulent set of people will, I hope excuse me, if I prefer a first and finished design to an imperfect imitation of it.

The Quakers have never, that I know of, excommunicated a member for one single failure; nor upon frequent repetitions of it have they so driven him from the commerce of mankind, as to make him desperate in vice, or to kill him with despair. How nobly severe are the ladies to the apostates from purity! To be once frail, is for ever to be infamous. A fall from virtue, however circumstanced, or however repented of, can admit of no extenuation. They look upon the offender and the offence with equal detestation; and postpone business, nay, even pleasure itself, for the great duty of detraction, and for consigning to perpetual infamy a sister who has dishonoured them.

This settled and unalterable hatred of impurity cannot be sufficiently admired, if it be considered how delicately the bosoms which harbour it are formed, and how easy it is to move them to pity and compassion in all other instances: especially if we add to this consideration, its having force enough to tear up by the roots those sincere and tender friendships, which all handsome women, in a state of virtue, are so well known to feel for one another.

Nothing can so strongly convince me of the truth of these female friendships as the arguments which shallow and superficial men have thought proper to bring against them. They tell us that no handsome woman ever said a civil thing of one as handsome as herself: but on the contrary, that it is always the delight of both to lessen the beauty and to detract from the reputations of each other.

Admitting the accusation to be true, how easy is it to see through the good-natured disguise of this behaviour! These generous young creatures are so apprehensive for their companions, that they deny them beauty in order to secure them from the attempts of libertines. They know that the principal ornament of beauty is virtue; and that without both a lady is seldom in danger of an obstinate pursuit: for which reason they very prudently deny her the possession of either. The lady thus obliged, is doing in return the same agreeable service to her beautiful acquaintance; and is wondering what the men can see in such trifling creatures to be even tolerably civil to them. Thus under the appearance of envy and ill-nature, they maintain inviolable friendships, and live in a mutual intercourse of the kindest offices. Nay, to such a pitch of enthusiasm have these friendships been sometimes carried, that I have known a lady to be under no apprehensions for herself, though pursued by half the rakes in the town, who has absolutely fainted away at seeing one of these rakes only playing with the fan of her handsome friend.

The same discreet behaviour is observed by almost every lady in her affairs with a man. If she would express her approbation of him, the phrase is, 'What a ridiculous animal!' When approbation is grown into love, it is, 'Lord, how I detest him!' But when she rises to a solemn declaration of, 'I'll die a thousand deaths rather than give him my consent,' we are then sure that the settlements are drawing, or that she has packed up her clothes, and intends leaping into his arms without any ceremony whatsoever.

There may possibly be cavillers at this behaviour of the ladies, as well as unbelievers in female

friendship ; but I dare venture to affirm that every man will honour them for their extraordinary civilities and good-humour to the seducers of their sex. Should a lady object to the company of such men, it would naturally be said that she suspected her own virtue, and was conscious of carrying passions about her, which were in danger of being kindled into flames by every spark of temptation. And this is the obvious reason why the ladies are so particularly obliging to these gentlemen both in public and private. Those gentle souls, indeed, who have the purity of their sex more at heart than the rest, may good-naturedly intend to make converts of their betrayers ; but I cannot help thinking that the meetings upon these occasions should be in the presence of a third person : for men are sometimes so obstinate in their errors, and are able to defend them with so much sophistry, that for want of the interposition of this third person, a lady may be so puzzled as to become a convert to those very opinions which she came on purpose to confute.

It is very remarkable, that a lady so converted is extremely apt, in her own mind, to compassionate those deluded wretches, whom a little before she persecuted with so much rigour. But it is also to be remarked, that this softness in her nature is only the consequence of her depravity : for while a lady continues as she should be, it is impossible for her to feel the least approaches of pity for one who is otherwise.

No. 54. THURSDAY, JANUARY 10, 1754.

Hoc novum est aucupium :—

—Postremo imperavi egomet mihi

Omnia assentari : Is quæstus nunc est multo uberrimus.

TER. EUN. ACT. ii. SC. 2.

THAT an essay on hearers has not been given us by the writers of the last age, is to be accounted for from the same reasons that the ancients have left us no treatise on tobacconists or sugar-planters. The world is continually changing by the two great principles of revolution and discovery : as these produce novelty, they furnish the basis of our speculations.

The pride of our ancestors distinguished them from the vulgar, by the dignity of taciturnity. If we consult old pictures, we shall find, suitable to the dress of the times, the beard cut, and the features composed to that gravity and solemnity of aspect, which was to denote wisdom and importance. In that admirable play of Ben Jonson's which, through the capacity and industry of its reviver, has lately so well entertained the town, I mean "Every man in his humour," a country squire sets up for high-breeding, by resolving to be "proud, melancholy, and gentleman-like." In the man of birth or business, silence was the note of wisdom and distinction ; and the haughty peeress then would no more vouchsafe to talk to her equals, than she will now to her inferiors.

In those times, when talking was the province only of the vulgar or hireling, fools and jesters were the usual retainers in great families : but now,

so total is the revolution, voices are become a mere drug, and will fetch no money at all, except in the single instance of an election. Riches, birth, and honours, assert their privileges by the opposite quality to silence; insomuch, that many of the great estates and mansion houses in this kingdom seem at present to be held by the tenure of perpetual talking. Fools and jesters must be useless in families, where the master is no more ashamed of exposing his wit at his table to his guests and servants, than his drunkenness to his constituents. This revolution has obtained so generally all over Europe, that at this day a little dwarf of the king of Poland, who creeps out after dinner from under the trees of the dessert, and utters impertinences to every man at table, is talked of at other courts as a singularity.

Happy was it for the poor talkers of those days, that so great a revolution was brought about by degrees; for though I can conceive it easy enough to turn the writers at Constantinople into printers, and believe it possible to make a chimney-sweeper a miller, a tallow-chandler a perfumer, a gamester a politician, a fine lady a stock-jobber, or a block-head a connoisseur, I can have no idea of so strange a metamorphosis as that of a talker into a hearer. That hearers, however, have arisen in later times to answer in some degree the demand for them, is apparent from the numbers of them which are to be found in most families, under the various denominations of cousin, humble-companion, chaplain, led-captain, toad-eater, &c. But though each of these characters frequently officiates in the post of hearer, it will be a great mistake if a hearer should imagine he may ever interfere in any of their departments. When the toad-eater opens in praise

of musty venison, or a greasy ragout; when the led-captain and chaplain commend prickt-wine, or any other liquors, such as the French call *Chasse-cousin*, the hearer must submit to be poisoned in silence. When the cousin is appealed to for the length of a fox-chace, and out-lies his patron; when the squire of the fens declares he has no dirt near his house, and the cousin swears it is a hard gravel for five miles round; or when the hill improver asserts that he never saw his turf burn before, and turning short, says, 'Did you, cousin?' in such cases as these the answers may give a dangerous example; for if a raw whelp of a hearer should happen to give his tongue, he will be rated and corrected like a puppy.

The great duty therefore of this officer is silence; and I could prove the high antiquity of it by the Tyros of the Pythagorean school, and the ancient worship of Harpocrates, the tutelary deity of this sect. Pythagoras bequeathed to his scholars that celebrated rule, which has never yet been rightly understood, 'Worship, or rather study, the echo;' evidently intending thereby to inculcate, that hearers should observe, that an echo never puts in a word till the speaker comes to a pause. A great and comprehensive lesson! but being, perhaps, too concise for the instruction of vulgar minds, it may be necessary to descend more minutely into particular hints and cautions.

A hearer must not be drowsy: for nothing perplexes a talker like the accident of sleep in the midst of his harangue: and I have known a French talker rise up and hold open the eye-lids of a Dutch hearer with his finger and thumb.

He must not squint: for no lover is so jealous as a true talker, who will be perpetually watching

the motion of the eyes, and always suspecting that the attention is directed to that side of the room to which they point.

A hearer must not be a seer of sights: he must let a hare pass as quietly as an ox; and never interrupt narration, by crying out at sight of a high-wayman or a mad dog. An acquaintance of mine who lived with a maiden aunt, lost a good legacy by the ill-timed arrival of a coach and six, which he first discovered at the end of the avenue, and announced as a most acceptable hearing to the pride of the family: but it happened unluckily to be at the very time that the lady of the house was relating the critical moment of her life, when she was in the greatest danger of breaking her vow of celibacy.

A hearer must not have a weak head: for though the talkers may like he should drink with them, he does not choose he should fall under the table till himself is speechless.

He must not be a news-monger: because times past have already furnished the head of his patron with all the ideas he chooses it should be stored with.

Lastly, and principally, a hearer must not be a wit. I remember one of this profession being told by a gentleman, who, to do him justice was a very good seaman, that he had rode from Portsmouth to London in four hours, asked, 'if it was by Shrewsbury clock?' It happened that the person so interrogated had not read Shakspeare: which was the only reason I could assign why the adventurous querist was not immediately sent aboard the Stygian tender.

But here we must observe that silence, in the opinion of a talker, is not merely a suppression of

the action of the tongue; it is also necessary that every muscle of the face and member of the body should receive its motion from no other sensation than that which the talker communicates through the ear.

A hearer therefore must not have the fidgets: he must not start if he hears a door clap, a gun go off, or a cry of murder. He must not snuff with his nostrils if he smell fire; because, though he should save the house by it, he will be as ill rewarded as Cassandra for her endeavours to prevent the flames of Troy, or Gulliver for extinguishing those of Lilliput.

There are many more hints which I should be desirous of communicating for the benefit of beginners, if I was not afraid of making my paper too long to be properly read and considered within the compass of a week, in which the greatest part of every morning is necessarily dedicated to mercers, milliners, hair-cutters, voters, levees, lotteries, lounges, &c. I shall therefore say a word or two to the talkers, and hasten to a conclusion.

And here it would be very impertinent, and going much out of the way, were I to interfere in the just rights which these gentlemen have over their own officers and domestics. I would only recommend to them, when they come into other company, to consider that it is expected the talk of the day should be proportioned among them in degrees, according to the acres they severally possess, or the number of stars annexed to their names in the list printed from the public funds: that hearing is an involuntary tribute, which is paid, like other taxes, with a reluctance increasing in proportion to the riches of the person taxed: that it is a false argument for a talker to say to a

jaded audience he will tell a story that is true, great, or excellent; for when a man has ate of the first and second course till he is full to the throat, you tempt him in vain at the third, by assuring him the plate you offer him is one of the best *entremets* Le Grange ever made.

No. 55. THURSDAY, JANUARY 17, 1754.

Extinctus amabitur—

HOR. EPIST. ii. l. 14.

“ TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

“ SIR,

“ I AM one of those benevolent persons, who having no land of their own, and not being free of any one corporation, like true citizens of the world, turn all their thoughts to the good of the public, and are known by the general name of projectors.

“ All the good I ever did or thought of, was for the public. My sole anxiety has been for the security, health, revenue, and credit of the public, nor did I ever think of paying any debts in my whole life, except those of the public. This public spirit, you already suppose, has been most amply rewarded; and perhaps suspect that I am going to trouble you with an ostentatious boast of the public money I have touched; or that I am devising some artful evasion of an inquiry into the method by which I amassed it. On the contrary, I must assure you that I have carried annually the fruits

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of twelve months deep thought to the treasury, pay-office, and victualling-office, without having brought from any one of those places the least return of treasure, pay or victuals. At the admiralty the porters can read the longitude in my night-gown, as plainly as if the plaid was worked into the letters of that word. And I have had the mortification to see a man with the dullest project in the world admitted to the board, with no other preference than that of being a stranger, while I have been kept shivering in the court.

“ After this short history of myself, it is time I should communicate the project I have to propose for your particular consideration.

“ My proposal is, that a new office be erected in this metropolis, and called the extinguishing office. In explaining the nature of this office, I shall endeavour to convince you of its extraordinary utility: and that the scope and intent of it may be perfectly understood, I beg leave to be indulged in making a few philosophical remarks.

“ There is no observation more just or common in experience, than that every thing excellent in nature or art has a certain fixed point of perfection, proper to itself, which it cannot transgress without losing much of its beauty, or acquiring some blemish.

“ The period which time puts to all mortal things is brought about by an imperceptible decay; and whatever is once past the crisis of maturity, affords only the melancholy prospect of being impaired hourly, and of advancing through the degrees of aggravated deformity to its dissolution.

“ We inconsiderately bewail a great man, whom death has taken off, as we say, in the bloom of his glory; and yet confess it would have been happier for Priam, Hannibal, Pompey, and the duke of

Marlborough, if fate had put an earlier period to their lives.

“ Instead of quoting a multitude of Latin verses, I refer you to that part of the tenth satire of Juvenal, which treats of longevity : but I must desire particularly to remind you of the following passage :

*Provida Pompeio dederat Campaniæ febres
Optandas. —*

SAT. IV. 283.

It is to a mature reflection on the sense of this passage that I owe the greatest thought which ever entered the brain of a projector : and I doubt not, if I could once establish the office in question, of being able to strike out from this hint a certain method of practice that would be as beneficial to mankind, as it would be new and extraordinary.

“ It has been the usual custom, when old generals have worn out their bodies by the toils of many glorious campaigns, beauties their complexions by the fatigues of exhibiting their persons, or patriots their constitutions by the heat of the house, to send them to some purer air abroad, or to Kensington Gravel-pits at home: but as there is nothing so justly to be dreaded as the chance of surviving good fame, I am for sending all such persons in the zenith of their glory to the fens in Essex.

“ As it is with man himself, so likewise shall we find it with every thing that proceeds from him. His plans are great, just, and noble ; worthy the divine image he bears. His progression and execution, to a certain point, answerable to his designs ; but beyond it, all is weakness, deformity, and disgrace. To be assured of this point, it is as necessary to consult another, as the sick man his physician to know the crisis of his distemper : but whom to apply to, is the important question. A

friend is of all men living the most unfit, because good counsel and sincere advice are known to produce an immediate dissolution of all social connexions. The necessity of a new office is therefore evident; which office I propose shall be hereafter executed by commission; but first, by way of trial, by a single person, invested with proper powers, and universally acknowledged by the style and title of sworn extinguisher. To explain the functions of this person, I shall relate to you the accident which furnished the first hint for what I am now offering to your perusal.

“Whenever I have been so happy as to be master of a candle, I have observed that though it has burnt with great brightness to a certain point, yet the moment that the flame has reached that point, it has become less and less bright, rising and falling with great inequalities, till at last it has expired in a most intolerable stink. In other families, where poverty is not the directress, the candle lives and dies without leaving any ill odour behind it; and this by the well-timed application of a machine called an extinguisher.

“It is the use of this machine that I am desirous of extending: and what confirmed me in the project was my happening one Sunday to drop into a church, where the top of the pulpit was a deep concave, not very unlike the implement above-mentioned. The sermon, which had begun and proceeded in a regular uniform tenor, grew towards the latter end extremely different; now lofty, now low, now flashy, now dark.—In short, the preacher and his canopy brought so strongly to my mind the expiring candle and its extinguisher, that I longed to have the power of properly applying the one to the other; and from that moment conceived a project of suspending hollow cones of tin,

brass, or wood, over the heads of all public speakers, with lines and pulleys to lower them occasionally.

“ I carried this project to a certain great man, who was pleased to reject it; telling me of several devices which might answer the purpose better; and instancing, among many other practices, that of the Robin Hood society, where the president performs the office of an extinguisher by a single stroke of a hammer. In short, the arguments of this great man prevailed with me to lay aside my first scheme, but furnished me at the same time with hints for a more extensive one.

“ At the playhouse the curtain is not only always ready, but capable of extinguishing at once all the persons of the drama. How many new tragedies might be saved for the future, if the curtain was to drop by authority as soon as the hero was dead! or how happily might the languid, pale, and putrid flames of a whole fifth act be extinguished by the establishment of such an office.

“ In applying it to epic poetry, I could not but felicitate the author of the Iliad. The extinguisher of the *Æneid* deserves the highest encomiums—Happy Virgil! but O wretched Milton! more unhappy in the blindness of thy commentators, than in thy own! who, to thy eternal disgrace, would preserve thy two concluding lines, with the same superstition with which the Gebers venerate the snuff of a candle, and cry out sacrilege if you offer to extinguish it.

“ I perceive I shall want room to explain my method of extinguishing talkers in private companies; but that I may not appear to you like those quacks who boast of more than they can perform, let me convince you that the attempt is not impracticable, by reminding you of Apelles, who standing behind one of his pictures, listened with

great patience while a shoemaker was commending the foot; but the moment the mechanic was passing on to the leg, stepped from his hiding-place, and extinguished him at once with the famous proverb in use at this day, 'The shoemaker must not go beyond his last.'

"But whenever this office is put into commission, I propose, for this last-mentioned branch, to take in a proper number of ladies; I mean such as dress in the height of the mode; who, being equipped with hoops in the utmost extent of the fashion, are always provided with an extinguisher ready for immediate use. By the application of this machine to the above-mentioned purpose, I shall have the further satisfaction of vindicating the ladies from the unjust imputation of bearing about them any thing useless. And as the Chinese knew gunpowder, the ancients the load-stone, and the moderns electricity, many years before they were applied to the benefit of mankind, it will not appear strange if a noble use be at length found for the hoop, which has, to be sure, till now, afforded mere matter of speculation.

"I now extinguish myself, and am, SIR,

"Your most humble servant,

"A. B.

"P. S. If the above project meets with your approbation, I shall venture to communicate another of a nature not very unlike the foregoing, and in which the public is at least equally interested.

"Galenical medicines, from the quantity with which the patient was to be drenched, have excited of late years so universal a loathing, that the faculty must have lost all their practice, if they had not hit upon the method of contracting the whole force and spirit of their prescriptions into one chemical drop or pill.

“ From this hint I would propose to erect a new chamber, with powers to abridge all arts and sciences, history, poetry, oratory, essays, &c. into the substance of a maxim, apophthegm, spirit of history or epigram. And as a proof of the practicability of this project, I will make yourself the judge, whether your last paper on hearers may not be fully comprised in the following four lines :”

Our sires kept a fool, a poor hireling for state,
To enliven dull pride with his jesting and prate :
But fashion capriciously changing its rule,
Now my lord is the wit, and his hearer the fool.

No. 56. THURSDAY, JANUARY 24, 1754.

Porrecto jugulo historias, captivus ut audit.—HOR. SAT. i. 3, 89.

“ TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

“ SIR,

“ YOUR paper upon hearers gave me that pleasure which a series of truths must always afford to him who can witness for every one of them.

“ I was born and brought up in the principality of Wales, which from time immemorial must have been productive of the most thorough-bred, seasoned, and staunch hearers, since every gentleman of that country holds and asserts his right to be a talker by privilege of birth. I would not have you conclude from what I have said above, that I am not as good a gentleman as the best, I mean of as good a family, though poverty and ill fortune have doomed me to be for ever a hearer.

“ I was left an orphan in my earliest years ; but I am not going to trouble you with the many misfortunes which constantly attended me to the age of forty ; at which time I was a schoolmaster without boys to teach, or bread to eat. At this period of my life I was advised by the parson of our parish to go and enter myself in some large and wealthy family to be an uncle ; which is a known and common term in Wales, of like signification with hearer in England ; the duties and requisite qualifications being nearly the same, as will appear from the following short instructions given me by my adviser ; viz. never to open my lips, except for the well-timed utterance of indeed !—surprising !—prodigious !—most amazing ! But these only to be used at the proper intervals of the talker’s fetching his breath, coughing, or at other pauses ; and the length of the admiration to be always adapted to, and particularly never to exceed, the aforesaid intervals.

“ But in order to explain the method he took to qualify me still further, and inure me to patience, I must give you a short history of this worthy parson. He was truly, what he was called, a good sort of a man ; if charity, friendship, and good-humour can entitle a man to that character. I must not conceal the meanness of his education, in which he discovered, however, as great a genius as could possibly arise out of a stable and a kennel. He was a thorough sportsman, and so good a shot, that the late squire took a fancy to him, made him his constant companion, and gave him the living. But that he might not be lost in study and sermon-making, he contrived to marry him to the daughter of the late incumbent, who had been taught by her father Latin and metaphysics, and exercised from twelve years old to forty, in making themes and

sermons. As she was by nature meagre and deformed, by constitution fretful and complaining, by education conceited and disputatious, by study pale and blear-eyed, and by habit talkative and loud, the friendship of the good parson suggested her as the fittest person in the world to exercise my patience for a few months, and inure me to the discipline of my future function. In this station I made a vast progress in a little time; for I not only heard above a thousand sermons, but the strict observance of my vow of attention having made me a favourite, I was complained to whenever any thing went amiss in the family, and often scolded at for the husband, whose office grew into a sinecure: in-somuch, that if I had not known the sincerity and uprightness of his heart, I should have suspected him of bringing me into his house to supply for him all those duties which he wanted to be eased of. But he had no such interested views; for as soon as he found his help-mate had transfused into me a necessary portion of patience and long-suffering, he recommended me to my fortune, giving me, generous man! a coat and wig, which formerly himself, and before him the squire, had worn for many years upon extraordinary days. Having thus equipt me, he resumes the duties of his family, where he officiates to this day, with true christian resignation.

“My first reception was at the house of a gentleman, who in the early part of his life had followed the study of botany. Nature and truth are so pleasing to the mind of man, that they never satiate. Alas! he happened one day to taste, by mistake, a root that had been sent him from the Indies; it was a most subtle poison, to which his experience in British simples knew no antidote. Immediately upon his death, a neighbouring gentleman who had his eye upon me some time, sent me an invitation.

His discourse was upon husbandry ; and as he never deceived me in any thing but where he deceived himself, I heard him also with pleasure.

“ These were therefore my halcyon days, on which I always reflect with regret and tears. How different were the succeeding ones, in which I have listened to the tales of old maids running over an endless list of lovers they never had ; of old beaux who boasted of favours from ladies they never saw ; of senators who narrated the eloquence they never spoke ! giving me such a disgust and nausea to lies, that at length my ears, which were at that time much too quick for my office, grew unable to bear them. But prudently considering that I must either hear or starve, I invented the following expedient for qualifying a lie. While I assented by some gesticulation, or motion of the head, eyes, or muscles of the face, I resolved to have in reserve some inward expression of dissent. Of these I had various ; but for the sake of brevity I shall only trouble you with one.

“ A younger brother, who had served abroad all his life, as he would frequently tell us, and who came unexpectedly to the estate and castle where he found me with a good character, took so kindly to me that he seemed to desire no other companion ; and as a proof of it never sent to invite or add to our company any one of the numerous friends he so often talked of, of great rank, bravery, and honour, who would have gone to the end of the world to have served him. I could have loved him too, but for one fault. He would lie without measure or disguise. His usual exaggeration was—and more. As thus : ‘ At the siege of Monticelli,’ a town in Italy, as he told us, ‘ I received in several parts of my body three-and-twenty shot, and more. At the battle of Caratha, in Turkey, I rode to

death eighteen horses, and more. With Lodamio, the Bavarian general, I drank, hand to fist, six dozen of hock, and more.' Upon all such occasions I inwardly anticipated him, by substituting in the place of his last two words, the two following—or less. But it so happened one unfortunate evening, as he was in the midst of the sharpest engagement ever heard of, in which with his single broad sword he had killed five hundred, and more, that I kept my time more precisely than silence: for unhappily the qualifying or less, which should have been tacitly swallowed for the quieting my own spirit, was so audibly articulated to the inflaming of his, that the moment he heard subjoined to his five hundred—or less, the fury of his resentment descended on my ear with a violent blow of his fist. By this slip of my tongue I lost my post in that family, and the hearing of my left ear.

"The consequences of this accident gave me great apprehensions for a considerable time: for the slightest cold affecting the other ear, I was frequently rebuked for misplacing my marks of approbation. But I soon discovered that it was no real misfortune; for experience convinced me that absolute silence was of greater estimation than the best-timed syllable of interruption. It is to this experience that I shall refer you, after having recounted the last memorable adventure of my unfortunate history.

"The last family that received me was so numerous in relations and visitors, that I found I should be very little regarded when I had worn off the character of stranger; though as such, I was as earnestly applied to as any High Court of Appeals. For as the force of liquor co-operated with the force of blood, they one and all addressed themselves to me to settle the antiquity of their families;

vociferating at one and the same time above a score of genealogies. This was a harder service than any I had ever been used to; and the whole weight of the clamour falling on my only surviving ear, unhappily overpowered it, and I became from that instant totally deaf.

“Had this accident happened a few years sooner, it would have driven me to despair; but my experience, assuring me that I am now much better qualified than ever, gives me an expectation of making my fortune: I therefore apply to you to recommend me for a hearer, in a country where there is better encouragement, and where I doubt not of giving satisfaction.

“I shall not trouble you with enumerating the advantages attending a deaf hearer: it will be enough for me to say, that as such, I am no longer subject to the danger of an irresistible smile: nor will my squeamish dislike to lies bring me again into disgrace. I shall now be exempt from the many misfortunes which my ungovernable ears have formerly led me into. What reproving looks have I had for turning my eyes when I have heard a bird fly against the window, or the dog and cat quarrelling in a corner of the room! How have I been reprimanded, when detected in dividing my attention between the stories of my patron, and the brawls of his family! ‘What had I to do with the quarrels of his family?’ I own the reproof was just; but I appeal to you, whether any man who has his ears can restrain them, when a quarrel is to be heard, from making it the chief object of his attention?

“To conclude. If you observe a talker in a large company, you never see him examining the state of a man’s ear: his whole observation is upon the eye; and if he meet with the wandering or the vacant eye, he turns away, and instantly addresses

himself to another. My eyes were always good ; but as it is notorious that the privation of some parts add strength and perfection to others, I may boast that since the loss of my ears, I found my eyes, which are confessedly the principal organs of attention, so strong, quick, and vigilant, that I can, without vanity, offer myself for as good a hearer as any in England.

“ Yours,” &c.

No. 57. THURSDAY, JANUARY 31, 1754.

OF all the passions of the human mind, there is not one that we allow so much indulgence to as contempt. But to determine who are the proper objects of that passion, may possibly require a greater degree of sagacity and penetration than most men are masters of. Whoever conforms to the opinion of the world, will often be deceived ; and whoever contradicts the opinion of the world, which I am now about to do, will as often be despised. But it is the duty of a public writer to oppose popular errors ; a duty which I imposed upon myself at the commencement of this work, and which I shall be ready to perform, as often as I see occasion.

It is not my present intention to treat of individuals, and the contempt they are apt to entertain for one another : my design is an extensive one ; it is to rescue no less than three large bodies of men from the undeserved contempt of almost all the good people of England, and to recommend them to the said good people for their pity and compassion. The three large bodies I am speaking of,

and which, collectively considered, make up at least a fourth part of his majesty's subjects, are Parsons, Authors, and Cuckolds. I shall consider each of these classes in the order in which it stands, beginning with the parson, as the most respectable of the three.

And though there is no denying that this profession took its rise from so exploded a thing as religion, the belief of which I do not intend to inculcate, having conceived an opinion that these my lucubrations have admission into families too polite for such concerns; yet I have hopes of showing to the satisfaction of my readers, that a parson is not absolutely so contemptible a character as is generally imagined.

I know it has been urged in his favour, that though unfortunately brought up to the trade of religion, he entertains higher notions in private, and neither believes nor practises what by his function he is obliged to teach. But allowing this defence to be a partial one, and that a parson is really and to all intents and purposes a believer, I do not admit, even in this case, that he deserves all the contempt that people are inclined to throw upon him; especially if the extreme narrowness of his education be duly enquired into.

While the sons of great persons are indulged by tutors and their mothers' maids at home, the intended parson is confined closely to school; from whence he has the misfortune to be sent directly to college, where he continues, perhaps half a score years, drudging at his courses, and where, for want of money, he may exclaim with Milton, that

— Ever-during dark
Surrounds me: from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off; and, for the book of knowledge fair,
Presented with an universal blank. P. L. iii. 45.

Which is as much as to say that he is totally in the dark as to what is doing abroad, and that while other men are going on in the cheerful ways of wenching, drinking, and gaming, and improving their minds by Mr. Hoyle's Book of Knowledge, the whole world is a blank to the poor parson, who in all probability grows old in a country cure, and owes to the squire of the parish all his knowledge of mankind. That such a parson, even though he should believe every article of Christianity, and should practise up to his belief, is not, in every respect, an object of contempt, is really my opinion. For though the demonstrations of a Tindal, a Toland, and a Woolston may have reached him at his cure, yet they do not always appear to be demonstrations, but to those who read them in town ; and even there, a man must have kept good company, and entered thoroughly into the fashionable amusements, which few parsons are able to do, before he can be certain that they are demonstrations.

The author comes next to be considered. And here it imports me to be extremely cautious ; lest, being myself an author, I betray a partiality in favour of the fraternity. But whatever mankind have agreed to think of an author, he is not absolutely and at all times an object of contempt. On the contrary, if it may be proved, which I believe no man living will deny, that at the time of his commencing author, his choice would have led him to turn his hand to business, but that he had neither money to buy, nor credit to procure, a stool, brushes, and black-ball ; I hope he may be admitted among the objects of compassion. A question indeed may occur, that if ever he has been so fortunate as to have saved three shillings by his writings, why he has not then set about buying the above-mentioned implements of trade ? But, sup-

posing him to have acquired so much wealth, the proverb of 'Once a whore, and always a whore,' is less significant than Once an author, and always an author; insomuch that a man convicted of being a wit, is disqualified for business during life; no city apprentice will trust him with his shoes, nor will the poor beau set a foot upon his stool, from an opinion that for want of skill in his calling, his blacking must be bad, or for want of attention, be applied to the stocking instead of the shoe. That almost every author would choose to set up in this business, if he had wherewithal to begin with, must appear very plainly to all candid observers, from the natural propensity which he discovers towards blackening.

Far be it from me, or any of my brother authors, to intend lowering the dignity of the gentlemen trading in black-ball, by naming them with ourselves: we are extremely sensible of the great distance there is between us; and it is with envy that we look up to the occupation of shoe-cleaning, while we lament the severity of our fortune, in being sentenced to the drudgery of a less respectable employment. But while we are unhappily excluded from the stool and brush, it is surely a very hard case that the contempt of the world should pursue us, only because we are unfortunate.

I proceed lastly to the cuckold: and I hope that it will not be a more difficult task to rescue this gentleman from contempt, than either the parson or the author. In former times indeed, when a lady happened now and then to prefer a particular friend to her husband, it was usual to hold the said husband in some little disesteem; for as women were allowed to be the best judges of men, and as in the case before us, the wife only preferred one man to another, people were inclined to think that

she had some private reason for so doing. But in these days of freedom, when a lady, instead of one friend, is civil to one-and-twenty, I am humbly of opinion that her cuckold is no more the object of contempt for such a preference, than if he had been robbed by as many highwaymen upon Hounslow-heath. 'Two to one', says the proverb, 'are odds at foot-ball'; and every one in the present case ought to make proportionable allowance for much greater odds.

But to do honour to cuckolds, I will be bold to say that they ought oftener to excite envy than contempt. How common is it for a man to owe his fortune to the frailty of his wife! Or though he should reap no pecuniary advantage from her incontinency, how apt are the caresses of a score or two lovers to sweeten her temper towards her husband! A lady is sometimes apt to pay so great a regard to her chastity, as to overlook the virtues of meekness and forbearance: rob her of that one virtue, and you restore her to all the rest, as well as her husband to his quiet.

But waving every thing I have said, there still remains a reason for holding cuckolds in esteem; and this is, the regard and veneration which we owe to great men. If our betters are not ashamed of being cuckolds, it does not become their inferiors to treat them with disrespect.

I shall close this paper with observing upon the three characters which I have here endeavoured to befriend, that while we are obliged to the parson for a butt, the author for abuse, and to the cuckold for his wife, it is the highest degree of ingratitude to hold any one of them in contempt.

No. 58. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1754.

“ TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

“ SIR,

“ I HARDLY know a more unfortunate circumstance which can happen to a young man than that of being too handsome: it is a thousand to one that in the course of his education he loses the very dignity of his sex and nature. During his infancy his father himself will be too apt to be pleased with the delicacy of his features; his mother will be in raptures with them; and every silly woman who visits in the family will continually lament that master was not a girl, ‘for what a fine creature would he have made!’ If he goes to school, he will be perpetually teased by the nick-name of Miss Molly; and if he has not great resolution, be obliged to become the most mischievous imp of the whole fraternity, merely to avoid the harder imputations of fear and effeminacy. When he mixes amongst men the imperfections of his education will stick close to him; the bar itself will hardly cure him of sheepishness, or the cockade defend him from the appearance of cowardice. His very excellencies, if he has them, will seem virtues out of nature; they will be the wisdom of a Cornelia, or the heroism of a Sophonisba. Nay, were we to see him mount a breach, I am afraid that instead of those noble eulogies and exclamations which should properly attend a hero in such circumstances, we should only cry out with Mrs. Clerimont in the play, ‘O the brave pretty creature!’

“ Such are the calamities, Mr. Fitz-Adam, which almost necessarily attend on male beauty; and so

pernicious sometimes are its consequences, that I have more than once been tempted to wish some method could be found out which might extirpate it entirely. What statesmen, what generals, what prelates may we have lost, merely by the misfortune of a fine complexion ! It is with infinite concern that I frequently look round me in public assemblies, and see such numbers of well-drest youths, who might really have been of use to themselves, and to mankind, had their parents taken the Indian method of marking their faces to distinguish their quality. As it is, their unlucky persons have led them astray into pertness and affectation, under a notion of politeness ; and what ought to have been sense and judgment, is at best a genteel taste in trifles. Thoughtless man ! have I sometimes said to myself, when the melancholy mood was on, how blind is he to futurity ! Little do these flutterers think, while their summers are dancing away in dangling to Ranelagh with lady Biddy and lady Fanny, that the cold and uncomfortable winters of their life must at last terminate in prattling scandal and playing at quadrille with lady Bridget and lady Frances !

— Their way of life
Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf,
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
They must not look to have.

“ Surely, Mr. Fitz-Adam, the preventing such misfortunes might very well become your care, if not that of the legislature. Every body knows that there was a time, even in a Roman army, when ‘aim at their faces,’ was as dreadful a sound and attended with as fatal consequences as ‘keep your fire’ was on a late glorious occasion. Now, though I would by no means insinuate that a beau

must be a coward : nay, though the world has furnished us with many examples of very finical men who were very great heroes ; yet as it might perhaps be better, even in time of peace, that men should not attend so entirely to their persons, I would endeavour to strike at the root of the evil. It is, I believe, admitted as a truth in inoculation, that the part where the insertion is made is usually the fullest of any part of the body. I would propose therefore, with regard to our male children, that we should follow the original Circassian manner, and ‘aim at their faces.’ A general practice of this kind might be extremely useful to the state : the literary world would I am sure, be the better for it ; for what mother could be averse to having her sons taught to read, when perhaps the eyelashes were gone, and the eyes themselves no longer worth preserving ? Considerations of this sort will I hope induce some projector by profession to undertake the affair, and draw up, what may properly enough be styled, ‘a scheme for raising men for the service of the public.’

“ I must however do justice to the fair youths of the present age, by confessing that many of them seem conscious of their imperfections ; and, as far as their own judgments can direct them, take pains to appear manly. But, alas ! the methods they pursue, like most mistaken applications, rather aggravate the calamity. Their drinking and raking only makes them look like old maids. Their swearing is almost as shocking as it would be in the other sex. Their chewing tobacco not only offends, but makes us apprehensive at the same time that the poor things will be sick. When they talk to common women as they pass them in the Mall, they seem as much out of character as Mrs. Woffington in Sir Harry Wildair, making love to Angelica.

In short, every part of their conduct, though perhaps well intended, is extremely unnatural. Whereas if they would only spend half the pains in acquiring a little knowledge, and practising a little decency, we might perhaps be brought to endure them; at least, we should be less shocked with their beauty.

“ When I look back on what I have written, I am a little afraid that my zeal for the public may have hurried me too far; for as we are taught to pity natural defects, we ought to be tender of blaming the errors they occasion. But what shall we say, Mr. Fitz-Adam, to another set of animals, whom nature certainly designed for men, and made, as Mr. Pope says, ‘ their souls bullet and their bodies buff’? When these louts of six feet high, with the shoulders of porters, and the legs of chairmen, affect ‘to lisp, and to amble, and to nick-name God’s creatures,’ surely we may laugh at such incorrigible idiots. The fair youths of a less gentle deportment aim at least at what they imagine to be manly; but these dairy maids in breeches leave their sex behind them at their first setting out, and give up the only qualities which they could possibly be admired for.

“ Any one who is conversant in the world must have seen numbers of this latter sort; some of them tripping, others lolloping in their gait, if I may be allowed such expressions, and many of them so very affected, that they cannot even see with their eyes, but at most pinker through the lashes of them, when they would languish in public at some mistress of theirs and the whole town’s affections. Their voices too have a peculiar softness, and are scarce ever raised, unless it be at the play-house to make an appointment for the King’s Arms, or to despatch an orange-wench on a message to a balcony.

"In short, Mr. Fitz-Adam, what with natural and acquired effeminacy, the present age seems an age of affectation. The whole head is weak, and the whole heart sick. And yet, that I may not leave your readers with disagreeable ideas in their minds, notwithstanding these alarming appearances, the eye of a philosopher can still trace out something to counterbalance this amazing degeneracy. However desperate the vulgar may think our situation, we, who see the fervor of the torrid zone sweetly compensated by copious dews, and everlasting breezes, and the whole system of nature admirably adjusted ; we, I say, see likewise that this human defect is not left without its remedy. However delicate our men are become, we may still hope that the rising generation will not be totally enervated. The assured look, the exalted voice, and theatrical step of our modern females, pretty sufficiently convince us that there is something manly still left amongst us. So that we may reasonably conclude, though the male and female accomplishments may be strangely scattered and disposed of between the sexes, yet they will somehow or other be jumbled together in that complicated animal, a man and his wife.

" I am, SIR,

" Your humble servant,

" S. H."

No. 59. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1754.

" TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

" SIR,

" I AM a constant reader of your papers, and congratulate you upon the men of wit you have for

your correspondents. I do not pretend to add to the number, and shall only attempt to furnish you with a few hints, which, considered and formed into order by a writer of your ability, may possibly be productive of entertainment, at least, to the public.

“Your letters upon the modern taste in gardening are, in my judgement, excellent in their kind; and so indeed are those upon architecture, as far as they go: but methinks you have not carried your observations quite far enough; nor have you any where remarked the injustice and ingratitude with which those worthy patriots are treated, who ruin their estates, or lay out the fortunes of their younger children on their seats and villas, to the great embellishment of this kingdom, which, if it is not already one great and complete garden, contains at least more sumptuous country-houses, parks, gardens, temples, and buildings, than all the rest of Europe. If you are in danger of losing yourself on the vast and dreary wastes of some comfortless heath, and are directed on your course by a friendly beacon of prodigious height, you are told that this is such a gentleman's Folly. The munificence of a man of taste raises at an immoderate expense a column or turret in his garden, for no other purpose than the generous one of giving delight and wonder to travellers; and the ungrateful public calls it his Folly. Nay, were her late majesty queen Anne, of pious memory, to reign again, and fifty new churches to be really built, I doubt if in this dissolute age, this also might not be called her Majesty's Folly.

“But notwithstanding these discouragements, I am daily entertained with new beauties; and it is with great impatience that I wait the completion of a Chinese temple, now rising on the top of a very elegant villa upon the road-side near Brompton. I

have often too, with great satisfaction, beheld a structure of this kind, on the top of a very handsome green-house, now in the possession of a noble foreigner at Turnham-green; which, as I am informed, is a matter of great curiosity to his countrymen who frequent it; nothing of this sort being to be met with in the environs of Paris, or indeed of Peking itself, or in any country but this. A most majestic peacock, as big as the life, on the spindle of a weathercock, adds also to its merit; which, with all the beauty of the bird itself, has not its disagreeable vociferous quality; and though it does not foretell by its noise a change in the weather, it informs you with more certainty of the variation of the wind.

“I am somewhat of an invalid, and, being sensible how much exercise conduces to health, I seldom fail, when the weather does not allow me the use of my physician, a trotting horse, to take a flurry, as it is elegantly called, in a hackney coach; which affords exercise to the imagination as well as the body, and creates thinking, if I may be allowed the expression, as much as it does an appetite. The air of business in the crowds that are constantly passing; the variety of the equipages, and the new and extraordinary sights that still present themselves in this great metropolis, the centre of trade, industry, and invention, fill my mind with ideas, which, if they do not always instruct, at least amuse me.

“I take great pleasure in guessing at the ranks and professions of men by their appearance; and though I may now and then be mistaken, yet I am generally in the right. Once indeed I mistook a right reverend divine, on the other side Temple-bar, for a Jew, till the mitre on his coach convinced me of my error; as I also did a Jew, by the decora-

tions on his chariot, for a peer of the realm. And indeed, Mr. Fitz-Adam, since the herald's-office has suspended its authority, it is surprising what liberties are taken with the arms of the first families in the kingdom; insomuch that a man must have a quick eye who can distinguish between the pillars, flower-pots, and other inventions of the curious painter, and the supporters of the nobility. But what most of all perplex me are the ornaments, after the Chinese manner, over the arms by way of coronet: and were not these distinctions confined solely to Europe, I should sometimes be in danger of mistaking an Indian director for a Mandarin.

"It has not escaped your notice how much of late we are improved in architecture; not merely by the adoption of what we call Chinese, nor by the restoration of what we call Gothic; but by a happy mixture of both. From Hyde-park to Shoreditch scarce a chandler's-shop or an oyster-stall but has embellishments of this kind; and I have heard that there is a design against the meeting of the new parliament to fit up St. Stephen's chapel with Chinese benches, and a throne from the model of that on which the Eastern monarch distributes justice to his extensive empires. It is whispered also that the portico to Covent-garden church is to give place to one of the Gothic order. But before I leave the city, let me not neglect to do justice to that excellent engineer, the great pastry-cook in St. Paul's church-yard. My good fortune conducted me thither on Twelfth-day; when seeing a vast concourse of people assembled, my ruling passion, curiosity, engaged me to quit my vehicle to partake in the satisfaction so visible in all their countenances. But how shall I describe the pomp and parade of so noble an appearance? The triumph of a lord-mayor's day is nothing to it, though, if I mistake

not, those brave and faithful guardians of the wealth and safety of the city, the train-bands and militia, make a most comely and warlike appearance; for not to mention the flags shining with silver and gold: troops innumerable of gingerbread, both horse and foot, finer in their uniforms than the French king's household; there was not even the smallest mince-pye, but for its strength and just proportion was equal at least to the *chef-d'œuvre* of a Vauban or a Cohorn. But what above all excited my praise and admiration was a citadel of an enormous magnitude, that would have appeared impregnable to a whole army of Dutchmen, had it not been for several breaches that had been made in it by some small field-pieces of copper: but this indeed astonished me the less, having been told that the towns in Flanders which cost so much blood, which were so stubbornly disputed in the former war, and which fell so easily into the hands of the immortal Saxe in seventeen hundred and forty-four, were chiefly obtained by an ordnance of this kind, though somewhat heavier in its quality.

“And now, Mr. Fitz-Adam, if I was not afraid of troubling you with more observations, I should lead you again into the country. But were I to expatiate on the hermitages and sylvan temples, formed like the earths of those instructive builders, the badgers, from whom the hint was taken, and furnished with ivy, moss, cobwebs, and straw beds, with all the elegance of primitive simplicity, contrasting the magnificent structures of our most favourite architects, I fear my letter would exceed your patience. I shall therefore defer, at least these most important subjects, till I find how these my observations have been received; and, whether you do them justice or not, I shall continue,

“Your constant admirer.”

No. 60. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1754.

Quid domini facient, audent cùm talia fures?

VIRG. ECL. iii. 16.

“ TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

“ SIR,

“ OF all the advantages and superior excellences which this nation has confessedly over many others, I know of none, to which we may more fairly lay in our claim, than the spirit of generosity which is so eminently exerted amongst us. I question whether our great attribute of bravery deduces more real honour on us, or is more deservedly celebrated. But there is a certain limit which true valour never exceeds; and it is from this excess that a just distinction is made between courage and rashness, magnanimity and fool hardiness. In the same manner, liberality differs from profusion. When this amiable quality of benevolence is perverted from its high and noble uses, when it is applied to no meritorious services, but is degraded into the indiscriminate overflowings of the purse, the appellation that accompanies it is by no means a desirable part of a character.

“ What led me into this turn of thinking was an incident in one of my morning walks. Passing by the house of a noble lord with my friend, he raised my attention by assuring me that in that house he spent a great deal of money every week: and I do not doubt, added he, that we shall in a short time be able to raise a very comfortable subsistence for the family. I was somewhat astonished at the easy

freedom of his expression, and could not help expostulating with him upon the terms he had used. He continued his humour, and increased my admiration by assuring me, that he dined there very often, and found his dinners more expensive to him, than in any house in London. We pay, says he, as we do at our club at the St. Alban's, so much a head: but as we know the people of the house very well, and can depend upon their honesty, we do not trouble ourselves at all with a bill. As I was very well convinced his lordship kept no tavern, I began to imagine that my friend, who has naturally a great share of wit and vivacity, had a mind to impose upon the belief and ready assent that I always pay to his conversation. While I was in this state of suspicion, come, says he, my honest country gentleman, I will explain all the mystery that seems to perplex you; and as you have too good a spirit to be under an obligation to persons you cannot well make a return to, I will teach you how you may pay for a dinner when you dine with a duke.—You must know then, that this noble lord, like others of his quality, keeps a great number of servants; which servants, when you sit down to table, his lordship, out of great complaisance, immediately makes over to you; and they become your servants, *pro tempore*. They get about you, are very diligent, fetch you whatever you call for, and retire with the table-cloth. You see no more of them, till you want to go away. Then they are all ready again at your command: and instead of that form which you observed them standing in at table, they are drawn into two lines, right and left, and make a lane, which you are to pass through before you can get to the door. Now it is your business to discharge your servants; and for this purpose you are to take out your money, and ap-

ply it first on your right hand, then on your left, then on your right, and then on your left again, till you find yourself in the street. And from hence comes that common method, which all regular people observe in money-dealings, of paying as you go. I know not, continues my friend, so ridiculous a personage as the master of the house upon these occasions. He attends you to the door with great ceremony; but is so conscious of the awkward appearance he must make as a witness to the expenses of his guests, that you can observe him placing himself in a position, that he would have it supposed conceals from him the inhospitable transactions that are going on under his roof. He wears the silly look of an innocent man, who has unfortunately broke in upon the retirement of two lovers, and is ready to affirm with great simplicity, that he has seen nothing.

"I already concurred with the observations of my friend, thanked him for his intelligence, and blessed myself that I was that day to dine cheaply at a tavern. But during my stay in London, I have been obliged to fall in with the customs of that place; and have learnt to my cost, that egression, as well as admission, must be purchased. I am at length, however, with many more of my acquaintance, reduced to a disagreeable necessity of seeing my friends very seldom; because I cannot afford, according to a very just and fashionable expression, to pay a visit to them.

"Every man who has the misfortune to exceed his circumstances, must, in order to recover himself, abstain from certain expenses, which, in the gross of his disbursements, have made the most formidable articles. The economist of the city parts with his country-house; the squire disposes of his hounds; and I keep other people's servants

in pay no longer. But having an earnest desire of mixing with those friends whom an early intimacy has most endeared to me, and preferring the social hours that are spent at their tables to most others of my life, I cannot at all times refuse their invitations, even though I have nothing for their servants. And here, alas ! the inconveniences of an empty pocket are as strongly exhibited, as in any case of insolvency that I know of. I am a marked man. If I ask for beer, I am presented with a piece of bread. If I am bold enough to call for wine, after a delay that would take away its relish were it good, I receive a mixture of the whole side-board in a greasy glass. If I hold up my plate, nobody sees me; so that I am forced to eat mutton with fish-sauce, and pickles with my apple-pye.

“ I observe, there is hardly a custom amongst us, be it what it will, that we are not as tenacious and jealous of, as of any national privileges. It is from this consideration, that I expect rather to see an increase, than an abolition of our follies ; an improvement rather than a change. I should not, therefore, conclude my subject, without injustice to my friend above mentioned, if I did not reveal a new method. which he says, he intends to propose to some of the leaders of fashion, and which he has no doubt, he assures me, of seeing soon in practice. Let every artificer that has contributed to raise the house you have the honour to dine in, make his appearance when the company is going away. Let the mason, the painter, the joiner, the glazier, the upholsterer, &c. arrange themselves in the same order as the gentlemen in and out of livery do at such conjunctures; and let every guest consider, that he could not have regaled himself that day within his friend's walls, if it had not been for the joint labours of those worthy mechanics.

Such a generous reflection would produce three good effects: liberality would have a fresh and noble subject for its exertion; the tradesmen, a numerous and discontented race, would be satisfied to their utmost wishes; nor could the payment of bills, any more than of wages, with reason or propriety, be demanded of the master.

“ I am, SIR,
“ Your humble servant,
“ O. S.”

Though my ingenious correspondent has treated this subject with great vivacity and humour, I cannot dismiss his letter without saying a word or two in favour of servants.

It is well known that many of them are engaged in the services of younger brothers, whose total inattention to the payment of wages can only be remedied by the bounty of those ladies of quality, who are fond of a cold chicken at the lodgings of their said masters.

That others have the honour to serve ladies of fashion; where the card money at their routs and drums, which of right belongs to the servants, is appropriated by many of the said ladies to the defraying the expenses of tea, coffee, and wax-candles for the said routs and drums.

That a very great number are the domestics of persons of quality, in whose services they have so little to do, from the crowds maintained in them, that they find themselves under a necessity of spending a great part of their time in ale-houses and other places of resort, where, in imitation of their masters, they divert themselves with the fashionable amusements of gaming, wenching, and drinking; which amusements, as they are always

attended with considerable expense, require more than their bare wages to support.

That others, who live in the city, and are the servants of grocers, haberdashers, pastry-cooks, oilmen, pewterers, brokers, tailors, and so forth, have such uncertain humours to deal with, and so many airs of quality to submit to, that their spirits would be quite broken, but for the cordial of vails; which I humbly apprehend they have a better title to than any other of the fraternity, as the maid-servants in such places happen to be as great traders as their masters, and are rarely to be dealt with but at extravagant prices.

That a third part, at least, of the whole body of servants in this great metropolis, who for certain wise reasons pass with their masters for single men, have wives and families to maintain in private; and if it be considered that the common advantages of such servants, without the addition of vails, are too insignificant to support the said wives and families in any degree of elegance, it is presumed that their perquisites ought in no wise to be abridged.

For these and many other reasons, too tedious to be here set down, I am not only for continuing the custom of giving money to servants, but do also publish it as my opinion, that in all families where the said servants are no more in number than a dozen or fifteen, it is mean, pitiful, and beggarly, in any person whatsoever, to pass from table without giving to all.

NO. 61. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1754.

THOUGH the following letters are written upon

more serious subjects, and in a graver style and manner than are common to this paper, which is professedly devoted to the ridicule of vice, folly, and false taste, yet as they are intended for public benefit, and may contain some useful hints and informations, I shall present them to my readers without further preface.

“ TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

“ SIR,

“ HIS Majesty having frequently recommended to his parliament to consider of proper means to put a stop to the numerous robberies and murders amongst us, I shall want no apology for sending you my thoughts upon that subject. Many persons have been of opinion that severe punishments were necessary in these cases; but constant experience proves the contrary, and that the consequence is only making rogues more desperate, and thereby increasing the danger, instead of providing for the security of honest men. One thing only I think might safely be done with respect to punishments, which is, that no criminal, except in very particular circumstances, who is clearly convicted, should escape by transportation or otherwise. The lenity of the government suffers this in hopes of an amendment : but when the mind is once corrupted to so great a degree, it is seldom capable of any virtuous sentiments; and the case of such persons is, that they generally return from transportation in a short time, and fall immediately into the same company and profligate course of life as before. Such kind of pardons are considered by rogues no otherwise than as giving them hopes of perpetrating their crimes with impunity, and consequently must produce a very bad effect. I am confirmed in this opinion by Monsieur Secondat, who, in his excellent

treatise upon the Spirit of Laws, says, 'That if we inquire into the cause of all human corruptions, we shall find that they proceed from the impunity of crimes, and not from the moderation of punishments.' But then I must add, that if the punishment for robbery is made more certain, there ought to be a distinction, unless hanging in chains is thought a sufficient one, between that and murder, lest the robber, seeing the punishment the same, and equally certain, may be tempted to kill, in order to his concealment. However, it is the business of every legislature rather to make good regulations for preventing crimes, than to contrive punishments for them.

"The ingenious Mr. Fielding, in a very sensible pamphlet upon this subject, attributes the number of robberies in a great measure to the luxury and extravagance of the nation: but it appears to me that these are only remoter causes; for though luxury and extravagance reign in all our principal towns, yet the robberies are chiefly in and about London; and even when they happen in the country, they are generally committed by rogues, who make excursions out of London to fairs, horse-races, and other public meetings: which clearly and evidently points out the true cause of them to be the overgrown size of London, affording infinite receptacles to sharpers, thieves, and villains of all kinds. Our magistrates have lately exerted themselves with a very becoming spirit, in suppressing houses of gaming and debauchery; but I am afraid the number of these houses is so great, that all their endeavours will not produce any considerable benefit to the public. The buildings in London have been increased prodigiously within these thirty years; and the ill consequences of this increase seem not to have been enough considered; but it

is certain that a large metropolis is the greatest evil in any country, and the source and fountain of all the corruption that is in it. It appears from the bills of mortality that the burials in London vastly exceed the christenings. This annual surplus, supplied in a great measure from the several counties, is a continual drain from the people, and an immense loss to the nation: and I cannot help recommending it to those gentlemen who are for increasing the number of our people by a general naturalization bill, to provide in the mean time for the security and preservation of those we have already.

“ The monstrous size of our capital is one great cause of the excessive luxury that prevails amongst us. The infinite number of people that resort hither, naturally rival each other in their tables, dress, equipage, furniture, and, in short, extravagancies of all sorts. Notwithstanding the late necessary regulations, a continual round of amusement and entertainment is invented for every day in the week; and by this means the mind is kept in a constant hurry and dissipation, and rendered unfit for any serious employment. Can mothers of this turn, immersed in vanity and folly, be supposed capable of any domestic concerns? What a prospect is here of the morals of the rising age! And, what is worse, this love of pleasure is carried into the country, and a general dissoluteness spreads itself through the whole kingdom. Hence it is that gentlemen even of small fortunes are impatient of the country, and crowd to the diversions of London, contracting an expensive taste, and ruining their families. Nor is this love of pleasure confined only to genteel life; the common people easily follow the example of those above them; and as they have no fund to support them without

labour, the consequence of idleness, in them, is immediate poverty; which necessarily throws them into sharpening, robbery, and all kinds of dishonesty. So that I believe it may truly be affirmed, that the luxury and corruption of any nation is just in proportion to its wealth, and the largeness of its metropolis.

“Thuanus tells us, that in the reign of Henry the Second, there was an edict made to prohibit any buildings in the suburbs of Paris; and in Queen Elizabeth’s time a bill passed to prevent the increase of London; but, like other good laws, it soon grew obsolete, and lost its effect.

“In what manner our metropolis may be reduced without injury to the proprietors of houses and ground-rents, I do not pretend to determine; but it seems absolutely necessary that a stop should be put to any further building; and if besides this, the ruinous houses in the back part of the town, such as Hockley-in-the-Hole, &c. which are the grand receptacles for sharpers and pickpockets, and which might be purchased at an easy rate, were annually to be bought up, the materials sold, and the ground thrown into open fields, the town, in a few years, would be considerably reduced, the health of the people very greatly improved, and the number of gamesters, thieves, lewd women, &c. gradually diminished.

“I am,” &c.

“TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

“SIR,

“As you profess not only to amuse but to instruct; and as the early grounding of youth in true fortitude and the love of their country, are objects worthy of the most serious attention: give me leave to caution parents and guardians through

your channel against an evil they seem insensible of, the evil of sending youths unacquainted with the world, even raw from school, to French academies; where no sooner are they got together, than those who preside in the councils of that kingdom, ever attentive to sow the seeds of dissension in these nations, detach a number of Irish officers, who, by speaking our language, and introducing these heedless boys into the pleasures of the place, easily insinuate themselves into their good graces; and then, with no less art than judgment, gradually instil into their vacant minds the poisons of popery and disaffection. I speak by experience. If any one doubts the truth of this assertion, let him inquire into the present condition of a French academy in a neighbouring maritime province, where these measures will be found to be at this hour warmly pursuing. Are there not other countries, countries of liberty, where the French tongue and the exercises which contribute to fashion the exteriors, are to be acquired with equal success? Doubtless there are; and those parents, who, by the advantage of their own education, are capable of directing that of their children, never hazard them among these dangerous people, till by reading, travel, and an acquaintance with mankind, they are proof against such unhappy impressions.

“ If the inserting this short letter saves but one Briton from perdition, you and I, Mr. Fitz-Adam, shall not esteem it as a useless precaution.

“ I am, SIR,

“ Your most humble servant.”

No. 62. THURSDAY, MARCH 7, 1754.

“ TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

“ SIR,

“ I HAVE somewhere read of the saying of a philosopher, I believe it was in the Spectator, ‘ That every one ought to do something in the world to show that he has been in it.’ I am therefore, though a woman, desirous of leaving behind me the following testimony of my existence, and of convincing posterity that in point of birth I have had the start of them.

“ It is of late grown into a fashion among the men to treat the business of visiting with great disrespect: they look upon it as a mere female recreation, and beneath the dignity of their superior natures. Yet, notwithstanding their contempt of it, and the odious name of gadding which they have given it, I do not find that they fail in their appearance at any of our assemblies, or that they are better able than us women to shut themselves up in their own houses, when there is any thing to be done or seen abroad. If they would content themselves with finding fault with the name, and not the thing, I should have no quarrel with them; the word visit being of so various and uncertain a signification, that I am always at a loss in what sense to understand it.

“ A sister-in-law of mine, who lives about ten miles from town, sent me some time ago a very pressing letter, desiring my assistance, and that of my cook-maid, for a few days; her house, as she said, being likely to be put into great hurry and

confusion from the preparations they were making for the reception of my Lord Whimsey, who had sent my brother a card that he intended him a visit the week following. I set out accordingly with my cook ; and when every thing was got ready in the best and genteelest manner that my brother's fortune would afford for the entertainment of so noble a guest, down comes my lord as expected ; who upon alighting from his chariot, gave orders to the coachman to keep the horses in motion, for that his stay should not exceed fifteen minutes. His lordship took a walk through the garden ; seemed greatly pleased with the situation and design ; very politely excused himself from making a longer stay, and took his leave with saying, that he hoped soon to do himself the pleasure of making him a second visit.

“ It would be taking up too much of your time to enter minutely into the family distress upon so vexing a disappointment ; let it suffice to tell you, that it was near a fortnight before my poor sister perfectly recovered it, or before she left off her hourly repeated question of ‘ What shall we do with all this load of victuals ? ’ My Lord next day at White’s was giving high encomiums on my brother’s seat, and the goodness of the air in that part of Surrey, and was pleased to say that he thought it the completest thing of its size within twenty miles of London. Upon which Sir Humphry Hobling, a distant relation of ours, proposed being of my lord’s party at his next visit. Accordingly in about three weeks a second card informs my brother of a second visit.

“ By this time I and my maid, together with two or three supernumerary assistants and female humble cousins, were dismissed, after having stayed a fortnight, by particular desire, to help to eat up the

pasties, pyes, tarts, jellies, syllabubs, &c. which had been provided for my lord, and were now looked upon as mere drugs in a family, which usually contented itself with two substantial dishes, or one and a pudding.

“ It was not in the least doubted that my lord’s second visit would be of the same nature with the first ; his Lordship’s card being conceived exactly in the same words ; there was therefore no need of fuss or preparation ; my sister too had pretty well worn off the dread of making her appearance before so great a man. According to his appointment my lord arrived, and with him Sir Humphry and colonel Shuffle, a great favourite of my lord’s, and a number of servants with portmanteaus, guns, pointers, setters, spaniels, &c.—My poor dear sister !— I wish you were a woman, Mr. Fitz-Adam, and had kept house in the country, that you might know how to pity her. The rumour of my lord’s arrival having soon spread itself, several of the neighbouring gentlemen came the next day to dine with my brother, and to pay their compliments to his lordship ; the greater part of whom, by Sir Humphry’s incessantly pushing about the claret, were rendered utterly incapable of returning to their homes that night. To shorten my story, my lord and the colonel, finding the air to agree with them every day better than the other, continued there a fortnight ; and Sir Humphry, having drank himself into a fit of the gout, is, with his lady and family, whom he sent for to attend him, at this day upon his visit.

“ I have heard much of the copiousness of the English language, and would fain know why it is that people can find no term to express their design of staying fifteen days at your house, different from that which signifies fifteen minutes ? Have they no way of expressing the time of their continuance but

by the one word visit? Surely, Mr. Fitz-Adam, a more correct and intelligible method of conveying upon cards or otherwise the visitor's design upon the visited might be found out : giving him to understand at sight what he has to do towards a proper reception : whether it be to order a fire in the best parlour ; to see if the death-warrant for poultry, roasting pigs, &c. be to be signed ; if sheets, beds, and chambers are to be aired, or a month's provision to be laid in. All this, I conceive, may be easily effected by a method, which, for the good of all masters and mistresses of families, I am now going to communicate.

“ When a fine lady, having a new-fashioned suit of clothes, or a new piece of scandal to circulate, finds it necessary to call upon forty or fifty of her acquaintance in one day : or when a fine gentleman chooses to signify his intention of making a short visit, like my lord Whimsey's first; I am for an abridgement of the word, and only calling it a vis. When a gentleman or lady intends taking a family dinner with a country friend, or a dish of tea with a town one, I would have that called a visit. But when a person proposes spending some days, weeks, or months at a house, I would call that a visitation. So that for the future cards might very properly be written in the following form : ‘ Lady Changeherfriend's compliments to Lady Fiddlefaddle, and intends to vis her ladyship this evening.’ ‘ Lord Stiff's compliments to Sir Gregory Quibus at his house at Hampstead, and intends to visit him the first fair day.’ ‘ Captain Fearaball's compliments to Ralph Hardhead, Esq. at his seat near Burford-downs, and intends him a visitation the beginning of next month, to take a crack of hunting with him.’ Thus, Mr. Fitz-Adam, will the terms of vising, visiting, and visitationing, always carry an exact

meaning with them, and be such as the lowest capacity cannot fail of understanding.

“ I am, with great esteem,

“ DEAR SIR,

“ Your constant reader and admirer,

“ SUSANNA FRETABIT.

“ P. S. If this letter should happen to please you, who are all the world to me, I may very shortly send you a few necessary remarks upon each of these three visitments ; in which I may observe at large, that the vis seems to be chiefly confined within the bills of mortality, or to the inhabitants of large towns, and is applicable to the transacting of business in general. The visit is more particularly for still-life and set compliments. The visitation is looked upon generally in a very indifferent light, and oftener thought a plague than a pleasure by the receiver ; it is chiefly the invention of the worthy tribe of hearers, of whom you gave us lately so lively a description, led-captains, younger brothers brought up to no business, humble cousins, &c. The visited in these cases, or more properly speaking, the patients, have invented on their parts several curious hints towards shortening the length of a visitation, besides those stale and thread-bare ones, of bringing out, after a certain time, the brown loaf, and ordering the groom to say that the corn is all out. My uncle Toby Fretabit, having received a visitation from a gentleman and his lady, who were his relations, and finding it continued to the seventeenth morning, hit upon the expedient of calling aloud to his groom, under their chamber window, to be sure to feed his cousins' horses well, and get their chaise cleaned ; ‘ For very likely, Tom,’ says he, raising his voice, ‘ my cousins will embrace so fine a morning to go home in ; for

you know so very fine a day one seldom sees in a whole month at this time in the year.' His cousins, it seems, took the hint, and very civilly decamped a few hours after."

No. 63. THURSDAY, MARCH 14, 1754.

Animi cultus quasi quidam humanitatis cibus.

TULL.

IF the love of indolence did not sometimes as entirely possess me as the love of fame, I should no doubt feel myself a little piqued at being in a manner compelled to withdraw my own wit, in order to publish that of my correspondents. For many weeks past I have considered myself as a mere postmaster, whose only employment is to receive and distribute letters. But what most mortifies me is, that I do not find my readers to be at all clamorous about my resuming the pen. I am particularly hurt by my correspondent of this day, who, under the friendly appearance of favouring me with his assistance, has sent me what I am afraid will cast a shade upon my own papers. I could have forgiven the injury, if he had left me room to alter a single word in his essay, when I might have assured my acquaintance that it was partly written by myself.

" TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

" SIR,

" EVERY one knows how liable the body is to decay, unless it be supported by proper nourish-

ment. The unlearned labourer is as well skilled in this doctrine as the most profound philosopher : for the stomach, by certain monitory twitches, informs them both equally of how great importance eating is, not only to their well-being, but to their being at all. The peasant labours that he may eat, and eats that he may labour : and his very labouring contributes also to the health of his body. Now, sir I beg leave to inform certain of your readers, who, by the circumstances of their birth, education, and fortune, are unhappily exempt from bodily labour, and who are idle because they have leisure, that the mind likewise requires sustenance, and that for want of food and exercise, it will as naturally fall into decay as the body.

“ This is daily seen in what is called the polite world, which is chiefly composed of such whose sleek countenance and active limbs discover all the signs of vigorous bodily health, but whose minds are so feeble, puny, and half starved, as to be scarce able to support themselves.

“ Vauxhall and Ranelagh are generally crowded with objects of this sort ; for that such naturally have recourse to public places and company may be learned from Tully’s account of the idle fellows of Rome : *Videmus, cum re nullâ impediuntur necessariâ aut alveolum poscere, aut quærere quempiam ludum, aut sermonem aliquem requirere ; cumque non habeant ingenuas ex doctrinâ oblectationes, circulos aliquos et sessiunculas consecrari.* As this morsel of Latin may possibly stick with such of your readers as have had leisure enough to neglect the improvement of their school learning, to make it go down more glibly, I will dress it for them after the English manner. ‘ The idle, as they have no occupation or business to employ them, resort either to a gaming-table, or a cricket-match, or

mother Midnight's oration ; and, as they have not, for want of learning, any of the amusements of a gentleman, become members of clubs and frequenters of coffee-houses.' From the illustrious convention at White's, down to those who assemble on birth-days at the Black ; whether they rejoice in champaign and ortolans, or tripe and porter ; whether they are employed at the hazard-table or a shovel-board ; the mind in each fraternity seems to be alike provided for, and has little else to subsist upon than the scraps and broken pieces of knowledge picked up from the common newspapers.

" We cannot wonder, if, with such miserable fare, the mind should be impaired in its strength, and grow languid in its motions ; but we may well wonder that men, who are far above the ordinary rank of life, who are proud of their abilities to distinguish themselves from the vulgar in their clothes, tables, houses, furniture, in short, in all the conveniences of mere living, even to luxury, should take up with so poor a diet ; should be contented with diversions, which even the lowest mechanic may aspire to. Is it no mortification to their pride to find men of low birth, mean fortune, and no education, on a level with themselves in their amusements ? Is it no reproach to them to look upon a picture of Raphael, or a Medicean Venus, with the same stupid eye of indifference, as the labourer who ground the colours, or who dug in the quarry ? Yet many there are, and men of taste too, as the phrase goes, who, through a shameful neglect of their mind, have little or no relish of the fine arts : and I doubt whether, in our most splendid assemblies, the royal game of goose would not have as many eyes fixed upon it, as the lately published curiosity of the ruins of Palmyra. I mention this work not only to inform such of your

readers, as do not labour under a total loss of appetite for liberal amusements, what a sumptuous entertainment they may sit down to, but also to give it as a signal instance, how agreeably men of ingenious talents, ample fortune, and great leisure, may amuse themselves, and, laudably employing their leisure time, do honour to their country.

“ Among the polite and idle, there are none whom I behold with more compassion than those meagre and half-famished souls whom I meet every day, in fine clothes and gay equipages, going about from door to door, like common beggars : and, like beggars too, as commonly turned away ; with this difference, that the porter gives the ragged stroller a surly ‘ no’, and a civil dismissal to the vagrant in embroidery. The former to excuse his idleness, says, ‘ Nobody will employ me ;’ the latter does as good as say, ‘ I cannot employ myself.’ This in high life is called visiting ; which does not imply any friendship, esteem, or the least regard towards the person who is visited, but is the effect of pure generosity in the visitor, who, having more time upon his hands than he knows what to do with, prodigally bestows some of it upon those, whom he cares not one farthing for. I look upon visiting to be the art of squandering away time with the least loss of reputation : a very great invention indeed ! and as the other ingenious arts have been produced by hungry bellies, so this owes its rise to the emptiness of the mind.

“ But the hunger of the mind for the most part creates a constant restlessness, frequent indisposition, and sometimes, that worse than bodily disease, the spleen ; which happens when, by low keeping, it is reduced to the necessity of gnawing and preying upon itself. Every man, who does nothing, because he has nothing to do, feels himself more or less sub-

ject to these disorders. And can his flying to places of pastime and diversion remove them? Should we not condemn a mother as unnatural, who, when her child cries for bread and butter, should carry it abroad to a puppet show? Yet full as absurdly does every man act, who, regardless of the cravings of his mental appetite, stands gaping at vertical suns or a painted waterfall.

“ I have heard that the master of Vauxhall, who so plentifully provides beef for our bodily refreshment, has, for the entertainment of those who visit him at his country-house, no less plentifully provided for the mind; where the guest may call for a scull, to chew upon the instability of human life, or sit down to a collation of poetry, of which the hangings of his room of entertainment take up as I am told, many yards. I wish that this grand purveyor of beef and poetry would transfer some of the latter to his gardens at Vauxhall. Odes and songs pasted on the lamp-posts, would, I believe, be much more studiously attended to than the prices of cheese-cakes and custards; and if the unpictured boxes were hung round with celebrated passages out of favourite poets, many a company would find something to say, who would otherwise sit cramming themselves with silent stupidity. I am led to this thought by an observation I once made at a country church, where the walls were set out with several plain dishes of good wholesome doctrine. It happened that the pastor of the flock, who was round and fat, by the heaviness of his discourse, and the lazy manner of delivering it, laid to sleep three-fourths of his audience. Upon inquiry, I found that the sleepers were those only who could not read, and that the rest kept themselves awake by feeding on the walls. In the waking part of the congregation I had a proof of the ad-

vantage of reading ; in the languid preacher an instance of a decayed habit of mind ; which certainly would not have been in so weak a condition, if, instead of cold ham and venison pasty, he had now and then taken for breakfast a luncheon of Barrow, or a slice of Tillotson.

“ Yours, &c.

“ L. M.”

No. 64. THURSDAY, MARCH 21, 1754.

Animum picturâ pascit inani.

VIRG. ÆN. i. 464.

“ TO MR. FITZ-ADAM,

“ SIR,

“ I READILY agree with your correspondent of last week in his conclusion, that books, or more properly that learning, is the food of the mind ; and as what happened to me lately was occasioned by giving my mind a meal, I beg leave to relate it to you. You must know, Sir, I labour under a misfortune, common to many in this great metropolis, which is, to have a very good appetite, and very little to eat. This lays me under the necessity of spunging upon my friends: my calamity, indeed, sits lighter upon me, as I do not practise the little arts and shifts of many fine gentlemen, who drop in as it were by chance at dinner-time ; who saunter about the town in hopes of meeting with some generous master of a family ; or who, in a morning

visit, protract the conversation till it is too late for them to dine any where else. No, Sir, I have a mind above such low contrivances, and openly avow my spunging without any reserve or shame-facedness.

“With the view of getting a breakfast, I waited the other morning on Lord Finical, who is remarkable for having a very elegant library. The familiarity of his conversation with me in public places gave me courage to make him the first visit; and as I knew that his time of rising was about twelve, I was at his door by nine; where, after the fashion of mumpers, I gave but one single knock for fear of disturbing him. After some time the door was opened to me by a slip-shod footman, who, asking my honour’s pardon for having made me wait so long, showed me into the library. Here I found my lady’s woman, with a damask napkin in her hand, taking down the books one by one, and after wiping them as tenderly as if they had been glass, putting them into their places again. She very politely hoped I would excuse her; said she should soon have done; that to be sure the books were in a great dishabille, and not fit to be seen in that pickle: ‘For you must know, Sir,’ said she, ‘that this is the largest room in the house: and my lady gave a ball here last night, well knowing that my lord would not leave White’s till the dancers were gone.’ This she desired me to keep to myself. I told her I thought there was no great harm in making use of a room which would otherwise be useless. ‘True, Sir,’ said she; but as my lady knows that my lord does not choose it, and as my lady would not willingly offend my lord, she has strictly ordered all the servants not to blab, and desired me to be up thus early to wipe the books, for fear the dust upon them should occasion a discovery: for you

know, Sir, if my lord knows nothing of the matter, it is just the same thing as if there had been no dancing at all.' As I did not controvert so eminent a doctrine, her conversation ended with wiping the last book ; and after having received an assurance from me of keeping secret what she had no occasion to intrust me with, she very graciously dismissed herself.

" I was now left by myself, and was going as I thought to sit down to a most delicious repast; but I found myself in the state of a country booby at a great man's table, who sits gaping and staring at the richness of the plate and elegance of the service while he should eat his dinner. I stood astonished at the gay prospect before me: the shelves, which at the bottom were deep enough to contain just a folio, tapered upwards by degrees, and ended at the dimension of a small duodecimo. All the books on the same shelf were exactly of the same size, and were only to be distinguished by their backs, which were most of them gilt and lettered, and displayed as great a variety of colours, as is to be seen in a bed of tulips: for the bindings of some were red, some few black, others blue, green, or yellow; and here and there, at proper intervals, was stuck in one in vellum covering, as white as a curd, and lettered black, in order to make a stronger contrast of the colours on each side of it.

" Hitherto I stood at some distance, to take with more advantage a general view of the beauty of the whole; but curiosity leading me to a closer inspection of each individual, I had the pleasure to find myself surrounded by the best authors in ancient or modern learning. I took down several of them by way of tasting; for, as lord Bacon observes, 'some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digest-

ed ;' and by the sticking together of the leaves, occasioned by the marbling and gilding of the edges, I found that not one of them had been opened since they came out of the hands of the book-binder.

"I now fell too with a good appetite, intending to make a full meal ; and while I was chewing upon a piece of Tully's philosophical writings, my lord came in upon me. His looks discovered great uneasiness, which I attributed to the event of his last night's diversion ; but, good manners requiring me to prefer his lordship's conversation to my own amusement, I replaced his book, and by the sudden satisfaction in his countenance, perceived that the cause of his perturbation was my holding open the book with a pinch of snuff in my fingers. He said, he was glad to see me, for he should not have known else what to have done with himself : I returned the compliment by saying, I thought he could not want entertainment amidst so choice a collection of books. ' Yes,' replied he, ' the collection is not without elegance ; but I read men only now ; for I finished my studies when I set out on my travels. You are not the first who has admired my library ; and I am allowed to have as fine a taste in books as any man in England.' Hereupon he showed me a Pastor-fido bound in green, and decorated with myrtle leaves : he then took down a volume of Tillotson in a black binding with the leaves as white as a law book, and gilt on the back with little mitres and crosiers ; and lastly a Cæsar's Commentaries clothed in red and gold, in imitation of the military uniform of English officers. He reflected with an air of satisfaction upon the usefulness of making observations in travelling abroad ; and acknowledged that he owed the thought to his having seen, in a French abbé's

study at Paris, all the Dauphine editions of the classics with gold dolphins on the back of them. *Num vesceris ista, quam laudas pluma?* was frequently at my tongue's end; but good-breeding restrained me from taking the liberty of a too familiar expostulation.

"We now sat down at the table, and my lord having ordered the tea-water, begged the favour of me to reach out my hand to the window-seat behind me, and give him one of the books, which lay flat one upon another, the backs and leaves alternately. I did so; and endeavouring to take the uppermost, I found that they all clung together. His lordship seeing my surprise, laughed very heartily, saying it was only a tea-chest, and that I was not the first by many whom he had played the same trick upon. On examining it, I found that the upper book opened as a lid, and the hinges and key-hole of the lock were concealed so artfully, as they might easily escape common observation. But it was with great concern that I beheld the backs of these seeming books lettered Pope's works. Poor Pope! with what indignation would he have swelled, had he lived to see but the mere phantom of his works become the vehicle of grocery! His lordship, observing my eyes fixed with attention on the lettering, gave me the reason of it; 'What could I do?' said he; 'the credit of my library required the presence of the poet; but where to place him was the difficulty; for my shelves were all full, long before the last publication of him, and would have lost much of their beauty by any derangement; so to get clear of the *embarras*, I thought it might be as well to have Mr. Hallet's edition as Mr. Knapton's.' I perfectly agreed with his lordship, reserving to myself my meaning as to his own particular. Mr. Cash

the banker being now introduced, after hearing a joke or two upon Mr. Cash's books, which his lordship was pleased to call a more valuable library than his own, I left them to their private business.

“ And now, Mr. Fitz-Adam, for the sake of many, who, like Lord Finical, have a fine taste in books, and not the least relish for learning, and for the convenience of many more, who are fond of the appearance of learning, and can give no other proof of it, than that of possessing so many books, which are like globes to a cunning man ; I desire you will give a hint to Mr. Bromwich to form a paper-hanging, representing classes of books, which may be called for at his shop by the name of learned, or library-paper, as he pleases. That ingenious gentleman, whose gains and reputation have risen equally with our paper-madness, will exert his fancy in so many pretty designs of book-cases, or pieces of ornamental architecture, accommodated to the size of all rooms, in such richness of gilding, lettering, and colouring, that I doubt whether the Chinese paper, so much in fashion in most of our great houses, must not, to his great emolument, give place to the learned: I think the library-paper will look as pretty, may be made as costly, and I am sure will have more meaning. The books for a lady's closet must be on a smaller scale, and may be thrown into Chinese-Houses; and here and there blank spaces may be left for brackets to hold real China ware and Dresden figures. It is to be observed that the lettering should not be put on till the paper is hung up: for every customer ought to have the choosing and the marshalling his own books: by this means he may have those of the newest fashion immediately after their publication; and besides, if he should grow tired of one author or one science, he may be furnished with others

at reasonable rates, by the mere alteration of the lettering.

"I make no apology to Mr. Dodsley on this occasion, as I do not think he will lose a single customer by this compendious, yet comprehensive method of performing libraries.

"Yours, &c.
"L. A."



END OF VOL. XXII.

G. Woodfall, Printer,
Angel Court, Skinner Street, London.



